


MY
AUTOBIOGRAPHY

1931 - 1997

BY
ALYN BROWN ANDRUS



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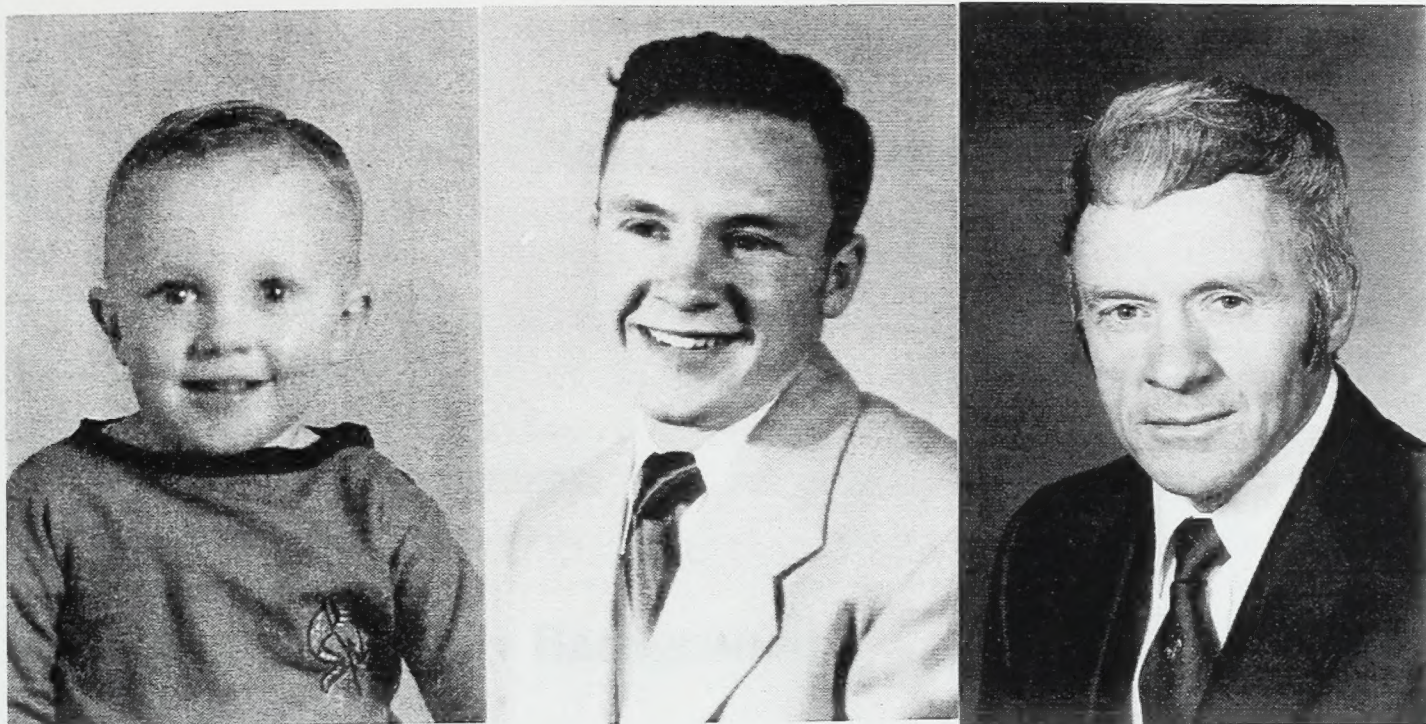
My Autobiography

1931 — 1997

by

Alyn Brown Andrus

Printed by
RICKS COLLEGE PRESS
Rexburg, Idaho
2001



Above: Alyn at ages 3, 18, and 60 years

Below: Gloria and Alyn at retirement (July 1997)



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Preface and Acknowledgments

About twenty years ago (1980), I commenced writing my personal history. I planned to write up to where I might happen to be, then record the rest of my life in journals. I had no idea how much time would be required to accomplish the task. As I proceeded, the outline by which I wrote changed frequently, becoming longer and somewhat more complex. The longer my outline became, the more clearly I could see that a logical place to end the history would be with my retirement from Ricks College.

The history is divided into four parts. I wrote the first three parts before retirement, and didn't start the fourth part until Gloria and I returned from an eighteen-month mission for the Church nearly two years ago. I have just finished writing the fourth part. That part, not surprisingly, is twice as long as the first three parts combined.

Completion of this task is timely inasmuch as my memory is fading slightly. What I have written about is what I have remembered, supported by material from notebooks and file cabinets. Fortunately, I wrote about my early life when my memory was from twenty to ten years younger and sharper. My Ricks College years are more recent and more easily recalled than prior years. Besides, I have much more supporting material for my Ricks College years. Overall, I think the history is reasonably accurate. Of course, it is biased — any history is biased — but I've tried to be as honest and forthright in its writing as possible. It reflects my perceptions and feelings as accurately as I could write them. Most of the material, especially the fourth part which I keyed into a computer, has been rewritten (some of it many times) until I felt satisfied. At this point, I feel I could not have done better.

In writing this history, those who have contributed indirectly are grandparents, aunts, uncles, parents, teachers, sisters, brothers, cousins, children, and friends. The one person who has contributed to it directly is my wife, Gloria. Her contribution is more substantial than I can express. She has not only helped prepare the manuscript for publication, which was a herculean task, but has provided companionship through the years, the quality of which cannot be measured. I dread to think what life might have been like without her.

Alyn B. Andrus
Rexburg, Idaho
March 21, 2001

Introduction

What I have written in my story certainly does not tell my life in detail. I have written only about those experiences that came to mind as I developed my outline for each part of this personal history. I assumed these experiences were the important ones for me in my life. I did not want the reader to bog down in detail and lose interest. So, experiences I have written about represent what was important to me. And I wrote about them as I remembered them. After all, that's what history is all about.

History constitutes what is perceived by the writer or story teller. That's why it is not an exact science. So, my written story is my life according to my memory and perception. This is what makes it so personal and important to me. This is why I wanted to write it. I did not want to leave it for someone else to write.

As I have written my story, I have become better acquainted with myself. Sometimes, I have liked, and other times I have not liked, what I have discerned. But I understand myself better now than before. And I think this is important for me.

In conclusion, I paraphrase what Mormon, the Prophet, wrote: "And now behold, I have written this record according to my knowledge and manner of speech. Condemn me not because of my imperfections." But rather, give thanks to God that I wrote it so someone else did not have to.

Part One:

My Family Background

Part One: My Family Background

Chapter 1

My Paternal Ancestors

Introduction

In writing my history, I feel the appropriate place to start is with some of my ancestors. After all, I can declare with Nephi of old, that I was born of “goodly parents.” A description of them and some who came before will establish my background.

I shall describe, first, my great-grandparents on my father’s side, then my grandparents, and finally my father. On my mother’s side, I’ll start with my Great-Great-Grandfather Brown, then follow the same descending order as described in my statement regarding paternal ancestors.

My Great-Grandfather: Milo Andrus (1814-1893)

Milo Andrus, Sr. was born March 6, 1814 in Pleasant Valley, Essex County, New York. He was the son of Ruluf Andrus and Azuba Smith.

Milo’s parents were Calvinists, but after fourteen years of age, Milo rejected Calvinism and began searching for another religion. He did not belong to any religion for four years, then was converted to the Gospel and baptized March 12, 1832 by Gideon H. Carter.

Milo was present when the Kirtland Temple was dedicated, and experienced a vision in which he saw “cloven tongues of fire descending upon the brethren until the whole house was filled with the glory of God.”

In 1837, Milo led a group of Saints to Far West, Missouri. When the Saints were driven from Missouri, he helped transform Commerce, Illinois into Nauvoo. He helped build the Nauvoo Temple in which he received his priesthood endowments.

When Joseph and Hyrum Smith were murdered, Milo was serving a proselyting mission in Ohio. When he received news of their death, he hurried to Nauvoo and participated in developments subsequent to the martyrdom.

As persecution against the Saints increased and their forced departure from Illinois became imminent, the basement in Milo’s house was converted into a “wagon shop.” Here wagons were manufactured and repaired in preparation for the journey west. Milo left Nauvoo in the early Spring of 1846 and crossed the Iowa plains to Council Bluffs.

When Winter Quarters was established, Milo moved there until the Spring of 1848 when he was sent on a proselyting mission to England. In 1850 he returned to the States, and was chosen captain over 55 wagons crossing the plains to Salt Lake Valley.

In 1854, Milo was called to preside over missionary activities in St. Louis, Missouri. One year later, he received instructions to lead another group of Saints across the plains.

Milo was called to serve another mission in England in 1860. One year later, he returned to the States in charge of 700 Saints. Once again, he led a wagon train across the plains.

In 1870, after another proselyting mission in the States, Milo went to St. George, Utah where he served on the Stake high council. In 1882 he returned to Salt Lake to fill an appointment as chaplain of the Utah Legislature.

In 1883, Milo went to Cache Valley to live, finally locating in Oxford, Idaho. One year later, he was ordained a patriarch and served in this office until he died at Oxford on June 18, 1893.

Milo had 11 wives and 57 children. His eighth wife, Jane Lancaster Munday, is my great-grandmother, whose story I will tell next.

My Great-Grandmother: Jane Lancaster Munday Andrus (1832-1900)

Jane Munday was born October 4, 1832 at Coventry, Warwickshire, England. She was the oldest of three children. Her father died when she was nine years old. Her brother and sister died while still children.

Jane was baptized a member of the LDS Church December 12, 1843 by William Broadhead. As a Mormon, she was ridiculed and persecuted. Finally, she decided to sail to the United States where she could be with the main body of Saints.

Jane, her mother and stepfather left England February 1, 1851. They landed in New Orleans, and from then until Jane married in 1853, we know little about what happened to her.

On April 19, 1853, Jane married Samuel Brown. In July 1854, Samuel died of cholera. A month later, August 2, Jane gave birth to a son in St. Louis, Missouri. Two days later, the baby died. As a matter of fact, Jane lost not only a husband and son, but mother and stepfather as well — all to cholera. She was alone in the world.

Battling “grief and loneliness,” Jane decided to cross the plains to be with the Saints. She met Milo Andrus who was preparing to lead a company of Saints to Salt Lake Valley. Milo permitted her to travel with the company, providing she would drive a team of mules and help with cooking.

Jane arrived in Salt Lake City October 24, 1855. On November 22, just a month later, she married Milo in the Endowment House with President Brigham Young performing the ordinance. Heber C. Kimball and Newell K. Whitney served as witnesses. Jane was Milo's eighth wife.

Milo and families lived in Draper, Utah. They established a "Halfway House," an inn or hotel, which also served as a pony express station.

Jane's new life was described in the following words: "From a life of isolation, Jane Munday suddenly found herself sharing a communal life where several wives divided responsibilities for their part of the family comfort. One wife, with her helpers, did the cooking, another washed the dishes. The sewing fell under the supervision of the third, and a fourth milked the cows."

While living in Draper, Jane walked to and from Relief Society regularly — a distance of eight miles. She also served as the Young Ladies Mutual President in the Big Cottonwood Ward.

In 1873, Milo invited his wives and children to accompany him to St. George to live. Some went, but Jane chose to stay in Salt Lake Valley. In time her children went to Idaho, and in 1890, Jane followed, settling in the Upper Snake River Valley. Here she lived out her life and died October 2, 1900.

While her children were young and dependent upon her, Jane qualified in various lines of endeavor. She was well-educated. She became a school teacher and a qualified nurse, assisting doctors in obstetrical cases. In time, she certified as a midwife. She was also a skilled tailor. She had learned this art in England, and her sewing machine was one of the first seven brought across the plains.

Jane had a beautiful singing voice. Her offspring too were singers, even down to the present time.

A description of Jane reads as follows: "She had one blue and one brown eye, brown hair, broad shoulders, and was very neat in her dress. She always gave her family good advice, urging them to live their religion. She always spoke kindly of her husband and his other wives. She was sociable, but never gossipy. She was a good cook."

Jane was buried in the Ucon cemetery. She did not want to be interred in Utah.

Jane gave birth to seven children. The seventh was my grandfather, Robert Andrus.

My Grandfather: Robert Andrus (1873-1936)

Robert Andrus was born September 12, 1873 just eight years following the American Civil War. Ulysses S. Grant was president of the United States. Brigham Young was president of the Church. Robert was born in Dry Creek,

later called Draper, Utah. He was the last of seven children born to Milo and Jane Munday.

Milo had 11 wives; Jane was wife number eight. Because Milo was a polygamist, federal law enforcement officers, during years following Robert's birth, sought to imprison Milo, along with other polygamists in the Church. Milo, consequently, was always on the move to avoid arrest. As a result, Robert never developed a close relationship with his father. In fact, when Milo, with some of his wives and children, sought refuge in St. George, Jane Munday and her children chose to remain in Salt Lake Valley. At that time, they moved from Dry Creek to Cottonwood, later called Holladay, Utah. From then on, Jane and her children, if they saw Milo at all, did not see him much. They made their own way.

Robert was a hard worker and a responsible young man. He shined shoes, tended children, and herded cows. These jobs earned him about \$8 per month. He saved at least part of his money, and when he was eight years old, he pooled his savings with those of his older brother, Heber, who was 12 years old, and together they bought a half acre of land on which Jane Munday's family built a "one room house." She and her children lived in this house 11 years, until they moved to Idaho in 1892.

In the meantime, Robert continued to work hard. As a teenager, he drove a team of horses and operated a slip scraper (a hand-operated scraper without wheels), helping to build a railroad in Nevada. He drove a freight wagon, worked in a sawmill, and labored in a Nevada mine. The record does not say so, but we can reasonably assume that Robert was mining silver since this was when the American public wanted to use silver as well as gold in purchasing goods and paying debts. While in the mine, Robert nearly lost his life when a mine shaft began to collapse. He and his companions were able to escape before the collapse was complete.

In 1892, when Robert was 19 years old, he and his brothers, Newton and Heber, were drawn into eastern Idaho's Upper Snake River Valley by the abundance of good land and plenty of water. The valley's fertile soil and the Snake River, with its potential for adequate irrigation water, had lured Mormon settlers into the Menan area as early as 1880. From then till the Andrus brothers came 12 years later, the whole valley from Parker in the north to Iona in the south was settled by Mormon pioneers. So Robert and his brothers were part of a Mormon migration from Utah into eastern Idaho.

By 1892, when the Andruses came into the Upper Snake River Valley, Idaho had been a state for two years, but much of eastern Idaho was still covered with sagebrush, and was available for those with the ambition to claim land. The Andruses certainly did not lack ambition. They knew that with hard work,

fertile farms could be developed. They also knew that most of this land was available under the national Homestead Act for a cheap price. Under the Homestead Act of 1862, the head of a family could obtain a deed to 160 acres of land by giving the government \$10 and improving the land over a five-year period. Or, after living on the land for six months, he could buy it outright for \$1.25 per acre. For the most part, western land was disposed of and developed under provisions of the Homestead Act.

So the Andrus brothers became pioneer farmers in eastern Idaho, and Jane Munday, wanting to be with her sons, also journeyed into the Upper Snake River Valley and died there in 1900. She was buried in the Ucon Cemetery.

Robert helped his brothers, Newton and Heber, settle in a place they called Milo after their father's name. They hiked up Wolverine Canyon east of Milo, along the South Fork of Snake River, where they cut timber for a cabin. They floated their logs down the river, then hauled them by horse and wagon to the spot where they built their cabin. Then in the Fall of 1895, Robert returned to Utah to marry a little lady with whom he had fallen in love. Her name was Lovenia Evelyn Bawden.

My Grandmother, Lovenia Evelyn Bawden Andrus (1872-1956)

Lovenia Evelyn Bawden was born March 19, 1872 in Mill Creek, Utah. This birthdate would make her nearly a year and a half older than Robert.

Lovenia was the seventh child in a family of ten children. Her parents were Henry Bawden, a blacksmith, and Sarah Freeloove Howard. Actually, Henry Bawden was a polygamist. His first wife was Anne Ireland who gave birth to eight children. After her eighth child, Anne died, leaving her family for Henry's second wife, Sarah, to raise. She did such a good job of being a mother to all 18 children that they always thought of each other as full brothers and sisters. Lovenia, for example, never intimated to her children or grandchildren that her half brothers and sisters were anything other than full brothers and sisters.

Lovenia received an elementary education and the equivalent of one year in secondary education. She was raised in a loving family where gospel principles were taught and lived. Lovenia loved the Gospel and lived its principles faithfully all her life. Once she nearly died of an illness, and another time she ran a pair of scissors into her hand, nearly bleeding to death. But she lived by faith and the Spirit. So spiritual was her life that she enjoyed gifts of the Holy Ghost that most people only read about.

God communicated with Lovenia in dreams. As a young girl, she was warned in a dream that two men would attempt to overpower her along a road outside city limits, as she returned home from sewing school. Now, Lovenia was petite. She measured not more than five feet tall and weighed not much more

than a hundred pounds. So she had reason to be concerned. Customarily, she rode a street car to the city limits then walked the rest of the way home. She told her mother of the dream and her mother arranged to meet the street car with a horse and buggy to convey Lovenia the rest of the way home. As the dream warned, two men emerged from bushes along the road and attempted to stop the horse, but the horse shied and ran, leaving the men behind.

Later, Lovenia enjoyed the gift of prophecy. According to Robert, there was time when a woman (probably a member of Lovenia's family) lay dying. Robert and Lovenia were present. A priesthood blessing was requested and given. Then suddenly, Lovenia, with arms extended upward prophesied, "You shall be raised from this bed of affliction. I say it in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." The woman was healed, and 20 years later when the experience was recorded, she was healthy and well.

Robert recorded another experience in which a piece of steel entered his brother Heber's eye. All who knew Heber feared he would go blind. But again, Lovenia raised her arms heavenward and in the name of the Lord promised him he would see. His eye healed and he suffered no impairment of vision as a result of the accident.

Finally, I personally remember when Grandma Lovenia blessed her daughter, Vera Valeria. Aunt Vera was scheduled for surgery, so she requested the faith and prayers of her family. The whole family was gathered in Grandma's house (as I recall, it was Christmastime). Suddenly, without any prelude, Grandma raised her arms and pronounced a blessing on Aunt Vera. But what was said was more than a blessing. It was a prophecy. Grandma said that Aunt Vera would survive the operation, recover and continue to live a full life of service to family and church. I'll never forget the feeling in the room while Grandma spoke under the influence of the Holy Ghost. The room seemed full of electricity. I stood enthralled, totally in awe of the power I felt. I knew Grandma was speaking by the power of the Holy Ghost. Grandma was speaking, but I knew the words she spoke were not hers. For a few brief seconds, Grandma was not Grandma, but someone sublime and awe-inspiring. It was an experience I will never forget.

Lovenia also enjoyed the gift of tongues. Her son-in-law, John D. Phillips, had served a mission in Germany. While there, he had taught the Gospel to Emile Wirkus and family. The Wirkuses were converted and later came to the United States. They came to Ucon without money, work or a knowledge of the English language. They were frightened and discouraged when they attended fast and testimony meeting in the Ucon Ward. During testimony meeting, Lovenia arose from her seat and began speaking to the Wirkus family in the German language. She told them if they would continue to trust in God, they

would find work, learn English, grow in the Gospel and succeed in this life. Now, what was extraordinary about this promise is that Lovenia spoke no foreign language. She had never studied a foreign language. Yet, the Wirkuses understood her clearly in what they said was faultless German. Moreover, Jack Phillips, who spoke both English and German, was there as a witness and an interpreter.

So Lovenia, as a member of the Bawden family, grew in spiritual strength and was a first class lady when Robert Andrus came along and proposed marriage to her. She accepted his proposal because he, too, was first class.

My Grandfather Robert and Grandmother Lovenia

Robert and Lovenia were married in the Salt Lake Temple on November 6, 1895, two months before Utah achieved statehood. Eight days later, on November 14, they left for the Snake River Valley 240 miles north. They traveled in a covered wagon pulled by a team of horses. This was before the automobile so there was only a dusty, rutted wagon road to follow. A railroad went through eastern Idaho into Montana, but Robert and Lovenia did not have the money for train fare. So they spent an eight-day honeymoon in a covered wagon, traveling about 30 miles per day. They arrived in Milo on November 22, thankful, I suppose, that the honeymoon was over. Imagine what a drag that ride could have been had one or the other not been sociable.

At the time Robert and Lovenia came to Idaho, the Snake River Valley was sparsely settled. It was a dreary expanse of sagebrush, studded here and there with willows and trees marking a meandering stream of water. They were pioneers who helped settle and tame the unconquered lands of eastern Idaho.

Pioneer homes were not elegant or comfortable. The floors and roofs were dirt. Cracks could be seen between the logs through which Idaho's famous wind would blow. There was no running water. There were no wells. Water was taken from a stream. There were no inside bathroom facilities and no central heating plant. At first, a fireplace, then later an iron range provided heat. Sagebrush served as fuel.

That first winter (1895-96) was a lean one for Robert and Lovenia. They lived in a log house and ate mostly bread and potatoes. In addition they enjoyed a "pig's head," two pounds of butter, and what fruit Lovenia had been able to preserve before marriage.

In April 1896, Robert and Lovenia journeyed to Salt Lake Valley where he found work as a carpenter. He promised his brother Heber he would go to Utah and earn enough money to file on 160 acres of land if Heber would stay in Idaho and proceed with the filing. In the autumn of '96 Robert and Lovenia returned with the money.

About a year after returning from Salt Lake (nearly two years after settling in Milo), Robert and Lovenia moved four miles west to a place that would be called first Elva and later Ucon. There they lived in a log cabin for 15 years before they built a brick house which not only still stands (2001), but is lived in.

In Ucon, Robert and his brother Heber had acquired 160 acres of land under the Homestead Act which they developed into a farm. The western end of this farm, from Highway 20 east, was land on which the village of lower Ucon now stands. It was deeded to the Village by these Andrus brothers.

In addition to farming, Robert earned a living by shearing sheep. He was a skilled sheep shearer. He could shear 140 sheep per day with hand shears.

Robert and Heber later bought a herd of sheep which eventually developed into two herds, with 1200 sheep in each herd. Heber contracted pneumonia and died while herding these sheep west of Idaho Falls. Following Heber's death, Robert took over the entire sheep operation and helped support Heber's wife, Annie (Lovenia's sister), and her children. The bond between Robert, Heber and their families was strong. When Robert died, his son Howard got the sheep.

Robert became Ucon's first postmaster. He founded Ucon's first grain mill (the Gem State Roller Mills). He organized and beautified Ucon's cemetery. He helped build the railroad between Ucon and Lewisville. He managed the Simmons-Woolf Company Store in Ucon. As a sheepman, he qualified and served as secretary-treasurer of the Long Valley Grazing Association. (Robert grazed his sheep over part of Long Valley between Bone and Grey's Lake.) He was a director in the Harrison Canal Company. He served as secretary-treasurer of the local Federal Land Bank. This bank was one of many under the Federal Farm Loan Association created in May 1916. As secretary-treasurer of the Idaho branch, Robert helped farmers borrow money against their farms at cheap interest rates so they could stay in business.

And if these activities and responsibilities were not enough, Robert served a 25-month proselyting mission in the southern states for the Church between 1909 and 1911. He left Lovenia to care for six living children. Soon after he left, she gave birth to a baby girl named Beulah Leona. Robert used to tell missionaries and others that he had "seven children and hadn't seen one of them."

While Robert was engaged in his many activities, Lovenia gave birth to 11 children, gathered sagebrush for fuel, chopped ice from the canal then hauled it to the house on a sled which she pulled herself. There she melted the ice and used the water to wash family clothes on a wash board. She also saw that the cows were milked and that 30 hogs were watered and fed.

The year 1914 was an important one for Robert, Lovenia and family. First, World War I broke out in Europe. That meant that four years later, Robert

Howard, Robert and Lovenia's oldest boy, would be drafted as a soldier and sent to Europe to fight. The war ended, however, before he reached the battlefield. Second, Robert, at 41 years of age, was ordained bishop of the Ucon Ward. He served in that calling for 18 years. This would include the war years, the decade of the 1920s, the economic collapse which resulted in the Great Depression, and the first three years of the Great Depression. Before he served as bishop, Robert had served as a Ucon Ward Sunday School teacher, superintendent of the Sunday School, Stake Superintendent of the Young Mens' Mutual Improvement Association, a stake high council man, and a ward clerk.

For 14 of the years Robert served as bishop, Lovenia served as Ward Relief Society President. While Robert conducted church meetings, collected fast offerings and tithing, preached sermons and settled disputes between ward members, Lovenia washed and prepared the dead for burial. Many times, she made the temple clothing they were buried in. And she lined their caskets. During the worldwide flu epidemic following World War I, she went into the homes of the sick to care for the dying and dead. She and Robert never contracted the flu nor carried it home to their family. Their son, Thomas, tells of his mother's coming home from serving the sick and before entering the house or having contact with her children, she would undress in the granary, disinfect herself with Lysol, soap and water then put on clean clothes. I think we are justified in believing that God protected Robert and Lovenia, as well as their family, in their mission of mercy during this critical time in the lives of many. All this was in fulfillment of a promise in Lovenia's patriarchal blessing that she would have "power over all diseases and that the destroying elements" would not have power over her or her "friends." Certainly, family members were her friends.

In 1924, when Robert was 51 years old (he had served ten of his 18 years as bishop), he developed sugar diabetes. He was a big man. He stood six feet and weighed 250 pounds. He immediately went on a strict diet designed to help him lose weight and control his diabetes. For the next 12 years, he not only lost weight, but lost ground to the disease. In an attempt to save his life, doctors wanted to amputate his leg, which had become infected as a result of diabetes, but he refused. By 1932, he was so ill he was released as bishop. Four years later, at the age of 63, he succumbed to the disease and died on June 12, 1936. He was buried in the Ucon Cemetery.

Robert had a keen retentive mind. He read widely and was sufficiently knowledgeable that many thought he was a university graduate. He had a temper, and would swear when angry, but never profaned or used vulgar language. He was god-fearing, scrupulously honest, forceful and persuasive in

speaking, and physically powerful enough that he was able to eject drunks from the local dance hall.

Robert lived his life by faith, believing that if one worked hard, God would protect, sustain and provide. For example, when his youngest son, Thomas Edgar, was old enough to go into the mission field, Robert encouraged him to go. This was in 1934 during the depth of the Great Depression. There was little money circulating throughout the community. Most people were poor. Robert and Lovenia were not only debt-ridden, but had no income with which to pay their debts. Tom asked his father where the money would come from to keep him in the mission field. Robert responded that God would provide a way. Significantly, a few days before Tom was scheduled to enter the Mission Home in Salt Lake City, Robert was able to rent a building he owned in Ucon for \$23 per month. This rental was the amount of money needed to pay Tom's mission expenses until he returned home 23 months later.

Following Robert's death, Lovenia lived another 20 years. During this time, she was supported by loving children and grandchildren. Her sons and daughters, and their spouses, along with grandsons and granddaughters, visited her daily in her home. By this time, of course, Americans had fallen in love with the automobile. So Lovenia's big back yard was usually filled with cars and pickups coming and going. It was also the hub of much farm activity with tractors and other machinery, both tractor-drawn and horse-drawn, moving about. Lovenia would sit by her window, looking out over all this activity, giving it a sort of motherly and grandmotherly approval. Everyone in her large family acknowledged and honored her as the final authority in the family.

I have no negative memories of Grandmother Lovenia. I never heard any of her children or grandchildren demean her. They never spoke to her with impatient, haughty or abusive language. That is probably because she never spoke to them that way. She was the central pillar in the family organization. Everyone, even her sons, turned to her for counsel, encouragement and loving support, which was always given without reserve.

I truly loved Grandma Andrus. And I know her other grandchildren loved her as much as I. I never had the impulse to say or do anything that would hurt her. She had the ability to make each child and grandchild feel that he or she was special — the best she had. I believe that is exactly what she thought — that each one was special, the best she had. I don't think she had favorites. She showered all with understanding, patience and love. If I were required to identify one person who has provided the most powerful example for good in my life and, consequently, has influenced my life for good more than any other, I would select without hesitation my Grandmother Lovenia Andrus. I have often

felt that if all women in the world were as good as Grandmother Lovenia, the world may have joined Enoch and his city a long time ago.

Lovenia suffered from arthritis in her feet during the last few years of her life. Before this, she had endured a physical crisis or two. For example, during her early married years, she developed a goiter in her neck. In time its growth began to block her windpipe, so it had to be removed surgically. She worried about the surgery. What if she should die during surgery and leave Robert with a family to raise. In the night hours before the day on which the operation was to take place, the Holy Spirit spoke to Lovenia telling her that all would go well and that she would be preserved. The surgeon later told Robert that during the surgery, he had never felt such a peaceful, calm influence. He knew he was working over an extraordinary person.

Another crisis in Lovenia's life came when Samuel Reed was born. For some reason, during his birth her eyesight began to fade. She was nearly blind when ward members fasted and prayed for her. She regained her sight without medical treatment and retained it throughout her life. In fact, after her family was raised, her favorite pastime was reading. She read constantly and was well-versed in the scriptures, church doctrine and church history.

Lovenia passed away on April 22, 1956. At that time, she was 84 years old. She was buried in the Ucon Cemetery.

Of the eleven children born to Robert and Lovenia, one died when he was eleven months old from Sudden Infant Death Syndrome (SIDS). His name was Rex Quale. Another was killed in an automobile accident when she was 21 years old. Her name was Rula Ireland. The other children became honored members of the communities in which they lived. They were all honest, responsible and hardworking people. They were all active in the Church. They earned their living by farming, teaching school, and serving the state of Idaho. All of the boys, Robert Howard, Grant Munday, Samuel Reed, and Thomas Edgar were farmers. Grant and Tom were also school teachers. Howard and Reed were state legislators. In addition, Reed served as county commissioner, county weed supervisor, and state land agent. All of the girls, Minnie, Sarah, Beulah, Vera, and Inez, were school teachers.

None who has descended from these good people should ever feel the need to apologize for the lives they lived or to hang their head in embarrassment. Robert and Lovenia raised a good family. Their children in turn raised good families. And our endeavor should be to follow their example.

My Father, Samuel Reed Andrus (1904-1976)

Samuel Reed Andrus was born March 8, 1904 in Ucon, Idaho. He grew up on a farm recently cleared of sagebrush, and tended sheep in the hills east of

Ucon. As a matter of fact, Dad spent a lot of time in the hills, time that was to be important in his life. During long evenings, he developed a desire to read, and made a vow he would never read “cheap material.” He kept that vow and read books qualifying him to serve the public in various ways. As a legislator, he studied law. While a county weed supervisor, he studied botany and chemistry. He studied insurance and read extensively in history, political science, geography, and the Gospel. Dad always impressed me with a wide range of knowledge, ability to communicate with others, and his capacity to think in broad, sensible terms.

Dad’s interest in good books undoubtedly was stimulated by experiences in school. He started school when six years old. After graduation from the eighth grade, he enrolled in Ricks Academy at Rexburg, Idaho.

Dad loved to dance and did a lot of it at Ricks. He was chosen class president during his second year there, and was a cheerleader for three years.

To stay in school at times was a trial. One weekend in November, Dad went home from school, and, when time came to return, had to remain home because Grandpa Andrus did not have the sixty cents for train fare to Rexburg.

As Dad grew up, he experienced accidents from which he narrowly escaped with his life. Once he was thrown from a horse, landing on his head. He was unconscious for several hours. Another time, he was thrown from a spinning pole, part of the machinery used to draw water from a well. He was knocked unconscious and when he regained his senses found he was paralyzed — some thought for life. But Grandma Andrus rubbed and massaged his muscles, and eventually he regained their use.

Dad had other narrow escapes, either from death or permanent injury, enough to conclude that perhaps God watched over and prepared him for a purpose. Part of that purpose may have been to fill a mission.

Dad received his call to the Netherlands Mission when twenty years old. He was scheduled to leave for the mission field April 25, 1925, but before departure, he contracted spotted fever. He was bitten by a wood tick while herding sheep. He developed a fever which rose to 107°. Many in the community thought he would die, but the fever finally broke and he began to recover. He did not leave for the mission field until autumn of that year.

Dad filled an honorable mission in Holland. Of the time spent there, he wrote: “The almost three years spent in Holland established a basis of good solid thinking for the years that were to follow. . . . The learning of a language, the meetings of all those missionaries and saints, and the people of the world, cannot be replaced in any other way.”

In Holland, Dad ministered among families afflicted with tuberculosis. Upon return home, he remarked to Grandma Andrus he had been around tuberculosis

enough to be dead in a few months. Grandma said to him, “As the Lord would protect you while you were there, you have no worries now that you are home. Forget it.” He did until he was 64 years old. At that time, an x-ray of his lungs revealed that in his early 20's he had contracted tuberculosis. His body, however, was able to “house it up and shut it off,” leaving a scar on his lungs for life.

After Dad returned from the mission field, his brothers one evening dared him to call a young school teacher in the community and request a date. He accepted the challenge and made a date with the lady who became my mother.

Dad and Mother were married in the Salt Lake Temple May 19, 1929, the year in which the United States suffered an economic collapse and entered into the most severe depression in its history. Dad continued to help Grandpa on the farm, which provided a questionable living, especially after the depression developed.

Dad, along with many others, was hard-hit financially during the depression. He worked at almost any available job to keep food before his family and clothing on their persons.

During the Depression, Dad entered politics. He was elected to the State House of Representatives in November 1934 where he served four two-year terms. He served one two-year term in the Senate, a two-year term as county commissioner, two years as county weed supervisor, and 12 years as State Land Agent for Southeastern Idaho.

Between times he served the public, Dad operated a truck with which he made frequent trips to Utah, hauling grain and coal. He worked for Idaho Potato Growers as a boiler man, and was water master for the Harrison Canal Company. Finally, along with these jobs, he operated a 75-acre farm.

In conclusion, Dad stood five feet eight inches and weighted 195 pounds. He was seldom ill (at least illness was not obvious), until the last two or three years of his life. He was also an unselfish person. The most convincing living testimony to this statement is nine children, half of whom were born during Depression years. I suppose he and Mother alone could have gotten along reasonably well during the Depression, but they chose to have children in abundance, knowing this meant personal sacrifice. Dad always placed family before other considerations. He was never long on patience, and reprimanded his children sharply and regularly while they grew up, but always he followed the Lord's counsel, showering them with love and affection.

Dad passed into another dimension of life late Friday evening July 16, 1976 in the Idaho Falls Riverview Hospital. His wife and children, brothers and sisters were there to bid him go. He died of malnutrition and heart failure. His health had deteriorated rapidly for two years until he no longer desired to live.

Part One: My Family Background

Chapter 2

My Maternal Ancestors

Introduction

I have written about my ancestors on my father's side, starting with great-grandfather Milo Andrus. I shall now write about my maternal ancestors and begin with Great-Great-Grandfather Ebenezer Brown.

My Great-Great-Grandfather Ebenezer Brown (1801-1878)

Ebenezer Brown was born in Salisbury, Herkimer County (then Montgomery County), New York on December 6, 1801. He was the second son of William and Hannah Sweet Brown.

Life was hard, survival was a constant struggle and there was little or no time for Ebenezer to acquire a formal education. During his growing-up years, and even after marriage, we know he could not write. For example, a deed in 1836 bears the name of his wife, but Ebenezer signed with an "X." Yet, when he enrolled in the Mormon Battalion ten years later, military records indicate that all Battalion members signed their names. Apparently Ebenezer learned to write, at least his name, during this period of time.

On July 20, 1823, Ebenezer married Ann Weaver. She and Ebenezer had five children: Joseph Gurnsey, Harriet, Norman, John Weaver, and Ann who died shortly after birth. Ann, the mother, also died as a result of complications associated with the birth of her baby daughter.

Ebenezer and Ann, commenced their life together on a frontier farm. They were poor. They owned "two horses, five yards of cloth, twenty-seven yards of flannel, and thirty-four yards of linen." Apparently Ann Weaver, true to her name, was a weaver. She owned a loom and manufactured cloth in her home. This was sold to a company which bought cloth from several home manufacturers in the area.

In 1829, Ebenezer and Ann moved onto "new land" in Summerhill (Crawford County) Pennsylvania. Here, Ebenezer cleared fifty acres and farmed it for three years. He then sold this farm and bought 100 acres (also located in Crawford County) for \$350. In 1836, he sold his hundred-acre farm for \$1010 and headed west to live with the Latter-day Saints. He and Ann had been baptized into the Church on June 13, 1835.

Ebenezer and Ann lived for a time in “Peru, LaSalle, Illinois.” Then in August 1838, along with other Latter-day Saints, they moved to Far West, Missouri. There they suffered persecution and were driven from the State. They settled in Quincy, Illinois, sixty miles south of Nauvoo. Quincy is where Ann died.

Following Ann’s death, Ebenezer married Phoebe Draper Palmer, a widowed friend of the family. Phoebe had helped care for Ann as she lay dying, and continued to help Ebenezer care for his children after Ann passed away. Ebenezer married Phoebe in 1842. They had no children of their own, but their combined families made a family of eight children. Both of these families (the Browns and Drapers) would figure prominently in the founding of Draper, Utah years later.

Ebenezer and Phoebe moved from Quincy to Nauvoo where they remained until after Joseph and Hyrum’s martyrdom. Then as the Saints began to leave and wend their way slowly across the Iowa plains to Council Bluffs, Ebenezer, Phoebe and their children became a part of that trek.

While in Nauvoo, Ebenezer was loyal to Joseph Smith during the stressful days leading to the Prophet’s martyrdom. In fact, *History of the Church* (Vol. III, p. 211) documents Ebenezer’s being incarcerated with Joseph. Then when the temple was finished, Ebenezer received his endowment before leaving Nauvoo for Council Bluffs.

During the summer of 1846, while Ebenezer, Phoebe and families were on the Iowa plains, a call came for 500 Mormon volunteers to fight in the war against Mexico. Ebenezer and Phoebe volunteered. Ebenezer was 44 years old and Phoebe, 48. Phoebe went as a laundress. She was one of four women who completed the journey from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas to San Diego, California. Other women started with the Battalion, but, along with sick and afflicted Battalion members, were sent from the Battalion to Pueblo, Colorado, and later to join with the main body of Saints as they made their way to Salt Lake Valley.

Ebenezer’s children and Phoebe’s children were left with the Saints under the care of Harriet (19 years old) who by now was married to Oliver Stratton. Phoebe’s son, Zimira Palmer, went with Ebenezer and Phoebe.

Ebenezer was designated Second Sergeant of Company A in the Battalion. He performed his duties faithfully and well, as expected of good soldiers, and today his name appears under the officers’ listing on a plaque in the Mormon Battalion Visitors’ Center in San Diego, California.

The Battalion marched from Council Bluffs on July 20, 1846. It arrived in San Diego on January 29, 1847. There is no record of Ebenezer and Phoebe’s personal experiences, but the Battalion’s march was brutal in terms of physical hardships. Heat, dust, “hunger, thirst, illness, inept doctoring and inadequate

supplies plagued them all along the way.” They marched to Santa Fe, New Mexico, then down the Rio Grande to Mexico. They turned west and made their way back into what is now southern Arizona, spending a little time near the tiny Mexican village of Tucson. The trail they blazed from Tucson to San Diego was later followed by the Southern Pacific Railroad and Interstate Highway 8.

After arriving in San Diego, the Battalion’s march gave the United States a claim to what had been a vast western territory called New Mexico. The Battalion, though it never fought any battles against Mexico, could claim this territory by conquest.

Ebenezer and Phoebe, following Brigham Young’s counsel, remained in California to earn money with which to help them and their migrating families when reunited in Utah. They arrived in Salt Lake Valley late in the summer of 1849, just one week after Oliver, Harriet and the children had arrived.

In searching for land to farm, Ebenezer and the Drapers decided on “unoccupied land and water in a large cove in the southeast corner” of Salt Lake Valley. The water there came from four springs. Some of the area was marshy, but when drained it proved to be good farming soil. Ebenezer called this place South Willow Creek. In time, however, as the Browns and Drapers settled there, it became known as Draper.

Ebenezer served in a branch presidency, and to meet the demands of this call, he married two more wives — Elsie Samantha Pulsipher and Mary Elizabeth Wright (church leaders were expected to practice polygamy). Ebenezer also responded to a call to help settle Iron County in southern Utah and later to help settle Carson Valley, Nevada (then in Utah). He took his two wives, Elsie Samantha and Mary Elizabeth, with him to Carson Valley. This was in 1856. One year later, when Johnston’s Army threatened an invasion of Utah Territory, all outlying settlements were closed and their settlers returned to Utah. Ebenezer and wives were among those who returned.

Mary Elizabeth died March 29, 1870, leaving four children. Faithful Phoebe helped care for these children. Then on April 29, 1877, Elsie Samantha died, leaving seven children. To meet this crisis, Mary Elizabeth’s daughter, Elizabeth, moved into the family and became its mother. These crises, and how family members came to the rescue in times of need, indicate successful polygamous relationships. Evidently, Ebenezer was a sensitive, loving husband and father.

Ebenezer’s health remained stable until 1877. Then he spent a long winter ill. He died on January 25, 1878. He was 76 years old. Phoebe died the next year on February 28, 1879. She was 82 years old.

Before he died, Ebenezer expressed his greatest concern to Bishop Stewart. That concern was that he should now have to leave all his young children with

no parent to care for them. Nevertheless, the children survived and became the branches on a sturdy family tree that would continue to grow through the years. Ebenezer and his wives provided a “firm” foundation on which later generations could build. They were as “firm” as the mountains around them.

My Great-Grandfather: Norman Brown (1835-1921)

Norman Brown, son of Ebenezer Brown and Ann Weaver, was born November 16, 1830 in Crawford County, Pennsylvania. Norman’s parents were baptized members of the Church June 13, 1835. One year later they moved to Kirtland, Ohio to be with the Saints.

In 1838, the Browns settled in Far West, Missouri, but a year later were driven from the state with the rest of the Saints. They went to Quincy, Illinois, moved to Nauvoo in 1840, then in 1841 settled in Honey Creek above five miles from Carthage.

Norman was present when the cornerstone of the Nauvoo Temple was laid. He was also present when Joseph Smith delivered his last address to the Nauvoo Legion.

When the Saints left Illinois, Norman and parents left too. They settled in Winter Quarters. By now Norman’s mother had died and his father had married Phoebe Draper Palmer, a widow.

When the United States Government enlisted about 500 Mormon men to help fight Mexico, Norman’s father and stepmother enlisted. Both completed the journey while Norman and two brothers accompanied a married sister to Salt Lake.

In the autumn of 1849, Norman, his brother, Joseph Gurnsey, and their father herded cattle in that part of the valley which became Draper. They fattened their cattle on grass then sold them to emigrants going to California.

In 1850, Ebenezer, Phoebe, and children built the first house in Draper and homesteaded 175 acres. At that time, however, the place was called Willow Creek.

During 1849-1950, Norman crossed the plains by ox team three times, leading immigrants from Winter Quarters into Salt Lake Valley. Also, in 1850, he was called to Provo for “a few days” to fight Indians at war with the Saints. He “narrowly escaped death” when a bullet burned his ear and clipped off a lock of hair.

In 1850, Norman went to California where he lived for seven years. While there, he contracted typhoid fever, resulting in complications which made amputation of a leg likely. He refused amputation, however, and nursed a painful leg during later life.

In 1857 when Albert Sidney Johnston's Army approached Utah to crush a reported Mormon insurrection against the United States Government, Norman returned to Utah and spent 52 days with Lot Smith and his Mormon Raiders burning government supply wagons and harassing the army.

In April 1858, Alfred Cumming replaced Brigham Young as Utah's governor. Norman was one of Cumming's escorts from Fort Bridger to Salt Lake City. Escorting the governor into Salt Lake Valley marked an end to the Utah War.

Norman married Annie Smith November 1, 1858. They lived in Draper for 60 years and had ten children.

Norman was short, stocky, and of remarkable physical strength and endurance. The story is told that when the Saints were driven from Missouri, his father instructed him to take a fresh horse across a river to Brigham Young. To return, Norman had to swim the river amidst chunks of floating ice.

Insects were not attracted to Norman. He handled beehives without covering face or hands, and was never stung.

Norman had little formal education. He encountered, however, a variety of experiences contributing to the development of good sense and practical skills.

Norman died at age 91 on March 25, 1921 from a punctured lung. He stumbled over a baby carriage, breaking three ribs, one of which penetrated his lung. He was buried in the Draper cemetery.

My Great-Grandmother, Annie Smith Brown (1839-1921)

Annie Smith was born January 6, 1839 at Worchestershire, England. Her parents, John Sivil Smith and Jane Wadley were baptized members of the LDS Church when Annie was one year old. She, then, was raised in the Church.

Annie and her parents left England for America in May 1841. They settled on a farm outside Nauvoo. Later they moved to Kirtland, but were forced by persecution to return to Nauvoo. They were driven from Nauvoo with the rest of the Saints and crossed the Iowa plains to Council Bluffs where Annie's father served as a carpenter and wheelwright, preparing wagons to cross the plains. Finally in May 1850, they crossed the plains, entering Salt Lake Valley in October.

In 1851 Annie's family settled in Willow Creek, subsequently known as Draper. Five years later they moved to Kaysville where they farmed and kept a large, well-furnished house.

Annie married Norman Brown on November 1, 1858. They settled permanently in Draper. They were parents of ten children, three of whom preceded Annie and Norman in death.

Annie's home became a "regular stop" for stage coaches, and she had a "difficult time keeping the lice, which were being brought continually into the home by travelers on the stage, from becoming attached to her children."

Annie and Norman spent much of their time helping the sick and others in need. They were devoted to each other, and when Annie lost her sight in an operation to remove a cataract, Norman tended her for ten years until he died (March 25, 1921). Grieving and alone, she died May 2, 1921, six weeks after Norman was buried. They were married 62 years.

Annie was reared in a home of refinement and culture. She was short in stature and determined in spirit. These were traits I observed in her seventh child, Charles William Brown, my grandfather.

My Grandfather: Charles William Brown (1874-1958)

Charles William Brown (known as "C.W." or "Charlie") was born November 4, 1874 in Draper, Utah. He was the seventh of ten children born to Norman Brown (1830-1921) and Annie Smith (1839-1921).

In this family of ten children, there were six boys and four girls. Eight were born in Draper and two in Kaysville, Utah. The two oldest, Annie Elizabeth and John Sivil, died before marriage.

Charles grew up and worked on his father's farm in Draper. He earned spending money by trapping muskrats, cleaning the school house, raising pet lambs and riding race horses.

In the autumn of 1893, Charles William enrolled in the University of Utah. He financed his education by working on threshing crews and shoveling gravel on the Rio Grande Railroad west of Draper.

Charles loved sports. While at the University, he helped organize an athletic club and served as captain of the baseball team. He remained a baseball enthusiast throughout his life, catching for the St. Anthony, Idaho Baseball Team and managing the Parker, Idaho team for several years. While at the University, besides playing baseball, he also participated in track and field events, winning gold medals in the hurdles and broad jump.

Charles graduated from the University in the Spring of 1897. His graduating class numbered 46, one of whom was David O. McKay who later became president of the Church. Charles and David O. were close friends and played baseball together. James E. Talmage, noted apostle, scholar and writer, taught Charles at the University.

From 1898 to 1900, Charles taught school in Salt Lake Valley. By 1900, he felt sufficiently secure to ask Martha Letitia Orgill, whom he had courted for five years, to marry him. She accepted his proposal and they were married December 20, 1900 in the Salt Lake Temple.

Meanwhile, Charles' pet lambs had grown into a sheep herd. He needed more room for his sheep. So in 1901, he and Letitia moved the herd to eastern Idaho where he had bought 160 acres of irrigated land near the sand dunes, two miles north and west of Parker. Later he bought another 40 acres, and added more sheep to his growing herd. Letitia joined him on his sheep ranch in January 1902. That winter and the following summer, they lived in the cramped space of a sheep camp while remodeling a log house on the ranch. In 1908, they moved from the ranch to a house in Parker, where they lived the rest of their lives. Today, their daughter, Therel Ricks, lives in the house situated at 36 West Cedar Street.

During the winter of 1903, Charles taught school in Parker. His salary was \$75 per month. Meanwhile, his sheep herd continued to grow and he was known as a successful sheep man until the post World War I economic depression drove him out of business. To keep the sheep cost more than the market would pay. From then on, he made a living in buying and selling livestock and working in potato warehouses. The depression left him owing debts, but over the years they were liquidated.

Charles loved animals. He knew their pedigrees several generations back, especially his cows. He milked several cows night and morning for as long as I (Alyn) can remember until the night before he died. He also raised pigs. Interestingly, after he lost his sheep in the depression, he never bought another sheep. Perhaps the memory of his loss was too painful to allow another attempt at sheep raising. Besides, sheep require more attention and work than other animals.

Charles served on the Parker School Board for 18 years. He also served as president of the Parker Ward MIA (Mutual Improvement Association, the equivalent of today's Young men and Young Womens' Organizations). For years, he was a member of the Parker Ward High Priests Group.

Charles was physically active and mentally sharp until death claimed him in his sleep on May 18, 1960. He had lived alone for two years after Letitia passed away on June 12, 1958. When he died, he was 85 years old. He was buried in the Parker Cemetery next to Letitia.

When I knew Grandpa, he stood about five feet seven inches and weighed approximately 145 pounds. He was well proportioned and had a lot of energy. I'm sure he felt sick and endured physical pain periodically, but one seldom knew it — he never complained about his health. Mother said she never heard him say a cross word to Grandmother. When he became angry with her, he would whistle a tune and leave till he recovered his equanimity.

Grandpa was pleasant to be around. I never saw him angry. So far as I could see, he did not possess a temper. He may have sworn, but I never heard

him. I never heard him use vulgar language. And I never heard him tell dirty jokes. I thought he was a good man, and I still think so. If his disposition around me was any indication of his goodness, he was indeed a very good man, although he was not inclined to talk much about the Gospel or relate spiritual experiences.

I loved Grandpa Brown. I was sorry to learn of his death. Gloria (my wife) and I, at the time, were in Western Samoa where I taught school for the Church. I had hoped to return and visit with Grandpa again before he passed from this life. I look forward to a reunion with him in the next world. I wonder if he will talk about cows, pigs and sheep?

My sister Geniece wrote of Grandpa: “I always assumed Grandpa Brown loved me. He never told me so and there was not any particular thing that he did to express his love, except he was always kind and quiet. I knew he loved Grandma. I never heard them speak harshly to one another. He didn’t talk a great deal, and so he didn’t ever talk all that much while I was around him. He was a hard and constant worker. I would go with him in the late afternoons to bring the cows in from the pasture to the barn. The cows were milked before Grandpa came in to eat supper.

“Shortly after Grandma’s death, I picked Grandpa up at the train station, and he stayed overnight with us. He had been to Salt Lake City visiting some of his family. It was during this visit that I became better acquainted with Grandpa. He told me how much he loved Grandma and what a beautiful lady she was when he married her and always afterward. I knew then what a lonely man he was without his eternal sweetheart. It was not a conversation of complaint or feeling sorry for himself; I never heard Grandpa complain. This was a conversation of love.

“Mother had many of Grandpa’s qualities and traits. She told us many times how close she was to her dad as a child and how much kindness he showered on her. She related how she missed him when he traveled on business matters while she was growing up, and what a joyful reunion it was when he returned home.

“It was a sad time in my life when Grandpa passed away — an entire era of my life departed with him.”

My Grandmother: Martha Letitia Orgill Brown (1878-1958)

Martha Letitia Orgill (known as “Tish”) was born June 9, 1878 in Draper, Utah. She was the eleventh of 14 children born to Joseph Orgill (1837-1916) and Phoebe Croxall (1837-1893).

In this family of 14 children, there were three boys and 11 girls. Four were born in England, two boys and two girls. The rest were born in Utah. Four died

as children. An 11-year-old girl died in England. A six-month-old baby girl (born in England) died while crossing the plains with a handcart company in 1865. Two other babies died in Utah. One of these was stillborn. So 10 brothers and sisters lived to maturity. Of the ten, three were men and seven were women. Letitia and her brother, Andrew, were the youngest of the 10.

Letitia's father was a "neat and thrifty" turkey farmer, so she helped raise turkeys. She also kept the family's coal-oil lamps filled with fuel. She skimmed milk, learned how to make butter, stripped sugar cane, polished shoes and helped keep the house clean and tidy. She was a tidy and immaculate housekeeper throughout her life.

Letitia attended an "ungraded" school (where all grades met in one classroom) until she was 13 years old. Why she did not continue her formal education is not clear. Perhaps the first eight grades were all to which the Orgill family had access at the time. Two years later (August 15, 1893) when Letitia was 15 years old, her mother passed away at age 56. At that time, all the children were married, except Letitia and her brother Andrew. So she became chief cook, housekeeper and mother to Andrew. Thereafter, a relationship which had already been close became even closer between her, her father Joseph, and her brother Andrew.

Joseph Orgill was a musician. He composed his own music, organized a dance band, and played for dances. Frequently, Letitia went with him. She learned to dance gracefully and developed an interest in music. She possessed a beautiful singing voice and sang in the ward choir. She passed on to her daughters these musical interests and talents. Her daughter, Melba, sang beautifully at various gatherings in the Snake River Valley. Her daughter, Therel, became a pianist and organist whose services were in demand most of her adult life. Her daughter, Wilma, for years, led the Parker Ward choir.

Letitia married Charles William Brown on December 20, 1900 in the Salt Lake Temple. They lived in Draper until 1902 then moved onto a sheep ranch near the sand dunes north and west of Parker, Idaho.

Letitia and Charles spent their first Idaho winter in the cramped confines of a sheep camp. They then lived for five years in a log house near where the sheep camp had been parked. Then in June 1908, they moved from the ranch into Parker. This was their last move. They lived in the same house for the rest of their mortal lives.

Letitia and Charles' first child was Melba Phyllis, born January 4, 1906. A son, Charles Milton, was born February 23, 1908. Therel, their third child, was born August 6, 1914. And Wilma, their last child, was born November 10, 1917. Charles Milton died when he was nine months old (September 14, 1908) from "summer's complaint," a pioneer designation for dysentery.

Letitia died June 12, 1958 from hardening of the arteries. She was 80 years old at death and had lived with Charles for 58 years. Her body was buried in the Parker Cemetery.

I remember Grandma as a pleasant, hardworking lady. She was clean and tidy, a good cook, and took an interest in children and grandchildren. She cooked for them and gave them gifts of clothing and money. She was also concerned about her neighbors and was kind and helpful to them. She did not speak much. She was certainly not a gifted conversationalist. Neither did she speak before public assemblies, ecclesiastical or otherwise. Nor was she demonstrative in showing her love for people. I do not remember that she ever kissed me or hugged me. But somehow, I knew she loved me very much. Why she loved me so much, I did not understand until I matured and could put historical facts together to answer questions. I was Grandma and Grandpa's first grandchild. And because I was a boy, I took the place of their boy, Charles Milton, who had died while a baby.

When young, my summertime experiences were always enhanced by a week's stay with Grandma and Grandpa Brown. For one week I was an "only child" with Grandma and Grandpa to spoil me. Each night I slept in the front room and went to sleep by the hypnotic ticking of Grandma's big wind-up clock. Later, I slept in the west bedroom, off the front room. Early in the morning, Grandpa would waken me as he lit fires in the two wood burning stoves — one in the front room and the other in the kitchen. I was permitted to lie in bed until Grandma had prepared breakfast — bacon, eggs, toast, milk and sometimes freshly pressed orange juice. The delightful odors associated with those delicious breakfasts are still a vivid part of my memory.

Every afternoon, the high point of the day was when Grandma poured a big glass of homemade root beer. I would sit on the landing in front of the back door, drinking my root beer, savoring every sip and thinking that heaven could not be better.

I loved the smell of Grandma's house and yard. Her yard teemed with flowers and the house was filled with their sweet fragrance. She and Grandpa also kept a large, weedless, attractive vegetable garden which provided much produce, fresh and bottled.

I loved Grandmother Brown and was bothered during her old-age to see her become less active and more forgetful. I was relieved to see her spirit set free by death (June 12, 1958).

My sister, Geniece, remembered Grandma as follows: "My memories of Grandma Brown go as far back as my little girl memories can go. I stayed with Grandma and Grandpa Brown on many occasions. At times it was just a summer stay — over for 2 or 3 days; at other times it was for an extended period

while Mother was in the hospital for 10 days for the birth of a new baby. Regardless of whether for a short-term stay or an extended visit, my memories are vivid. Sometimes, I had Grandma and Grandpa to myself; at other times Alyn and I would be together in our outings to Parker, and still other times, and especially at the time of a new baby's birth, it was Gordon and I.

"Grandma was a very organized woman. She had a place for everything, and everything was always in its place. Grandma also scheduled specific household tasks on specific days of the week. Monday morning was always wash day, and the washer was started early. I slept in the small bedroom on the west of the living room. I loved the high bed, the soft mattress, and the nice homemade quilts on the bed; but on Monday mornings I awoke to the sound of the washing machine and the wonderful aroma of bacon and eggs being prepared for breakfast. I also loved the fresh-squeezed orange juice that accompanied the bacon, eggs and toast. Grandma was a hard worker.

"All meal times were wonderful at Grandma's. During the summer months, there were fresh radishes from the garden and homemade bread on the table each evening. Grandma and Grandpa consistently raised a large garden, resulting in an abundance of fresh vegetables. Grandma churned her own butter, and I loved watching the neat old churn as it made the delicious yellow butter from heavy cream Grandma saved from the daily milking. I'm sure that's why I love butter today, but none tastes so delicious as Grandma's butter did.

"Saturdays were special. Grandma cleaned the house on Saturday morning. Rugs were shaken, furniture dusted, floors mopped and waxed, and everything tidy and spotless. At noon there was lunch and then I would bathe and we would get ready to go 'up town,' (which was St. Anthony) to shop for the afternoon.

"Grandma was an immaculate housekeeper. I loved that, and I loved the smell in her home. That smell has never been duplicated anywhere. She was also a very good cook; she made a white nut cake with burnt sugar icing that has never been matched. She made her own home made root beer, and every afternoon during our visits that was our treat. I would sit with Alyn or Gordon, or by myself out on the back landing and drink root beer; I felt like I was on an exotic vacation.

"Sunday was always Church Day, and we regularly went to church at nine o'clock a.m., then came home to the wonderful aromas of dinner cooking in the oven. The Parker Ward was like a big family and I was always treated in that ward as if I were a high-up member. Everyone called me by name and made me feel special. I was proud of Grandpa and Grandma, and I was proud to be Melba's daughter. Aunt Therel played the piano and Aunt Wilma led the ward music; I felt right at home.

“A lovely grandfather clock sat on the buffet in Grandma’s living room. This clock loudly ticked away the minutes and chimed on the hour. I loved those sounds; today sounds such as those are still very comforting to me and bring to mind my childhood years at Grandma and Grandpa Brown’s house.

“I eagerly looked forward to my birthdays when I was a little girl, because Grandma, Aunt Therel and Aunt Wilma never failed to give me a great gift of something new to wear. It may have been a new dress, or a pants and blouse set, but it was always a most welcome gift.

“Grandma was a thin, and I thought, tall stately woman. She had kind eyes, and even though she was not a demonstrative person when it came to hugs or kisses or telling me she loved me, I knew without a doubt that she loved me. As we would say our good-byes to leave her home to go back to Ucon, she would slip into my hand or pocket some gum and candy. She didn’t have to say she loved me — I just knew it.

“Grandma had beautiful furniture even though she and Grandpa were not people of big money or means. She had a gorgeous piano in her parlor, and I always felt the beauty of that instrument had no equal. Today, Grandma’s piano sits in Jean’s living room. Grandma took excellent care of everything she owned whether it was furniture, clothes or whatever.

“As a child, I never opened any of the drawers in her house, except the top drawer in the west bedroom where I slept. That drawer held all kinds of neat things that I loved. I’m sure most of the things had been there a long time, and had belonged to Mother, Aunt Therel, or Aunt Wilma when they were growing up. There were necklaces, earrings, beads, bracelets, half-empty tubes of lipstick, sweet-smelling powder and all sorts of things that I loved. That drawer could entertain me for a long time.

“I still remember the wonderful, sweet aroma that permeated her yard all summer long from the wide variety of flowers she lovingly planted and tended. To this day when I go to the temple grounds and smell the combination of floral fragrances there, my mind is filled with nostalgia for Grandma and Grandpa’s place in Parker.

“Betty Ricks and I were close to the same age, and when I went to Parker, her friends were my friends. We swam in the summer afternoon at our ‘swimming hole,’ the wide part of the ditch by Sharon Davenport’s house. Those were good times. Those friends and I are still very congenial when we meet each other these many years later.

“The summer between my Junior and Senior years in high school, I was elected to represent Bonneville High School at Girls’ State in Boise and Nampa. Mother and Dad had no money, but Grandma Brown usually had a little money

tucked away for emergencies. Grandma loaned me \$25 so I could attend Girls' State; I paid her back that summer after I went to work.

"After David and I were married, we still visited Grandma and Grandpa on a rather regular basis. They were getting older and Grandma's health was failing. One day, as we came to visit, we stopped out at the barn and talked with Grandpa before going into the house. As we entered the house, Grandma was coming out of her bedroom. When she noticed us, she looked strangely at us and then asked me, 'Who are you?' That was one of the saddest days of my life. She didn't live very long after that.

"I really loved Grandma Brown. She was so special, and I have an enduring bond with her. She had many habits and qualities I admire. She had, and continues to have, a great impact on my life."

I have already indicated that Letitia and Charles had four children — one boy and three girls. The oldest is my mother.

My Mother: Melba Phyllis Brown (1906-1985)

Melba Phyllis Brown was born January 4, 1906 on a sheep ranch north of Parker, Idaho. Until she was two years old, her father and mother maintained a home on the ranch where they raised purebred Cotswold sheep. In June 1908 they moved into Parker.

Mother had a happy childhood. She spent much time with her father at the ranch, "running along side of him" while he worked. She wrote: "He used to spend time each night reading to me which gave me a strong desire for good books."

When Mother was six and a half years old, she started school in a one-room building a block from her home in Parker. During her elementary years, she participated in school and church-sponsored programs and services. She loved to sing, and sang solos before audiences while "just a little girl."

Mother graduated from the eighth grade then attended high school where she and a girl friend achieved the same grade point average. They drew straws to see who would deliver the valedictory and salutatory addresses. Mother was the salutatorian.

After two years of high school in Parker, Mother attended Ricks Academy in Rexburg. There she completed her high school education and took one year of college. She "batched" with other girls in a one-room apartment.

While at Ricks, Mother took part in operettas, choirs, and girls glee. One singing group, of which she was a member, sang in various wards throughout the Rexburg area.

Mother attended college for a year then contracted to teach at Egin, a farming community west of Parker. The summer following her first year of

teaching, she matriculated at the University of Utah. That summer in Salt Lake, Mother wrote that Charles Lindbergh flew across the Atlantic in his monoplane “The Spirit of St. Louis.” She wrote about Lindbergh: “We stood on Main Street in Salt Lake in front of the Salt Lake Tribune Office awaiting the glad tidings of Lindbergh’s arrival in France. That year in late summer, my father, mother, and two sisters, Therel and Wilma, came to Salt Lake and we helped make up the crowd of people at the Salt Lake Airport to welcome Lindbergh to Salt Lake City. He spoke in the Mormon Tabernacle that day. He was just a big awkward, bashful, young man.”

In the autumn of that year (1927), Mother taught the first grade at Ucon, Idaho. She wrote: “It was a good community, very friendly, good people, with well-behaved youngsters.”

While teaching in Ucon, Mother dated my father. He had just returned from the mission field. Mother wrote: “He called me one Sunday evening to go to Church with him. This was done on a ‘dare’ from his older brothers. We continued to go together for one year, and on May 29, 1929, we were married in the Salt Lake Temple.” Mother continued to teach first grade for a year after she was married.

Over the years, Mother has given birth to nine children, one of whom, Gordon Reed, died accidentally when ten years old. Those living besides myself are Geniece Smith, Charles Robert, Kendall Wayne, Portia Morgan, Therel Frei, Gaylon Rich, and Mary Jean Brink. Mother’s living sons have filled proselyting missions, and all her children are active in the Church.

Mother has held various positions in the Church. During her growing-up years, she worked in the Parker Ward and Yellowstone Stake Primary Organizations. She served as assistant secretary in the Sunday School, and taught a Sunday School kindergarten class. She served as counselor in the YWMIA. When she was sixteen years old, she directed a girl’s choir from Parker and was Sunday School chorister in the Yellowstone Stake.

When Mother went to Ucon, she participated in “several dramas,” sang in the ward choir, and sang “many solos” for funerals and entertainments. She served as chorister in the Ucon Ward Primary for about twenty years. She also served as president of the Ward Primary and Relief Society organizations.

During the years after her family was raised, Mother substitute-taught in the public schools. Then in 1964, when 58 years old, she taught kindergarten full-time at the Little People’s Academy in Idaho Falls. She taught for 11 years, until health and failing eyesight forced her to quit.

On July 16, 1976, Dad passed away, and life for Mother became lonely. She wrote briefly about Dad’s death: “Part of the light of my life went out . . . when my husband, Reed, passed away.”

Following Dad's death, Mother lived alone in the house where she raised her family. Her children visited her daily, taking her for rides and inviting her into their homes for meals and Family Home Evenings. They maintained a warm and loving relationship with her. She loved them and frequently expressed it in family gatherings. I have always loved Mother and respected her patience and temperate approach to life.

Mother was small, about five feet tall, weighing approximately one-hundred ten pounds. She was always clean, tidy, and worked hard. She sacrificed personal desires for her children. There were times when she was ill or in pain, but never complained. During my growing up years, her language and behavior were above reproach. She was loved and respected by all who knew her.

In conclusion, I give her testimony. She wrote: "I'm grateful to be a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and for all the teachings of the Gospel. I'm grateful to my Heavenly Father for all that He has given me. I know that He lives, that Jesus Christ is His Son and the Savior of the world. I'm grateful for the Holy Ghost. I'm grateful for my husband, for our children, and I pray that they will always strive to keep the commandments. I'm grateful for all the grandchildren, and (I pray) that they will always love their Heavenly Father, and do much good. I say these things in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

On May 9, 1985, at 6:30 a.m., Mother admitted herself to the Idaho Falls Riverview Hospital. Three hours later, she quietly passed away. All her living children, except Portia, were present to bid farewell. She died as she lived — with serenity and dignity.

With this brief history of Mother, I have finished writing about my ancestors. I will now write about me.

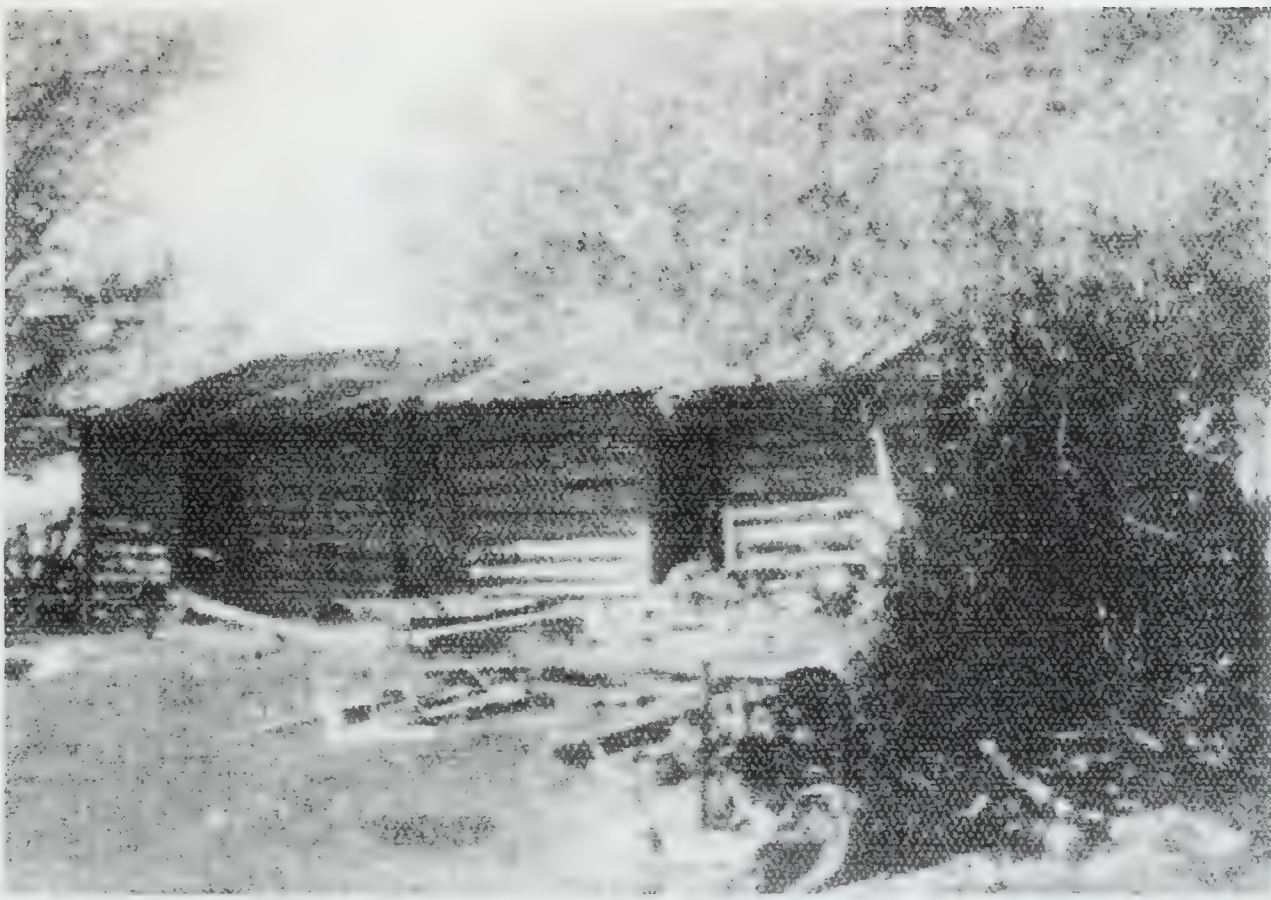


*Lovenia Evelyn Bawden
“Vinnie” (standing)
Ann Ireland Bawden
“Annie” — daughters of
Henry Bawden and Sarah
Freelove Howard*

*Heber Andrus (standing)
and Robert Andrus —
sons of Milo Andrus
and Jane Lancaster
Munday*

*The two brothers
married the two sisters*





Above: Original Andrus home in Milo

*Below: Andrus brick home in Ucon — Grandma was popular;
Note vehicles of the 1950's*





Above: The University of Utah track team — “Charlie” Brown left on front row



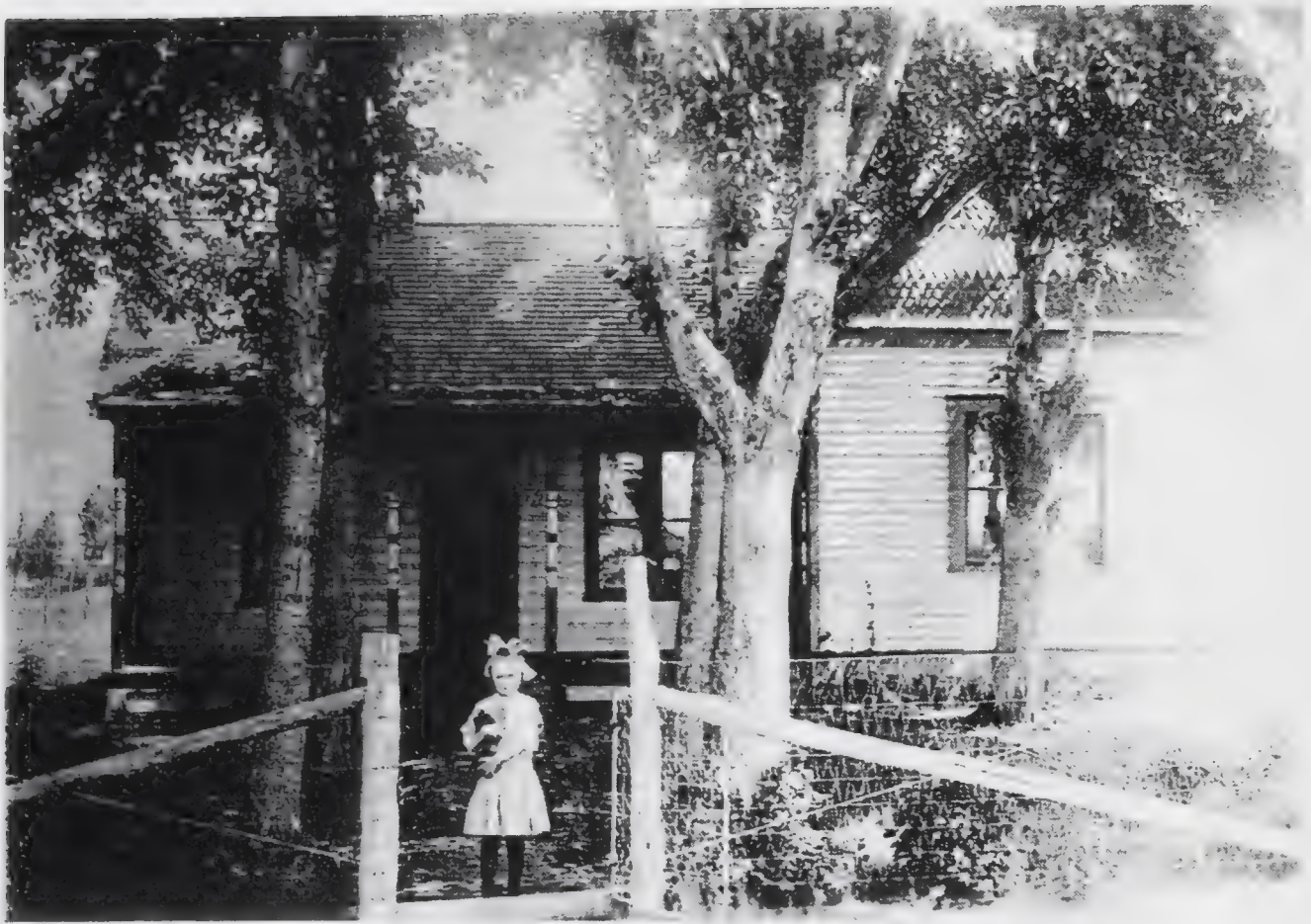
Left: Charles William “C.W.” Brown on his 80th birthday



*Above: Charles William Brown and Martha Letitia Orgill
when they were married (1900)*

Below: Letitia and Charles with daughters: (l-r) Melba, Wilma, Theresel





*Above: Brown home in Parker — Melba standing in the gate
with her kitten*

Below: Grandpa Brown's barn





Above: Grandpa Brown's Cotswold sheep with Melba and ranch house in background — Parker, Idaho

Below: Melba and ewe on Grandpa's ranch north of Parker



Part Two:

*My Growing - Up Years
(1931 - 1955)*

Part Two: My Growing - Up Years (1931 - 1955)

Chapter 1

Birth and Infancy

My Reluctant Entry Into Mortality

I was born at two o'clock in the afternoon December 15, 1931, in the Idaho Falls LDS Hospital. My doctor, Jabez West, was primarily responsible for my being alive today, for I was a reluctant entrant into mortality.

The day was bright and sunny, but bitter cold. The temperature ranged between -20° and -30°. Shortly before 6:00 a.m., Mother roused Dad, telling him the time had come for her trip to the hospital. He dressed, filled the car radiator with water (this was before antifreeze, so the radiator had to be drained each night during cold weather), then discovered the engine crank was missing (this was also before starter-motors, a time when car engines had to be turned over manually). Uncle Howard had borrowed the crank and Dad had to run a mile up the road to get it.

Meanwhile, Mother prepared for the ride to town. Grandma Andrus had been notified, and assisted in preparations. Mother put on her coat, wrapped a scarf around her head, then, under Grandma's insisting, put on Grandpa Andrus' bathrobe over her coat. She said her appearance embarrassed her, but she was warm.

Dad got the crank, started the car, and the journey to the hospital commenced at 7:00 a.m. The trip was cold. The car was an open roadster with no solid windows — isinglass curtains served in lieu of glass. Heaters in cars had not yet been invented. And to keep the radiator from freezing while the car moved down the road, Dad covered it with cardboard.

The trip to Idaho Falls from Ucon required an hour. This meant Mother was in the hospital six hours before I was born. During this time, Dad would go into the delivery room to give moral support and encouragement. According to Mother, he would pat her cheeks, when all she really wanted was to be left alone.

At one o'clock, Dr. West was summoned. He invited Dad to look on. Mother was wrapped in a white sheet, given anesthesia, and the birth proceeded.

When born, I was limp and lifeless. The doctor became concerned. He shook me. I did not respond. He instructed the nurse to cut the umbilical cord. He instructed another to get warm and cold water. He dunked me first in warm then in cold water. I did not breathe. He turned to Dad and said, "I'm sorry, Reed. It's too bad." He then spanked me and dunked me again. This time I

gave a little gasp and my eyes popped open. At last whether I wanted or not, I was in the world of mortal beings.

Mother stayed in the hospital ten days. She came home to Grandma Andrus's the day before Christmas, and remained with Grandma for about three weeks before going home.

Mother named me. She had seen the name "Alyn" in a book and determined I should have it. She certainly chose a distinctive name, for I have never known another person who spells his given name the way I do, until lately when people began naming their children after me.

As a baby, I would start fussing about seven o'clock and would not go to sleep until about midnight. This behavior, however, lasted only a month.

My Infancy:

As I have written, I was a reluctant entrant into mortality. At least I had a hard time functioning at birth. After birth, I seemed reluctant to stay. At any rate, I became ill and had an intimate brush with death.

The year was 1933. I was 13 months old and walking. During February, the ward held a reunion in the church house one-half block south of where we lived. Dad and Mother attended, taking me along. The day was blustery and cold. As Dad carried me through the weather, the blanket covering my face blew off and I inhaled cold air. Whether due to cold air or some other cause, I contracted a respiratory disease and grew weak. I stopped walking. Soon I was too weak to crawl. I was little more than skin and bones. When not lying down, I sat, too weak to move.

Dr. West finally decided my tonsils were infected, contributing to my physical debilitation, but I was unable to have them removed until I became stronger. I seemed to be the victim of a cycle taking me down beyond hope of recovery.

I have been told, people in the community believed I would die. Mother and Grandmother Andrus seemed alone in exercising faith that I would live. Mother, in fact, promised God if I lived she would spend her life working in the Church. She kept that promise.

In the meantime, I lost my appetite. All I wanted to eat were raspberries ("babushkas" in my limited vocabulary) and potato chips. The doctor said to give me all I wanted. Finally, my condition grew critical. Mother insisted that my tonsils be removed, though the doctor said an operation would cost me my life. The date for the operation was set for July.

Shortly before the operation, the doctor ordered that I be given no food or water. However, I plead so earnestly for a drink, Dad insisted I be given a little water.

Time for the operation came, and Dad was permitted to watch. Dr. West did not give me much anesthetic — too much in my weakened condition would have killed me. He kept a nurse standing by to administer a bit of ether now and then as the operation proceeded.

During the operation, my tonsils and adenoids were removed. They were enlarged and infected. Furthermore, an abscess had formed on my neck. This was lanced. Dr. West finally announced to Dad, “Reed, this operation is successful.” And shortly after, I began to recover my strength, but I did not walk again until November.

During months following my operation, Margaret Nichols Jenkins lived with Dad and Mother. Margaret and Dad would stand apart, persuading me to walk between them. Gradually, I relearned to walk. I was nearly two years old. But my troubles were not yet at an end.

In the Spring of 1934, shortly after my sister Geniece was born, I developed another abscess on my neck. Everyone but the doctor thought I had mumps. The doctor had Dad bring me into the operating room where he lanced the abscess and stitched up the wound.

I don’t know why I had so much infection during my early years. I seem to have had low resistance to cold and infection. Even now, I must be careful to eat right and get at least seven hours sleep, otherwise, I don’t feel well. I have found, too, that vitamin and mineral supplements help keep me well. I take them regularly, eat little salt and sugar, drink large quantities of fruit juices, eat fresh fruit and vegetables, drink little milk, but eat cheese, nuts, whole wheat bread, fish and fowl. I exercise each day, swimming, walking, doing pull-ups, pushups, and sit-ups. As long as I do all of this, I feel well.

I have often reflected that my childhood illnesses cost Dad and Mother money they could not afford. At the time, the country was in the midst of the Great Economic Depression. Jobs were hard to get and money scarce. Therefore, my contribution in this life had better be substantial. How else can I pay them back for their expenditure of money and emotional stress in my behalf?

Part Two: My Growing - Up Years (1931 - 1955)

Chapter 2

Childhood Experiences

Memories of Home

My recollections of home during childhood, for the most part, are favorable. There were times, of course, when life was full of anxiety. For example, I remember once when the water tap in the kitchen sprang a leak, and before Dad could turn off the water at the meter, I was in hysterics, thinking we would be drowned.

My folks were short on money, and the house in which we lived was plain. The furniture, too, was not fancy or elegant. But Mother was clean and tidy, and I was happy. As I grew, I remember a lot of living went on within the walls of that home. For example, I developed a keen interest in marbles when about six years old. Dad would draw a ring on the old kitchen floor with chalk, then he and I would spend an evening shooting marbles. These practice sessions paid off because I won the marble championship in the Ucon Elementary School during my second grade. Also, I remember how Dad would wrestle with me in the living room. Then when brothers came along, these matches became free-for-alls. Mother would protest, but in vain.

Surrounding the house were big cottonwood trees. Also, south of our home was the churchyard, and this was filled with cottonwoods. Thus there were trees to climb and I did a lot of climbing. Then when fall would come and trees would drop their leaves, my brothers, sisters, and I would play in the leaves for hours.

Speaking of cottonwood trees, near our back door were two cottonwoods. Dad fastened a pole between them and attached a swing to it. Members of the family and neighbor kids spent lots of time and had loads of fun with that swing.

Although we didn't live on our farm, we had pigs, cows, haystacks, and outbuilding on the lot where our house was located. I learned at an early age to milk cows, but I never learned to like it. In fact, I can think of few jobs I disliked more, especially on a cold wintry morning. The fact that we never had a barn undoubtedly contributed to my dislike of milking. We taught the cows to stand where they were in the corral while we milked them. Of course, milking was done by hand, and we usually milked from four to five cows — never a sufficient number to make money, but enough to be a nuisance.

Doing chores though did have its bright spots at times. For example, frequently on a winter morning after chores were done, Mother would have

ready a breakfast of steak and potatoes or bacon and eggs. Sometimes she served us steamed bread covered with butter — I always thought that was a treat.

Our meals were never fancy, but we always had plenty of whatever was served. We never went hungry, and all of us had big appetites. I marvel now that Dad could keep enough food on the table to feed a family of eight children.

I remember when I got married, Gloria, who had been raised in the city at least part of her life, marveled that I could put away so much food. The first time she prepared me breakfast, she asked, “What would you like, eggs or pancakes?” When I answered, “Both,” she was incredulous.

She learned quickly, though, ways of the farm. I remember the first time she went with me to milk cows. A cow kicked the milk bucket and in my fury of the moment, I broke a small tree limb over her back. Then calmly, I turned to Gloria and said, “Let that be a lesson to you.” She may have been intimidated at the time, but has dealt with me pretty effectively through the years.

To the reader, cow-beating might mark me as one cruel to animals. That is not the case. I love animals, and generally have treated them kindly.

My Pet Dog, Bob

As a boy, the most loved animal in my life was a dog named “Bob.” Dad found him when a pup, on a canal bank and brought him home. From that time on, he was my dog.

Bob grew to be big. He was part Collie, smart, and as he matured, Uncle Howard trained him to be a sheep dog. Thereafter, Bob spent summertime in the hills with the sheep.

I used to ply the shepherd with questions about Bob’s exploits. The herder, of course, anticipated what a boy wanted to hear about his dog, and answered my questions accordingly. To me, Bob was the best sheep dog in the intermountain west. In my mind, he could save sheep by chasing off bears and chewing up coyotes.

At shearing time, Bob was sheared along with the sheep, so he looked trim except for a mane which made him appear as a male lion — unlike the lion, he had a bob tail.

I remember one Halloween the sheep had come down from the hills and Bob had come home, but I did not know this. I walked up to the house after tricking and treating and saw a large beast trotting around the corner of the house. In the moonlight, he looked like a lion. I froze, my heart palpitating. For an instant I feared a lion had escaped from a circus. Then composure returned and I remembered Bob. I called to him and he came. We wrestled, he licked my face and we had a happy reunion.

Memories of Uncle Howard's Sheep Business

As a boy, some of my happiest times were spent in the hills with Dad, when he drove his truck to the shearing corral to load with wool. Frequently, we stayed overnight, which meant I got to eat breakfast with the shepherd. I even liked oatmeal with canned milk when he prepared it for me. I remember his pies, too. They were thin, heavy, and had enormous amounts of sugar and cinnamon on the crust, but to me they were delicious.

I thought the life of a shepherd was idyllic. He had little to do except ride his horse, talk to his dogs, read books, and enjoy the scenery. Actually, scenery was not attractive around Lava Creek where Uncle Howard's reserve was located. There was little more than scattered groves of quaking aspen standing conspicuously among sagebrush-covered hills. But that was enough to delight the aesthetic tastes of a young boy.

I particularly loved the hills after a rainstorm. Everything seemed to be fresh and clean. The pungent scent of sagebrush was, I thought, the most delightful scent a boy could smell.

The hills, of course, had dangers. There were rattlesnakes, coyotes, and occasionally a bear. Thinking of these creatures made me a little nervous, especially rattlesnakes. Willow Creek Country teemed with them. Frequently, we saw them on the road. Also, we saw coyotes and deer.

I think my experiences in the hills helped me love everything western. I have always liked western novels, movies, and dress. I have enjoyed western music and scenery. When I went to college, I majored in Western History. I particularly enjoy history involving fur trappers, cowmen, and sheep men.

Sheep raising had its unsavory experiences, too. About the first week in June, shearing would commence. Uncle Howard operated shearing corrals and sheds along the banks of Lava Creek in the hills about 40 miles southeast of Iona. Shearing sheep was always an interesting operation to watch. For shearers, it was smelly, greasy, sweaty, hard work. Each shearer had a cubicle and pen into which the sheep were herded. The pen was separated from the cubicle by a piece of canvas. When ready for an animal, the shearer would lift the canvas, step into the pen, grab a sheep by the legs, pull it into the shearing cubicle, throw it on its back and commence to shear with a pair of electric shearers. When finished, he would kick the fleece into the aisle, turn the animal loose, and get another.

A boy was hired to gather fleeces, carry them to an end of the shearing shed, and throw them up to a wool tromper. The tromper filled bag after bag with wool, tromping it to get as much as possible in each bag. The bags were large, measuring eight feet or more. They were loaded on Dad's 1939 Chevrolet 1.5 ton truck and transported to Idaho Falls about 50 miles distant.

Shearers, fleece-boys, and trompers were sweaty and greasy with oil from the wool. Most worked naked to the waist, but their pants were filthy. The scent of wool, mixed with diesel exhaust from an engine operating the electric generator, produced an acrid odor, heavy in the atmosphere.

Then there were sheep ticks and wood ticks to worry about. I remember an encounter with a wood tick. As I recall, we had a difficult time extracting it from my flesh. I developed a healthy respect for ticks, and never failed to check myself after a day romping through the sagebrush.

The sheep, of course, wintered in the valley. Then about March, lambing began. I always helped with lambing.

Uncle Howard erected a large lambing shed. It had a canvas roof and an aisle down the middle with pens on each side. At each end were bales of hay and pellets to feed the sheep. There were also pens outside the shed for ewes with older lambs.

As soon as a ewe dropped a lamb, she and lamb were brought into the shed for protection against cold and weather. They were sheltered there until the lamb was strong enough to be moved outside. If a ewe died during birth, or if she refused her lamb, the lamb was put with another ewe which had already lambed. If she rejected the lamb, it became a “bum.”

We had several “bum” lambs in our barnyard each spring. My morning and evening chore was to feed them with a baby bottle full of milk. The bottle had a nipple which the lamb would attack fiercely, almost knocking me down at times. As the lambs grew, bottles and nipples had to be replaced with bigger ones. And unless kept in a pen, bum lambs would follow me all over the yard like a pet dog.

After the lambs were a few weeks old, they were docked. Uncle Howard always hired me to help with docking.

Docking lambs consisted of two operations — castration and docking, or cutting off the tail. Both were bloody, smelly, and repugnant. I held the lambs. First the tail was severed close to the rump by means of pincers. Then, testes were removed. Uncle Howard would cut the sac with a pocket knife, then pull testes from the sac with his teeth, severing the cord with his knife. He would then slosh disinfectant in the empty sac before the bawling lamb was released. I was always happy to see the last lamb run bleating and “tailless” to its mother. And I was always glad when all the lambs had been castrated and docked. I’m sure Uncle Howard was too, although at the time, I thought he enjoyed it.

Memories of the Andrus Farming Operations

Sheep, of course, require a lot of hay to eat during cold winter months. Uncle Howard wintered his sheep on his own farm, feeding them hay from a horse-drawn sleigh twice each day. So Uncle Howard and brothers, including Dad, raised many acres of alfalfa hay; cutting, raking, and putting it up required from four to six weeks each summer.

Hay was harvested in two crops. The first was cut about the middle of June, and the second about the first of August. Next to docking lambs, putting up hay was the most unpleasant and disliked farming operation in which I participated.

After the hay was cut, it was raked into windrows with a side-delivery rake. After curing for a few days, it was loaded onto wagons with a hay loader which trailed behind the wagon. A team of horses pulled the wagon and hay loader. Two men with pitchforks were on the wagon to handle hay coming up the loader. Someone had to walk alongside the wagon, driving the horses. As I grew older, this was my job. Before I did this, though, I led the derrick horse.

The hay was unloaded from the wagon and stacked with a Jackson Fork. This was a large four-to-six tined fork that could be plunged into a mass of hay. A cable ran from the fork, through pulleys fastened to a derrick, out to a horse. When the horse walked forward, the fork was lifted from the wagon with its load. It was swung into place over the haystack by a man with a pitchfork. When he shouted, "Let her go!" the man on the wagon, holding a trip rope fastened to the fork, pulled the rope releasing fork from hay. The hay dropped in place. The man on the wagon pulled the fork across the stack and it was lowered to the wagon as the derrick horse backed up along his well-worn path.

Leading the derrick horse was my job during haying operations while a child. I did not care for it because I was frightened by the horses. A balky derrick horse could have endangered the life of the "stacker" who always had to be wary of tines on the fork. If the horse took the hay up too fast, I got cussed because bunches of hay would drop from the fork. If he backed up too slowly, I got cussed because time was wasted. By the end of the day, I was a bag of nerves. Of course, the horse used made a difference in how I felt about the job. Most animals used were strong and gentle. But there were no perfect derrick horses so far as I was concerned.

Life during haying operations was spiced with an occasional runaway. Uncle Tom had a young horse he was breaking to the harness. It was especially nervous and excitable. When Uncle Tom pulled into the stack with his team, I was uneasy because this horse would always act up and hardly stand still. A strange noise or movement would set him off. He was black, except for a white star between his ears. We called him "Nig."

One day, several of us were riding through the hay field to the stack on an empty wagon. Nig was one of the horses in the team. Suddenly frightened by a noise, or stung perhaps by a horsefly, he sprang forward kicking and leaping. This excited the other horse and almost before we knew what was happening, the horses were running up the field at full speed with the wagon jerking and bouncing wildly. We were headed for a cross ditch, and I don't recall now how we avoided physical injury, but as the front wheels hit the ditch, the horses tore the tongue from the wagon and galloped up the field with tongue and double trees bouncing behind. I have always liked speed in animals and machines, but not under such traumatic circumstances.

After a runaway such as this, there was always much swearing. In fact, swearing didn't require a runaway. Speech throughout each day was peppered with invectives, and there were never so many "bastards," "sons-of-bitches," and people and things "damned" and sent to "hell" as there were when Andruses began harvest operations. Harvest time was stressful and Andruses were short-tempered, emotional people with fluent tongues in the vernacular.

When I was about ten years old, I began to drive the tractor. At first, the only tractor we had was an iron-tired International 15-30 (15 horsepower on the drawbar and 30 on the belt). It was a three-plow tractor, heavy, awkward and difficult to operate. Before I was old enough to handle it alone, I rode with Dad. I stood between the seat and fender, round after round, hour after hour, watching seagulls follow the plow, and an occasional mouse run under a clod. I learned to like the smell of burned fuel and the labored hums of a powerful engine. I thought plowed ground was beautiful, and I loved the out-of-doors.

When I grew older, Dad hitched a team of horses to a harrow and I harrowed ground that he plowed. I did not like harrowing. The horses were slow and required constant urging to keep moving. The harrows frequently clogged and to remove the clog, I would lift the harrows while the horses moved forward. This was strenuous work for a little boy.

The two horses we used were "Beaut" and "Jitney." Jitney was roan-colored and excitable. Beaut was black and gentle. I loved Beaut and rode her "bareback." She ran fast enough to give me a thrill. I didn't care for Jitney. In fact, my first swear words may have been uttered with her in mind.

Another farming operation in which horses and machines were used was grain harvest. Wheat or barley was first cut with a binder. A field cut in this manner was strewn with bundles of grain stalks with heads and kernels intact, tied together with twine.

After binding a field, the bundles would be stacked into shocks. A field of shocked grain could then be left to ripen for several weeks until the thresher came.

At threshing time, men in the field with pitchforks loaded shocks of grain on wagons pulled by horses. As each wagon was loaded, it was driven to the thresher which separated kernels from straw.

The threshing machine Dad used belonged to Oliver Robinson and was powered by an old iron-tired Oliver tractor. The tractor was situated about 10 yards from the thresher, with a large drive belt connecting the two. I thought tractor and thresher were wonderful inventions, and Oliver Robinson was a fortunate man, with nothing to do but sit on his tractor watching others work — sort of superintending the whole operation. I spent a lot of time on the tractor with him.

Perhaps the most delightful part of harvest was dinner at day's end. Those dinners were magnificent.

About dusk all work ceased. Machines were shut off, horses watered and fed. Men and boys gathered at the house where they washed in tubs placed on the lawn. Then they took places at the table where they ate meat, potatoes, corn-on-the cob, fresh vegetables, pickles, hot rolls, pies, dumplings, and puddings. Everything served was pure delight to a little boy's stomach.

After dinner, the men hitched teams to wagons and drove home. This was the routine every day for several days each autumn till harvest ended.

Dad and His Truck

As I grew older, I was expected to help around the threshing machine, at first, doing odd jobs, then driving truck loaded with grain from thresher to elevator. I must have been responsible with machinery for when I was 11 years old, Dad had me drive the truck to a thresher in Milo about five miles from the grain elevator in Ucon. All day, I loaded the truck with six tons of grain then drove to the elevator where I unloaded and returned to the thresher. Men around the machine remarked how little I was to be driving truck over county roads and a state highway. I worried they would report me to the state police for not being licensed. In all my pre-drivers license days, however, I was never stopped by police. Nor was I reported by people of the community for driving without a license.

I loved Dad's truck and developed an interest in trucks. I thought when I grew older, I would own a fleet of trucks. They would be Diamond-Ts. Doug Andrus, Dad's cousin, owned a tandum-wheeled Diamond-T. It was a powerful machine. Todd Andrus, another cousin, owned a 2-ton GMC and Dad's was a 1.5 ton Chevrolet. All three trucked grain into Utah, bringing coal back from the mines in Price and Helper. Doug's Diamond-T hauled about ten tons. Todd's GMC hauled about eight, and Dad's Chevy hauled six.

Frequently, I went with Dad on trips into Utah with loads of grain. Usually, we pulled out at night, around 12:00 midnight so we could travel when traffic was light and the highway cool. We required from seven to eight hours to make Salt Lake. The only stops were to check tires and register with the Idaho State Police at McCammon. We had to weigh the load to satisfy weight requirements. Dad's truck was small, with a single rear axle, so we were not permitted to carry a load heavier than six tons.

Before we would leave for Utah, Mother would pack a lunch. We spent much time eating and singing. Of course I asked numerous questions about the truck and country through which we passed. In answering my questions, Dad was able to stay awake.

On one of my trips to Utah with Dad, I first tasted waffles in a Malad restaurant. I thought they were delicious — cake for breakfast. Eating in a restaurant, however, was a rare experience. Dad could not afford the expense, even though hamburgers and malts cost only fifteen cents each.

On these trips, we were concerned about blowouts. A blowout took time and cost money. To jack up a loaded truck was not easy, and garages where tires were repaired or replaced were few and far between.

Trucking was hard work. Most of the time, we loaded and unloaded grain by hand. Grain we hauled into Utah was delivered to independent chicken and turkey farmers in and around Draper. On these farms were no elevators with hoists to lift the truck's front end. We had to back up to a granary and shovel off every ton.

After unloading the grain, we would drive to Price or Helper in eastern Utah and load with coal. Then when we got home, we shoveled coal from truck to bin. It was dirty, sweaty work, but that is how I learned to work, and I had a superb teacher. I never knew anyone who worked harder than Dad.

The experience I remember most vividly while trucking coal, took place during a trip from the Blind Bull Coal Mine in western Wyoming.

This mine was located about 30 miles up a canyon east of Alpine. From Alpine to the mine the road was dirt and was so narrow vehicles could barely pass. Some places were too narrow for passing. The scenery was rugged and beautiful. Wild life was abundant. When weather was dry, problems were minimal, but when rain came, the road was hell. First, it was cut out of a mountain and ran high above the canyon floor. Second, the rain turned it into a quagmire, making driving almost impossible. I remember once as we slowly spun our way foot by foot toward the mine in a rainstorm, a time or two I was terrified we might slide into the canyon below. But the experience I remember best took place at another time as we descended to Alpine from the mine.

We were heavily loaded and made our way slowly down the grades to about six miles from Alpine. Suddenly, we heard grinding and Dad looked out the window to see a truck wheel roll downhill into the canyon. We stopped and found our lug nuts had sheared off a set of rear duals. The wheel Dad saw roll down the hill was an outside dual. The inside dual was nearly off. To have moved the truck even a foot would have put the axle on the ground.

We jacked up the axle and labored with difficulty to get the duals in place. Before leaving home, I had cleaned the truck cab and in my thoroughness removed a tool (a file) Dad thought would have helped us. I have never been cussed so severely in my life. He swore and scolded till I wished I had never been born. Finally, when we got the duals back on, we found a few nuts and screwed them on the lug bolts. Most bolts had been stripped of threads though, so the duals were held by only two or three nuts. We crept down the road for five miles till the duals worked loose again. So we pulled off the road and parked. By this time, several trucks followed us. One was driven by Elmer Curtis, a friend of ours. So we rode with him to Alpine. There Dad called home for help. We quenched our thirst with soda pop, which never before had been so refreshing. I then rode home with Elmer Curtis while Dad remained with the truck.

Meanwhile, Mother sent Uncle Tom to Idaho Falls to buy new lug bolts and nuts, then take them to Dad. That night I went to bed exhausted and slept so soundly I missed an air show over the community the next morning.

Ervin N. Miskin and His B-24

A neighbor of ours, Ervin Miskin, flew a B-24 in the Army Air Force. While training in Colorado, one day he deviated from his route to fly over Ucon, dip his wings, and say "hi" to family and friends. Mother told me he skimmed treetops with the big bomber, making several passes over town. His sister, Wanda, ran out on the lawn with an armful of white dishtowels and spelled out "Hello." Everyone was incredulous that I did not wake up during the noise and excitement. I regretted not doing so, because I loved airplanes.

I loved airplanes so much, I spent much time drawing them. I learned names and identification numbers of nearly every plane manufactured, and drew most of them. I decided when I grew up, I would be a pilot.

World War II

World War II, of course, influenced my thinking profoundly during pre-teenage years. I read war stories. Brave soldiers became heroes. I saw movies about the war and learned the location of places on the globe where it was being fought. I listened to war news over the radio. I was happy when victories were reported, and sad when we suffered setbacks.

Some young men in the community, drafted into military service, became my idols. Ervin Miskin, whom I wrote about, flew his bomber and crew to the Western Pacific. He was based in western New Guinea from which he flew more than two dozen missions against Japanese land-based targets. Then on March 28, 1944, he and a skeleton crew flew a bomber to Townsville, Australia for repairs. All aircraft over northern Australia had been grounded that day due to a severe storm, but word of the storm never got to Ervin and crew. Apparently, their radio was not receiving messages. They went down in the storm and crashed into a 300-foot hill 20 miles north of Townsville. Ervin and crew perished.

Other pilots from Ucon were Lyle Curtis and Dean Hill. Lyle piloted a B-17 bomber over Germany. On returning from a bombing run one day, the plane was so crippled that an emergency landing field had to be identified. The decision was made to put down in a clearing on the outskirts of an English town not far from the airbase. But as the approach was made, children could be seen playing in the clearing. Lyle and crew overflowed the clearing and crashed into trees beyond. All were killed. Dean Hill, on the other hand, who also piloted a B-17, always returned to base from his bombing runs over Germany. His time to go, apparently, was not during the War.

Then there was Johnny Fretwell, drafted into the army to fight in Europe against the Germans. Johnny wrote me letters, and in my mind he epitomized all G-I Joes in the armed services. I saw them as good, brave men who fought with right on their side and could not possibly lose to the enemy. Johnny was wounded in battle (to this day he carries shrapnel in his back) and was awarded the Purple Heart. He was sent home to recuperate. When he finally came home, the day was Sunday and ward members were gathered in meeting. Johnny entered the big room in the church house where services were being conducted, and all present immediately rose from their seats and stood silently watching as their hero made his way to the front of the room where the bishop had beckoned him to come.

I remember when the announcement was made in school that Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor. The day was Monday, December 8, 1941. I was a fourth-grader. When school was ready to start, all classes assembled in the hallways where we were told about the bombing. We then pledged allegiance to the flag. Few of us realized the significance of what Japan had done, but during the next four years, I came to hate Japanese and Germans. To me they represented evil.

During the war, I remember items such as gasoline, sugar, rubber and machinery were hard to get. I remember gasoline was rationed, and in order to buy it, one had to have gas stamps. When one's stamps were gone, one bought no gas. Certain foods were also rationed.

The war created such a demand for war materials, jobs were plentiful, wages high, and industry boomed. Inflation rose 200%, and prices for farm products were correspondingly high. Dad made more money selling crops during the war than ever before. As a boy, the War years were good years for farmers, and everyone else who needed and wanted employment. No one who wanted work went without.

Memories of Grade School

During war years, I remember, many qualified teachers were drafted into the military. Even so, most of my teachers in grade school were well-educated and experienced.

My first grade teacher was Myrna Robinson, a married lady who was patient, understanding, and loved children. I liked her and felt comfortable in her class. I think she was primarily responsible for getting me off to a good start in my formal education.

I remember my first day at school. Mother dressed me in English riding pants and boots. I thought I was pretty classy. For a long time after, this was my favorite wearing apparel.

Mother accompanied me to school. I was a little nervous. But not long after she left, I settled down and became immersed in the excitement of learning and making friends.

When I started school, first graders were in the same building with high school students. I remember how awesome they were to me. Then one day after school let out for first graders, but was still in session for the high school, I ran in the hall with friends. We thought it was great sport till Rulon Simmons emerged from a classroom, apprehended us, and compelled us to sit with junior high school girls till classes ended. The girl I sat with was Dolly Clayton, a neighbor of ours. I was mortified. I don't think I raised my eyes from the floor from the time I entered the room till class was dismissed. I never ran in the hallway again.

When I entered the second grade, students in the six elementary grades got a new building. It was constructed north of the high school building. For the next five years, I attended school there.

Also, in the second grade, my teacher was Aunt Beulah Andrus. I remember her as another understanding teacher. She and the first grade teacher, Dorothy Seedall, organized a rhythm band with triangles, cymbals, drums, hats and capes. I felt important dressed in cape and cap. I handled one of the drums and loved it. I especially liked times when we marched to the rhythm of our instruments. I have often thought about Aunt Beulah, Dorothy Seedall, and that band. I am grateful for their dedication in teaching from 20 to 30 students to

cooperate in beating out a rhythm and marching to it. That would require patience and dedication beyond what many teachers would be willing to give.

Most of my memories in grade school are happy, but one is not. When I was in second grade, I got into a fight involving several friends. It was an unhappy experience for all and had such an impact on my life, I've never fought since.

We were out of school for recess, and about four of us noticed two other boys fighting. I decided to break up the fight, but to my surprise, my three "friends" and the two who were fighting, ganged up on me. We slugged, kicked, and rolled around in the dirt. We cussed, called each other names, and finally ended up standing before Aunt Beulah and the class waiting to be punished. Actually, the punishment was more emotionally upsetting than the fight, and was certainly more physically demanding. Aunt Beulah drew a line on the blackboard with a piece of chalk. Then she got an enormous dictionary and had each one of us in turn go to the board, hoist the dictionary over our heads till it reached above the chalk line. The line was drawn so the boy holding the dictionary had to stand on his toes to keep the dictionary above the line. Each of us stood there with arms upstretched, trembling under the weight of the book until a certain time expired. If, during that time, the dictionary slipped below the line, Aunt Beulah hit us on the bottom with a yardstick. The procedure was extremely humiliating, with the whole class looking on. I remember a couple of boys could not hold the book above the line, and absorbed some healthy swats across their backsides. When they took their seats, they were crying without restraint. The whole class that day learned a lesson about fighting.

At noon and during recess when weather was favorable, we played soccer on the school lawn. What fun we had running till exhausted, kicking opponents shins "black and blue" and being kicked in return. Soon, we who had them wore high-topped boots with heavy soles. These afforded some protection while allowing us to tenderize another's shin bone. We were fierce in combat and loud in verbal threats directed against opponents. And with ringing of the bell, we would limp inside, sweating, arguing, and proclaiming our accomplishments on the field of battle for all to hear. We would settle into our seats, then spend the afternoon trying to forget soccer and concentrate on the lessons at hand.

During winter months, especially after a snow storm, while snow was soft and wet, our favorite sport was constructing snow forts, then waging battles, using snowballs as ammunition. The forts became massive and elaborate, battle strategy complex, and the snowballs were pressed into low-grade ice. Invariably, some of us would end up casualties after taking an ice-ball on the nose. We'd make our way to the school house crying with pain and cussing at the tops of our voices. If we weren't injured in battle, we fought to the last bell, then made our

way to class wet, cold, and miserable. The lucky ones had seats next to radiators where they warmed up fast and dried out.

Christmastime

Snow and wintertime were associated in my mind closely with Christmas, and my Christmases were exciting. Even though Dad and Mother never had more money than enough to provide essentials for their children, they never failed generosity at Christmas. I suspect they bought Christmas on credit, then spent the following year paying off charge accounts, finishing in time to start over.

We'd submit orders to Santa Claus early in the year, and he never failed to deliver, though a few Christmas Eves were anxious when snow failed to cover the ground. At these times, we wondered how on earth Santa and reindeer could travel with a sleigh. Mother was resourceful though, explaining he left his reindeer home and flew his airplane. Supposedly he landed at Idaho Falls airport, then rented a truck. As we got older and wondered how one man could deliver toys to so many children in one night, we were told he had hundreds of helpers — red-suited delivery boys, each one with a beard, I guess. Under these circumstances, I wondered how the true Santa could be identified, but felt a little hesitant to press my inquiries too vigorously. I decided as long as Santa delivered, I'd better leave well enough alone. Besides, obviously Santa or a helper delivered the toys on Christmas Eve, for on Christmas morning cake and cookies, along with an apple left for him to eat, were gone and a note in a foreign hand expressed gratitude for our thoughtfulness.

To me, Christmas Eve brought a special spirit, a feeling, exciting and awe-inspiring. I remember the feeling vividly at dusk. I experience it now occasionally on Christmas Eve. On this night, symbolically, Christ was born, and this thought made me warm, comfortable, and happy.

Getting to sleep on Christmas Eve was a task, but once asleep we kids slept till dawn. Then we hurriedly dressed and roused Dad and Mother. Dad made fires in the wood stoves while Mother prepared cereal. Then when time came to enter the living room where Christmas tree and presents were, we'd line up at the door with youngest first — that meant I was always at the end of the line. For several minutes, Dad would tease us, peeking into the room, telling what he thought he saw or didn't see. Finally, he would open the door, and the charge was on. I'll never forget those charges into the living room on Christmas morning — the lighted tree, toys carefully arranged around the room, socks stuffed with small gifts, and in the bulging toe, an apple or an orange supporting a handful of candy. The rest of the morning was bedlam and pure delight. When I grew older, of course, there were cows to milk and feed. That subtracted

somewhat from the happy spirit of the occasion, but was offset by visits from aunts and uncles. Uncle Howard never failed to show at least by midmorning to tease, joke, and laugh with us. I know these visits brightened his Christmases.

I felt sad and a little empty when Christmas night came. The fun and special feelings were at an end for another long year.

July 4 Celebrations During my Childhood

Another time of childhood expectation and fun were Fourth of July celebrations marking my growing-up years. Each year, Ucon Ward sponsored a day of celebrating, with programs, parades, contests, and the filling of one's stomach with such childhood delights as soda pop, ice cream, hot dogs, hamburgers, and candy. These celebrations took place in the church yard next to our place, so Dad, Mother and children were always involved in them.

Each celebration was begun by a patriotic program held in the church house. This included prayers, songs, and discourses. As I recall, the chapel was always full. There seemed to be little difficulty generating a feeling of patriotism among ward members. Even I felt patriotic, though I fail to remember even one word that was spoken in a speech.

Then came the children's parade. Kids rode tricycles and bicycles decorated with colorful crepe paper. Older paraders rode horses. Some dressed as pioneers and rode in covered wagons. These parades were not elaborate affairs nor did they last long — nothing more than we could expect from a rural community today. But in my memory, they equaled the Rose Parade of Pasadena in excitement and fun.

Following the parade came hot dogs, soda pop, and ice cream. Concession stands were set up among numerous cottonwood trees in the church yard and we spent the afternoon eating until our money was gone or we developed sick stomachs.

Of course, while we spent money ingesting junk food, we watched boxing matches, foot races, and ball games. I remember some celebrations, sophisticated enough to include bicycle and horse races. But the most exciting contest of all was pillow-swatting. A pole was placed between two trees. Contestants straddled the pole, facing each other with pillows. Each would swat the other till one was knocked off the pole.

Finally, the whole day was a din of fireworks. For six hours, young community citizens shot each other with cap pistols. The pop of cap guns was drowned out by mini-explosions of firecrackers. For days after throughout the community, one could hear scattered pops and tiny explosions as young patriots exhausted their supply of powder and ammunition.

Today, when my ears grow weary of noisy cap guns and firecrackers several days before and after the Fourth of July, I remind myself of the good times I had while a kid. Such reminder forestalls invective and generates patience necessary to tolerate noisy celebrating in silence.

Memories of Primary

Writing of Ucon's Fourth of July celebrations held in the church house and yard, reminds me of experiences in the church house as a Trekker in Primary. I have my Trailbuilder's Log containing interesting information about me and how I thought then.

I was a Trekker when 11 years old. At that time, I was four feet, four inches tall, and weighted 60 pounds. My teacher was Gladys Hill who lived down the road from me about two blocks. I don't know what kind of Trekker I was always, but I remember Sister Hill as a patient, quiet lady. I'm sure she was just right for me because going over my work in the Log leads me to suspect I wasn't interested in doing what Trekkers were expected to do. Perhaps my mind was on a snowball fight earlier in the day. Undoubtedly, I spent some time in class paying more attention to friends than to Sister Hill and my Log. In the Log were certain goals to attain, achievement of which was indicated by stickers placed in designated areas on various pages. There is a paucity of stickers on pages in my Log. Furthermore, on page 17 under the heading "My Genealogy" is the following information:

Name:	Alyn Andrus
Place of Birth:	Idaho Falls
Date:	November 25, 1942 (This is the date I wrote in the <u>Log</u> , not my birthdate as called for)
When Baptized:	
By Whom:	
When Confirmed:	
By Whom:	
Father's Name:	S. Reed Andrus
Mother's Maiden Name:	Melba Andrus
Father's Father's Name:	Robert Andrus
Father's Mother's Maiden Name:	Mrs. Robert Andrus
Mother's Father's Name:	C.W. Brown
Mother's Mother's Maiden Name:	Mrs. Brown

Well, I may not have been interested in genealogy or most of the other stuff found on the pages of my Log, but I loved the "Trail Builder's Hymn." I sang it with gusto, and still remember most of the words:

**“Oh we are the Boy Trail Builders,
Out west where the sunsets glow;
Where the brooks flow down like silver,
From the heights of the virgin snow;
We build our trails through the valleys,
Where the heart beats light and free;
Out here in the west from the pine-clad crest,
To the shores of the rolling sea.**

**Our light is the light of virtue,
Our strength is the strength of youth;
Our trails are trails of honor,
For we build with the stones of truth;
Our course is straight as the arrow,
With a faith that’s firm and true;
Our guide is the rod of the word of God,
As revealed to the world anew.”**

Perhaps messages important for us in life can be conveyed best through song. At least, such has been the case in my life many times.

The Church House and Church in my Childhood

I never think of the church house in which I attended Primary, but I remember the eerie, mysterious feelings I felt whenever I entered it alone, or passed it at night. I thought it was God’s house where the Holy Ghost and other spirits abode. It generated feelings in me as a cemetery did, and at night as I approached it on my way home from a friend’s house, I would break into a sprint, arriving home out of breath and exhausted. I don’t know why I was afraid of good spirits, but I had no desire to confront any.

I remember the day I was baptized and confirmed. It was February 3, 1940. I was baptized along with others in the North Idaho Falls Stake house east of the river on E Street in Idaho Falls. A young man, Rulon R. Price, baptized me. Following the baptismal service, Dad confirmed me.

Following my baptism and confirmation, I looked forward to receiving the Priesthood, and passing the sacrament with other Deacons in Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting. After the Deacons passed bread to the congregation, they lined up at the rear of the chapel, two abreast, four boys deep, then when the Priests stood, they marched down the broad, uncarpeted aisle, to the sacrament table below the pulpit. They repeated this procedure after administering the

water. As they marched down the aisle, they sounded like a small army and looked impressive to me. I thought, to be a Deacon must be fun — to break the monotony of a religious service by marching as a soldier the length of the chapel, punctuating your presence with every heavy step taken.

On Fast Sundays, sacrament bread and water were especially desirable. I remember wanting more bread, and being embarrassed by my stomach's growling, and taking an extra drink of water from one of the few glasses used to supplement the sacrament trays when attendance was large. No one seemed to mind drinking from a common glass of water passed from person to person.

Sacrament and testimony meetings, then, lasted from 1½ to 2 hours. The addresses and testimonies seemed interminable. I enjoyed the hymns, though, and watching Aunt Minnie play the old pump organ, and Dad lead the choir.

I received the Aaronic Priesthood and was ordained a Deacon June 25, 1944. This was six months after my 12th birthday. I don't recall why I did not receive the Priesthood sooner. Also, my uncle, Rulon L. Simmons, ordained me a Deacon, not Dad. I don't know why Dad didn't do it.

Childhood Playmates

Playmates within my immediate neighborhood were either nonmembers of the church or inactive. Thus, they and I did not share experiences in Church or priesthood activities. We had fun, however, outside the church.

Ted and Harold Keele and I built roads for toy trucks, then hauled truck loads of dirt from point "A" to point "B," till knees in our pants were worn and throats were sore from making sounds of an engine in labor or whining down a grade. We also built wagons, pretending they were trucks.

From time to time we varied activities by using stick horses, while playing "Cowboys and Indians." We fought, shot, cussed, and fussed over several blocks of territory. When we got a little older and qualified for "BB" guns, we shot each other with these. Harold aimed his gun at me and embedded a "BB" in my neck. We built forts and threw frozen tomatoes at each other (garden tomatoes nipped by frost). What a great sport.

Experimenting with Beer, Apple Cider and Cigarettes

I remember a sport that wasn't so great. During my childhood, Joe Louis was world heavyweight boxing champion. One of his title fights involved a young fellow named Billy Conn. Conn nearly defeated Louis and was the near-hero of many young boys who aspired to be boxing champions. One day my friend, Max Seivers, and I were at his bachelor uncle's place re-enacting the Louis-Conn fight. We wore ourselves out, and while resting decided a drink of beer would help refresh us. Neither of us had tasted it before and had we known

how it tasted, we probably would have sought refreshment in another form. We knew Tutor (the uncle) kept beer under his bed, so we helped ourselves to a couple of bottles and a bag of potato chips, sat against the garage wall in the sun and commenced to drink. I had never tasted liquid so bitter and unsavory. After a half bottle each and a bag of chips to kill the taste, we quit. I've never drunk beer or any other alcoholic drink since, except for a generous shot of hard apple cider offered me one day not long after I had drunk the beer.

Billy Bills, a neighbor and family friend, took occasion to celebrate, an important part of which was consumption of what seemed to me prodigious amounts of apple cider. At any rate, they who were celebrating had enough to offer me a generous portion which I gladly accepted, never having tasted cider before. I had no idea that taken in sufficient quantities, the cider would have about the same effect upon my system as the beer would have done had I continued to drink it. All I knew was, I liked the cider, and drank all they offered. Soon, I felt woozy, then sick. I've never been drunk since, but the experience did not diminish my appetite for cider.

I can't remember taking more than a puff or two on a cigarette. Even personally-pulverized, self-rolled cedar bark held no temptation for me beyond three or four puffs.

Once I drank a glass of cold tea, but I've never tasted coffee, though I like its odor. These drinks, alcohol, and tobacco have never tempted me beyond my boyhood curiosity.

Breaking my Right Arm

Now before I write about my teenage years, I need to tell how I broke my right wrist. I don't recall how old I was, but must have been about nine when I fell from a derrick horse at Uncle Tom's and suffered a compound fracture. Dad rushed me to Grandma Andrus's and called the doctor. We then went to Idaho Falls where Dr. H. Ray Hatch gave me ether and set my wrist. As I succumbed to the ether, I saw in my mind a bright stick surrounded by bright colored rings. Not only were the colors vivid but everything was in motion. I could hear voices faintly, but felt nothing. I was fascinated by the whole experience. When I regained consciousness, my arm hurt, but was tightly wrapped in a splint. I wore the splint for about six weeks, during which I experienced a constant intense itch under the splint. I would insert a knife blade between splint and arm to scratch. Of course, when the splint was removed, my arm was shrunken and unsightly, but the bone healed well. Dr. Hatch did a fine job because I've never been bothered by that wrist in any way to remind me of my accident.

Part Two: My Growing-Up Years (1931-1955)

Chapter 3

My Teenage Years

Boy Scout Memories

As I passed into my “teen years,” I became a boy scout. I loved scouting activities, but was never keen on passing requirements for rank advancement. Consequently, I never advanced beyond Second Class. I passed all requirements for First Class, except swimming. Had I known how to swim, I may have become a Star or Life Scout, but doubt I was sufficiently motivated to become an Eagle. The question is, “Why didn’t I learn to swim?” And my answer: “I was afraid of water.” As a matter of fact, I did not overcome this fear till after I was married and went to Samoa to teach for the Church.

The fact I couldn’t swim was embarrassing on many occasions. I frequently made up excuses for not going, or when I went I spent my time in shallower parts of the pool. My fear of deep water was real and there seemed nothing I could do so overcome it.

Occasionally, I went with my cousin, Clair Andrus, for overnight camping trips. He was passing out merit badge requirements and invited me to go. I enjoyed these camp-outs.

We usually camped on a little island in a canal running through Oliver Robinson’s farm about a mile east of home. The island was reached by walking a pole placed over a channel of the canal. The island was covered with bushes, willows, and a couple of grassy clearings. We’d make camp in one of the clearings, cook supper, then as night came, we’d talk, identify star constellations, and listen contentedly to the soft rippling of water.

But of all my scouting experiences, those at scout camp are most memorable. Scout camp was at the base of Treasure Mountain, east of Driggs, about ten miles up Teton Canyon. It was a beautiful site, and its geological formations encouraged the imagination of Vernon Strong, Director of Teton Peaks Council in the national scouting organization.

On the north side of the canyon from camp were twelve massive projections of rock. These Strong named “The Twelve Indian Warriors.” To the right of the camp spilling over a high ledge on Treasure Mountain was a waterfall. It fell several hundred feet creating a small stream which fed a lake, around which scout camp was built. The waterfall was called “Medicine Falls.” Finally, to the east of camp up the canyon towered the majestic Teton Peaks. To Strong and

the scouts, these represented three Indian chieftains. Camp life was built around an Indian lore program, the symbols of which were the peaks, waterfalls, and twelve outcroppings of rock.

Each night of the week in camp, Vernon Strong would mount a large flat-surfaced rock at the base of which sat the scouts in front of a large crackling fire. He would tell old Indian legends about how the canyon came to be, and the peaks, the twelve rocks and the waterfall. He always wore full Indian headdress with colorful Indian blankets draping his shoulders. He was a masterful story teller, and the scouts always listened, fascinated, as the rays of the sun slid slowly down the face of the Tetons and day faded into night. The picture is as vivid in my mind today (1981) as it was then (1943-1947). Today, Vernon Strong is dead, but he lives in the memory of a few thousand men whose lives he touched deeply.

Now, before I continue with my story, I will record one of the legends Vernon Strong used to tell. It is called "The Legend of the Tetons" and was told as follows:

"Many years ago on the Great Plains, lived a tribe of Indians. So powerful and renowned were they that other tribes even far away respected them. They were called the Nation of the Tetons.

One day a runner from a tribe far to the west brought a message to the principal chief of the Tetons whose title was Two Eagles. The message told of how a short dark-skinned Devil People had attacked and were killing the Indians in the west whom the messenger represented. He had come to plea for help. If the Nation of the Tetons would enter into the battle against the Devil People, perhaps the Indians in the west could be saved.

Two Eagles called a council of war with other chiefs in the tribe, Big Dog, Hunting Tepees, and Thunder Cloud. Finally runners were summoned to go to the many tribes composing the Nation of the Tetons with the message that all chiefs, warriors, and braves were to assemble as a war party to help their brothers in the west.

That night as Thunder Cloud, the Medicine Man, slept in his tepee, he was visited by a Devil Man who spoke to him saying the Tetons should not join the battle or they would be destroyed. Three times that night, the Devil Man appeared to Thunder Cloud, each time delivering the same message. Thunder Cloud was troubled and related his experience to Chief Two Eagles, but Two Eagles was brave and determined to help his brothers in the west. He could not be turned aside by the visitations and message of the Devil Man.

So a great war party of the Nation of the Tetons made its way toward the mountains in the west. Soon it came to a large valley across which could be heard sounds of battle. Camp was made and preparations for battle began. Young braves and warriors eager to fight had to be restrained by powerful words of wise chiefs. They were told to sleep and rest that they might go into battle refreshed and strong. So the braves, warriors, and chiefs slept; while they slept a Devil Man appeared again to Thunder Cloud chiding him and the Tetons for being so foolish as to battle the Devil People. Again Thunder Cloud went to Two Eagles and told him of the visitation, but Two Eagles refused to turn back. So dawn came, and the braves, warriors and chiefs of the Nation of the Tetons joined the battle.

The Indians came against the Devil Men with such force that victory seemed certain. The Devil Men retreated up a canyon then across a high mountain plateau till they came to sheer mountain walls leading into yet another canyon. Further retreat seemed impossible, but the Devil Men found a precarious passage way down the precipitous cliffs and escaped into the canyon below. Today this passage way is called the Devil's Staircase.

The Indians, of course, followed the Devil Men into the canyon pursuing them to its mouth which opened into a beautiful grass-covered basin. Today this is Teton Basin. And the canyon down which the Indians came is Teton Canyon.

At the mouth of Teton Canyon, hordes of Devil Men concealed by rocks and trees came from their hiding places and fell upon the Indians. The battle raged and slowly the Devil Men forced the Indians back up the canyon. Many braves and warriors had by this time fallen in battle and now as the remnants reached the sheer cliffs at the head of the canyon, the rest fell. The four great chiefs, Hunting Tepees, Big Dog, Thunder Cloud, and Two Eagles were the last to be slain.

With the Indians destroyed, the Great Spirit declared vengeance on the Devil Men. He caused them to go north into a forest-studded upland in the midst of which was a large body of water. There the Great Spirit caused a terrible storm to develop. Lightning flashed and set fire to the forests. The earth quaked and mountains tumbled down, burying the Devil Men and the great lake and burning forests. Today this place is Yellowstone Park.

When the Indian women, their children, and the old men came to the scene of the battle (today it is called Death Canyon) and beheld their slain husbands and sons, their grief-stricken cries ascended to the Great

Spirit and touched his ears and heart. In commemoration of the dead, the Great Spirit fashioned twelve massive stone outcroppings along the north wall of the Teton Canyon near where the Devil Men fell in hordes upon the Indian warriors. These outcroppings represent the slain braves and warriors and today are called the Twelve Warriors. Then at the head of Teton Canyon, the Great Spirit fashioned four massive granite peaks representing the four chiefs of the Nation of the Tetons. The peak on the north represents Thunder Cloud. The highest peak represents Two Eagles. The peak next to Two Eagles on the south represents Big Dog, and the fourth represents Hunting Tepees. Across a chasm west of the peaks, the Great Spirit erected a stone altar where the Indians might come to worship. The mountain on which the altar was placed is Altar Mountain and the altar is called by many, Table Rock.

So profound was the sorrow, and incessant the grieving of the Indians for their slain loved ones, the Great Spirit finally promised to bring back the dead if one of the living would ascend and descend the tallest peak. The Indians chose a beautiful maiden to attempt the climb. So very early one summer's morning the girl began her ascent up the treacherous slopes of the peak. By late afternoon she had reached the top and while the Indians far below looked on, she raised her arms in respectful worship to the Great Spirit. Her worshiping finished, she began her descent, but was forced to the top by impassable precipices. That night she spent on top of the peak. The next day she descended several hundred feet but again steep impassable slopes forced her to the top. The second night she spent on top of the peak. The third day she descended even lower than the day before but ultimately was forced once more to the top. On the fourth day, the Indians awakened in anxious expectation and lifted their eyes to the top of the peak, but the maiden did not appear. To this day the belief prevails that in his concern for her safety and in response to her valor, the Great Spirit rescued the maiden and took her to his own realm where she has remained to this day."

The Boy Scout came to Treasure Mountain a papoose according to Strong's Indian lore program. The first summer, if he went on requisite hikes and acquired sufficient knowledge of the environment in which camp was held, he became a brave. The second summer, if he met all requirements, he became a warrior. The third summer, after an overnight hike and the "passing off" of other tests, the scout became a chief. The initiatory rites for prospective chiefs

were held in a large tepee next to the lodge and were regarded by the scouts as exalted and mysterious. The Indian lore program was designed to encourage and help the scout meet rank advancement and merit badge requirements.

An experience in scout camp, of course, began weeks before arrival in camp. First we registered with the Council for a site in camp. Then the troop divided into patrols and each patrol planned its menu for a week. We made grub-boxes and stocked them with a week's supply of food. We arranged for tents, rolled up sleeping bags, oiled shoes, got out pocket and hunting knives, and hired a man with a truck to transport us to camp (this usually was Dad).

We would leave for camp about seven o'clock Monday morning sprawled atop our tents, sleeping bags, and grub-boxes in the back of the truck. The trip required about three hours and we had a great time singing scout songs, telling stories, and shouting wise cracks at citizens of Rigby, Rexburg, and Teton through which we passed.

Our first task at Treasure Mountain was to pitch tents and establish camp. That done, we made our way to the Teton River where we watched "papooses" wade into the near-ice-cold water to be immersed as initiation into the brotherhood.

Newcomers at Treasure Mountain were always taken on a snipe hunt. Those who never "caught on" would come dragging into camp in the wee hours of morning, cold, tired, and mystified at having spent all that time holding a gunny sack for snipe that never came, though buddies, they thought, were beating bushes and driving the imaginary little animals to a sure trap.

As I recall, all scouts liked to eat, but few liked to cook. I don't remember whether meals generally were good or bad, but they must have been less than good or I'd surely remember some of them. I remember we ate lots of bread and pork and beans. This along with greasy half-fried potatoes produced indigestion, excessive flatulence and crude remarks, none of which I care to remember or recite.

Getting to sleep at night was a chore. We always played tricks on each other, cracked jokes and told stories long after we "retired." A scout would emit a loud belch. This would invite a wisecrack from others in various tents and soon camp resounded with shouts, hoots, hollers, and laughter till the scoutmaster would bellow forth with "Shut up, you guys and go to sleep." Quiet would be restored temporarily. All of this, mixed with the stale smell of tents and body odor, causes me to wonder why I liked scout camp at all.

Hiking was always popular at scout camp. The first year we went on a six-mile hike to Lightning Mountain. The second year we climbed Altar Mountain to Table Rock. This was a 14-mile hike, taking all day and elevating us to 11,000 feet. At that elevation, the view was breathtaking — the Grand Teton rising

another 3,000 feet seemingly only a stone's throw across a deep gorge; Alaska Basin to the south with its lakes and glaciers; Teton Canyon far below and stretching out to the west; Teton Basin, most of which was visible; and to the north could be seen Cascade Canyon with a glimpse of Jenny Lake. I never tired of the Table Rock hike and its rewarding montage. The third year in camp, the scout was experienced enough he qualified for an overnight hike to the Golden Eagle situated at the base of South Teton. The trail led up Devil's Staircase and along the north rim of Death Canyon. Not many scouts took this hike. Mostly they were boys who were serious about scouting. I never went.

I don't recall any accidents during years I spent in scout camp. This, I think, speaks well of our leaders. Scouts, of course, seldom thought seriously of possible danger, but leaders must have thought of it constantly, taking measures to avoid risks and precarious situations. I have since learned, as leader of a scout troop, that a major concern of all youth leaders in camp, but especially on hikes, was the sudden and violent electrical storms that develop around the Peaks.

In 1969, Dr. Lester Petersen, Scoutmaster of the Rexburg Fifth Ward Troop, hired me to accompany his troop to Treasure Mountain. I was responsible for six boys and had a memorable experience. It was my first time at Treasure Mountain as a leader. Procedures in camp had changed since my days there as a scout, but the hike up Altar Mountain was still popular, so the boys and I decided to go. We registered at the Lodge and received permission. We would be the only troop that day taking the hike.

The day dawned cloudless and warm. We started early and shortly after noon ascended the Rock. By this time, however, storm clouds had developed around the Peaks. Soon we could hear thunder. I began to grow nervous because fresh in my memory was a tragedy which had occurred a short time before in Darby Canyon, a few miles south of where we were. A troop of girls and leaders encountered an electrical storm while on a hike. Seven of the girls sought shelter under a tree, contrary to instructions, were struck by lightning and killed. I had no sooner reviewed this tragedy in my mind than I heard a buzzing above me and felt as if tiny pellets were bouncing off my head. I knew immediately I was hearing and feeling static electricity. I was like a lightning rod, standing on that rock, and knew if I didn't get down quickly, I would be a prime target for lightning. I herded the boys off the Rock, and we had no sooner reached the meadow below than lightning struck and thunder crashed. As we lay face down on that highland meadow, we were pelleted with hailstones. When the storm passed, we were drenched, but happy to be alive and well. We were all wiser as a result of the experience.

Memories of High School

Speaking of experiences, I had a plethora of them in high school. So I will now write about my high school years.

Ucon High School was a small rural school. Counting four grades, the student body numbered between 150 and 200 students. My graduating class in 1950 numbered 29.

The campus consisted of three buildings, a football field and playground. One building housed the junior high and high school students. Another accommodated elementary grades. Then there was the “shop” where “Ag” students met for class and to repair machinery. The whole layout occupied half a block.

School buildings and grounds were two blocks west of home, so I walked to school. Usually I ran in order not to be late, but ended up late anyway. Sometimes I took my lunch, but most of the time went home for it, especially as I grew older. On cool spring or autumn days, I appreciated a bowl of hot soup more than a sandwich from a brown bag.

I was always interested in learning, and was easily motivated to engage in learning activities and do assignments. I was a good reader and speller. In the lower grades I never liked penmanship, so my writing was not very legible. As I passed into my junior and senior year, however, I developed an interest in learning how to write, not only legibly, but in an attractive style. So I bought a penmanship booklet and commenced practicing. The result of many hours of writing and rewriting letters of the alphabet, words, and sentences was the hand in which I write today, a sample of which is my signature at the end of this historical narrative.

My favorite academic subjects in high school were English, Social Science, and Biology. I did well in Geometry, but it was not one of my favorite subjects.

English was always easy for me. I learned the parts of speech and loved to diagram sentences. So far as composition is concerned, I’ve never regarded myself as an interesting writer, but have always felt confident about writing and speaking grammatically correct.

Perhaps one reason why I liked English and did well in it is because I had a superb teacher — Beulah Andrus Beutler — my aunt. English and literature were Aunt Beulah’s major emphasis in college so she taught subjects she loved. Also, she was sensitive to the needs of others. Consequently, she got along well with young people. Finally, she was patient and long-suffering, which was fortunate in view of how some of us used to behave in class. I remember once, my friend and I caused her to cry before the class. I don’t recall now details of the incident, but that doesn’t matter because I recall how I felt when she cried. I was miserable — miserable enough I did not misbehave in her class again.

Ever since, I have tried to make restitution by being especially kind and considerate around her.

Aunt Beulah assisted Hester Devenport in directing school plays. I participated in some and enjoyed it. The play I remember best was one in which I played the part of a physician — Dr. Sulley — and since I was interested in medicine, I put my heart and soul into the part. It was a major part, and the play was three acts, which means much memorizing. But I didn't seem to mind.

Hester Devenport was another fine teacher and a good lady. To her I owe gratitude for helping me appreciate the arts, humanities, and good things in life.

I always did well in Biology. I suppose because I liked it innately. My biology teachers, though they were dedicated and professional, did not stimulate a great deal of interest in the subject. Nevertheless, I liked them and developed a high regard for them which has lasted till now. One was Louis Robinson whom I later taught with at Bonneville High School. The other was Katherine Miles Tracy whom I later served as Bishop in the Ucon Second Ward. In patience and intrinsic goodness, there cannot be another woman in this world to excel Katherine. When I think of the high standards of integrity by which most of my high school teachers functioned, I must admit there was no way for me to go bad.

As I have mentioned, Social Science was another favorite subject in high school. I suppose it was a natural for me because Mother enjoyed history in college, and Dad, throughout most of his adult life, was involved in politics. So I actually got more political science at home than at school. The only problem with that was it was usually taught in the heat of passion during political arguments, and made the Democrats look good and the Republicans look bad. Dad really believed what he said, and I must admit, in his defense, though he was occasionally generous in his assessment of Democrats and downright frugal in his assessment of Republicans, he was right most of the time in his interpretation of their positions, programs and contributions to the Country. At least, that is what I think based on my historical perspective.

My most interesting learning experience in political science was when my friend, Reed Garn, and I went to Boise for a week one winter to watch the legislature in operation. The idea was ours. We somehow convinced Karl Devenport, superintendent of the District and principal of the high school, that a week in Boise watching the legislature would be of more value than a week in the classroom with coach Rip Stoddard assigning chapters to read from a textbook. Besides, Dad was serving as a Senator from Bonneville County and could give special enlightenment where needed, and Uncle Howard was serving in the House of Representatives. I was anxious to see Dad in action since I had read newspaper accounts which made him look good. I had listened to those who

worked with him in Boise tell what an effective legislator he was. Furthermore, as I wrote, Uncle Howard, Dad's brother, was serving as a representative from Bonneville County in the House of Representatives. So we would not only be able to see Dad; we could see "Unc" in action too. The situation was truly unique. Only rarely would brothers serve in both houses in the same legislative session.

We left for Boise in the "dead of winter." I don't recall now what sleeping arrangements were. We may have stayed with Dad or in a room by ourselves. Wherever we slept, we didn't spend much time in the room. Most of our time we spent either in the balcony of the Senate or House Chamber, listening to debates and observing parliamentary procedure. I do not recall all the issues before the legislature while we were there, but I remember they were emotional. Perhaps the most emotional and expressive Senator was Herman Welker, a Republican who later served in Congress. One speech he started by pounding his desk while shouting, "I am sick and tired of . . ." He used a swear word now and then to punctuate his meaning and impress those who listened. Reed and I found him interesting, but Dad was not impressed by his antics and speech at all. When I asked Dad about him, I got a very conservative assessment of Welker's viewpoints and ability.

The most exciting experience we had during our visit to the legislature was sitting in the House Chamber when the speaker issued a "Call of the House." This meant that all those present could not leave the chamber till a vote was taken on the issue under debate. At that time the vote could not be taken because some representatives were absent and their vote was needed — the issue was hot and the vote on it was anticipated to be close. The "Call of the House" then, kept everyone inside the chamber till those absent could be found and brought there. Staying in the House Chamber prevented lobbyists and pressure groups from exercising an influence upon representatives at such a crucial point in the legislative process. Since a "Call of the House" is a rare occurrence, we felt fortunate to be a part of it, though it only lasted two or three hours.

We returned home with heads full of information about how the legislature worked and how bills became laws. I don't recall how our trip was financed, but I'm sure some expense was absorbed by the folks. Perhaps the rest was met from personal savings, but I doubt I had much money at the time, and I know the folks were always hard-pressed financially. So I have appreciated sacrifices they made at this time, permitting me this unparalleled educational opportunity and the chance to see my father and Uncle Howard function as senator and representative.

The only subject in school distasteful to me was algebra. I didn't like it, perhaps because I didn't do well in it. Most test scores earned me grades

between C+ and C-. One reason may have been Bill Hill who taught the course and I believe he was more interested in other things than teaching algebra. Perhaps his mind was developing strategy for winning the next basketball game, since he was the coach. Of course, there is the possibility I did not have an aptitude for math, enabling me to do well regardless of who taught the course.

Another class I did not do well in was bookkeeping. However, I do not recall that I disliked it as much as algebra. My girlfriend, Marcene Judd, was a whiz at it and she pulled me through. Bookkeeping was taught by Karl Devenport — not a flashy interesting teacher, but professional. I mean, he tolerated no foolishness, was fair in judgment and thorough in approach. He was big, commanding the attention of all young and adult alike. He was also a good man, and influenced me for good throughout my life. He served as bishop of Ucon Ward, then after retirement, he and Sister Devenport served a full-time proselyting mission. They finished their active part of life in the Church by serving as temple workers in Idaho Falls.

Some of us high school boys were not so much in awe of Mr. Devenport that we could not, on occasion, have fun at his expense. For instance, the shower room for athletes was upstairs and a window in it opened onto the roof of the building. We used to squeeze through and run over the spacious, flat roof of the building, thinking it great sport till we heard the voice of Mr. Devenport commanding us to come down. Of course, we knew he was too big to get through the window, so we felt safe enough on the roof. Consequently, we would delay, hoping, I suppose, by the time we had to face “Blinkey” (Mr. Devenport) his feelings would be subdued and he would deal with us lightly. Seldom, if ever, did he deal with us in that manner. Usually, he cut our grades by 10 percent. Much of the time we could hardly sustain a 5 percent cut without getting into trouble at home. So grade cuts slowed us down and helped bring us under control till we forgot, or the desire for adventure overrode good sense.

One more subject I did not care for but which has proved to be valuable in my life was typing. I have never been a fast typist but have used the skill constantly. Fortunately, I had a patient and generous typing teacher named Milton Hoyt. I stayed out of school so much my senior year to help Dad on the farm, I got hopelessly behind in typing. Time came to graduate and I needed the half credit typing class allowed. Mr. Hoyt gave me the credit on my promise to make up the work that summer — a promise I kept, with patient urging from Mother. As I look back on my school years, I realize I am partly what I am because my teachers were kind, patient, and good.

During high school, I learned to play the trombone. I played well enough to be in the high school band, which, as I remember, wasn't too demanding of musical ability. Nevertheless, I had fun. I remember, once when band period

was over and we went into the storage room to put away our instruments, three of us decided to sluff the next class. We hid among the instruments till the band room was empty then slipped out of the building and headed for Ucon Cash Store a half mile away. Before the end of that day, however, Mr. Devenport discovered our absence and summoned us to his office. There we received a stern lecture and another grade cut. Looking back, I'm surprised I had enough grades left to graduate. As I recall, this was the last time I misbehaved sufficiently to be punished.

Speaking of the high school band and my less-than-outstanding ability on the trombone, reminds me of the time Mother arranged with Melba Woolf for me to take piano lessons. I must have been fifteen years old — of age to have a "mind of my own." I took one lesson and decided the time I would have to devote to practice wasn't worth learning the skill, so I quit. I must have been a disappointment to Mother, and now I regret not learning how to play the piano, but at the time, I thought other activities were more important — football, basketball, and baseball.

Fortunately, the student body at Ucon High School was small enough I was able to participate in all sports offered. If I had attended a larger school, I may not have participated much. I stood 5'7" and weighed 130 pounds — not big enough in larger schools to compete well in any sport except baseball. Ucon, however, was a class "B" school with a student body of 150 in four grades. Most junior and senior boys had a chance to play ball.

We were known as the Grizzlies. Our colors were red and white. Our song was sung to the tune of "Stars and Stripes Forever." During my four years in high school, we did not have outstanding ball clubs, but were better than average most of the time.

My favorite sport was football, and I was good enough that I was able to play my junior and senior years. My primary assets were leadership on the field and the fearlessness with which I blocked and tackled. I liked to hit hard. On offense, I played quarterback, and on defense, safety. Going both ways sounds as though I was an outstanding player. The fact was, we were short on men — nearly all who played went both ways. I think the most players we ever had on a team were 16.

We played six-man football — three on the line and three in the backfield. It was the fastest, most wide-open, fun game in the world of football. On running plays, there had to be a free pass of the ball from one player to another before crossing the line of scrimmage. All men on the team were eligible pass receivers. We had to move the ball 15 yards for a first down and the field was 80 yards from goal to goal. We didn't have face masks, and after each game, I

went home with facial cuts, scratches, and bruises, but never suffered any other kind of injury, a fact for which I am now grateful.

The names of those who were on the team my senior year, and positions they played are as follows:

1. Lawrence Campbell	Center
2. Jerry Rounds	Center
3. Keith Brown	End
4. Paul Hill	End
5. LaVar Hill	End
6. Gaylon Bean	End
7. Oscar Stucki	Back
8. Elmer Smith	Back
9. Tom Haga	Back
10. Vaughn Larsen	Back

Five others whose positions I don't remember were Victor Williams, Arvon Stucki, Larry Butikofer, Harry Jephson, and Lynn Riggs. With me, we totaled 16.

Keith Brown and Lawrence Campbell were tallest. As I recall, they stood about six feet. The heaviest man on the team was Oscar Stucki at 190 pounds. The rest ranged between that weight and mine at 130 pounds. I think Tom Haga was about my size as well.

Lawrence Campbell and I were co-captains. Rip Stoddard was the coach. He was killed in an auto accident twenty-five years later, between Leadore and Salmon, as he was returning from a fishing trip. Oscar Stucki was killed in the Korean War, shortly after high school graduation.

We enjoyed a winning season my senior year. We played five out of a six-game schedule. Iona, whom we were scheduled to play, forfeited. The other teams we played and scores are as follows:

1. Ammon at Ucon	19-19
2. Ucon at Ririe	18-7
3. Ucon at Leadore	20-6
4. Ucon at Dubois	32-22
5. Ucon at Roberts	19-25

Why we only played one game at home, I don't know. We had a better field than other schools. It was grass covered with red and white painted goal posts. Other fields, with the exception of Ammon and Iona, were dirt — usually laid out on the rodeo grounds. The field at Leadore had sharp rocks on it. But that

didn't matter to us. We loved every dirty, sweaty, bone-jarring moment of the game.

I suppose my most thrilling experience in football came when we played Dubois. Dubois had made a touchdown and was kicking off to us. I was deep man. I took the ball five yards deep in the end zone, eluded a tackler, then headed up field. At about ten yards, I sidestepped another tackler then headed for the left sideline as I followed my blockers. I ran straight up the sideline for 70 yards before I was tackled from behind by the boy who kicked the ball. When I was tackled, Lawrence Campbell was running interference for me. As we sprinted along the side line, he hollered, "Run, you little shit." That's what I was doing, but apparently not fast enough. If Lawrence had been aware of the tackler coming in at an angle from behind us, he would have blocked him out, but he was too intent on encouraging me to pay attention to details. At any rate, I made a run back of 75 yards — my longest romp in football. The next play we ran for a touchdown.

The dirtiest football game I played in was against Roberts. It was our last game of the season and was played for championship of the league. We'd had some wet weather before the game and the field was muddy. At one end was a large pool of water. Before long, we were not only muddy but wet, even though the sun shone all afternoon. The game was see-saw, close from start to finish, but Roberts beat us in the closing minutes 25-19. That was the only athletic event my folks attended to watch me participate. Mother, Dad and kids were all there. I'm sure Dad would have attended more of my games had he been able to do so. Demands on his time were too severe to allow that little delicacy.

I didn't play basketball my senior year. Playing football spoiled me. I played nearly every minute of every game, and knew in basketball I'd spend a lot of time on the bench. I told Coach Stoddard I wouldn't be playing, but would like to help manage the team. He let Reed Garn and me be team managers. As a matter of fact, I kept stats for each game and some of the time kept the score book. At other times when we played home games, I served as timekeeper and operated the score board.

Keith Brown and I were good friends, and Keith played center for us. He was a natural athlete — a fine basketball player. He was usually high point man. One game in district tournament, he scored 37 points before coach took him out with about two minutes left to play. I was so distressed. I could hardly hold my tongue. Keith could have scored 40 points in that game, had Coach left him in. He had over 20 points at half time and I knew he was bound for fame in that game. I was so excited about his scoring, nothing else in the game mattered. I don't even remember who won.

The basketball team my senior year didn't do well. Looking at scores recorded in the year book, I note we won six out of fifteen games. But we weren't upset with ourselves. We had fun, and now in my reflections, that's all that really mattered.

When spring came, we played baseball. I loved baseball, and played well as catcher on the team. Few pitches got by me and I was one of the better hitters. In fact, I hit a home run in one game which surprised everyone including me. Because I was small, no one thought I could hit the ball far enough to get a home run, but I was fast — fast enough perhaps to stretch a triple into a homer. Or maybe the fielder was slow that day. At any rate, whatever the reason, I was puffed up with pride for sometime after.

Our two pitchers were Keith Brown and Bob Burtenshaw, who later made a living announcing for KID Radio. Keith had a good fast ball. When I caught for him, by game's end my hand was swollen. Bob had a terrific curve. The only problem was, he threw only curves that broke from the outside of the plate toward the batter. So for the first four or five innings, he fanned nearly every batter. After that, batters caught on and began to hit. The last few innings were usually when opponents scored runs. If we could hit their pitcher and build a sufficient lead, we could usually coast to victory after Bob's weakness was discovered.

I don't know how many baseball games we played and how many we won. The yearbook doesn't show or say a thing about baseball. But once again, as I recall, we didn't get too upset if we failed to win. We had a great time, and that seems to be what mattered most.

I used to box, and though we didn't have a boxing team at high school, frequently we organized during physical education period between basketball and baseball seasons, paired off and slugged it out. Two experiences stand out in memory in connection with these slug fests. Once Nolan Stucki and I were going at it. We were close to the same size and evenly matched. We were working each other over at the foot of the stage in the gym when Marcene Judd, my high school girl friend, walked across stage to collect the absentee report from Coach Stoddard. Just as she reached the edge of the stage, I looked up at her with stars in my eyes, and at that moment, Nolan planted one on my chin that produced stars in my head. I've never been hit so hard in my life, and when I was able to gather my senses sufficiently, I was embarrassed especially for having been clobbered in front of my girl friend.

In another boxing match, I was paired off with Paul Hill, a friend of mine. We were providing entertainment at an athletic carnival held in the gym one Friday night to raise money for athletic equipment. Suddenly I planted a short right squarely on his chin. His head snapped back, his eyes rolled, his knees

buckled and he collapsed. I was frightened. I thought he was dead. Fortunately, he was not out long, and when he came to he was all right except for a headache. I was relieved and ashamed it had happened. As I recall, I never boxed after that. Today I do not care to watch boxing matches. They are brutal.

Fun Activities on Sunday Afternoons

I loved most competitive sports and would engage in them on Sunday as well as any other day of the week. About a half-dozen of us boys would unlatch a gym window at the high school on Friday afternoon, then Sunday afternoon we would crawl through it and play basketball for an hour or two. We usually posted a watch, each one taking his turn at the window.

If we couldn't play basketball in the gym, we usually ended up in the loft of LaVar Hill's barn. He installed a backboard and hoop in one end of the loft, and there we would play ourselves tired amid the droppings of pigeons.

During summertime, Sunday activities took on a different flavor. Frequently, we inflated a rubber raft and launched it on the water filling an old gravel pit. At other times, if one could get a car, we spent all afternoon driving country roads. On such an afternoon, we stopped at the local service station for candy bars and soda pop. There was on the counter a portable vending machine. We decided to make off with it. So while some engaged the attendant in conversation, the rest carried the machine from its resting place on the counter to our car. We drove around town for an hour before returning it. We thought that was a fine joke. I don't know what we'd have thought if we'd been caught with it. Of course, we justified our prank by the fact that the service station operator was open on the Sabbath.

My most memorable Sunday afternoon, however, occurred in Rigby. The month was June and school was out. Paul Hill borrowed an old Ford car from a friend of his family. It was not fit to drive on the highway — no horn, brakes, or windshield wipers, but four of us piled in and headed for Rigby. As we drove slowly down Main Street, we lighted and threw firecrackers out the windows. We caused enough commotion that a city policeman arrested us for disturbing the peace. He had us drive to the police station; as we approached the curb, we strained to apply brakes we didn't have. We slammed into the curb. The policeman then took note of the car. He had us press the horn which wouldn't honk. He noted the windshield wipers were missing. He asked if we had brakes. We assured him we did. He then asked why we bumped the curb. We replied we misjudged our distance. So he had us back out into a vacant parking lot over which we then sped at 20 mph toward a weed patch. When we passed him, we applied our brakes as instructed. Brakes would have stopped us on the parking lot. Under the circumstances, we rolled into the weed patch. The brakes we

should have had were the old mechanical type for which Ford was famous — not hydraulic. At best they were hard to apply. We must have appeared ridiculous attempting to stop that car. Paul drove and I rode in the front seat with him. He wrapped his arms around the steering wheel while I grabbed the bottom of the dash for leverage, then we strained, short of producing hernias, to push the brake peddle to the floor boards. Needless to say, we received another ticket for driving a vehicle which obviously was not safe. The policeman tried to find a highway patrolman to drive us home. Fortunately, he failed.

The following day, we were scheduled to appear in court. Luckily, a rainstorm stopped field work. Ross Phillips got his dad's truck and we all went to Rigby to meet the judge. Our main concern was how to pay the fines. But our luck held. The policeman sent us to the wrong court, so the judge dismissed the charges. We didn't pay a penny. None told his folks and I doubt they ever found out. But we never broke the law as flagrantly again. Apparently, the experience produced benefits.

As I grew older, another favorite activity Sunday afternoons was visiting girl friends. The girls that my friends and I went with lived in Fairview and Coltman, two farming communities four miles west of Ucon — distant enough for a good drive, plus the added benefit of satisfying a need for female companionship.

Car Racing on the Lewisville Highway

We'd not only visit girl friends on Sunday afternoons, but whenever we could get transportation. Usually this was Tuesday evenings. Three or four of us would get permission to take the family car to MIA, then leave before activities were over and drive to Coltman, arriving there before MIA ended. So, to pass time, we raced our cars along the Lewisville Highway over a two-mile stretch going right by the Coltman church house.

Those races were grand contests. We'd line up two abreast using both lanes of a two-lane highway. We'd roll down the windows. Someone would shout "go" and we were off. We'd roar by the church house doing 70. By the time we crossed the finish line, we were flying over asphalt at speeds in excess of 80 mph. Incredibly, we never met oncoming traffic. We never hit an animal. And we were never stopped by a patrolman. My cousin, Heber Andrus, had the fastest car — a Chevy. But I was never far behind.

Double-dating

After racing, we'd pick up the girls and take them home. There were always enough of us for two or three boys to a car. After the girls piled in, we numbered

four and sometimes six. But that's the way we wanted it. Most of us, I think, were uncomfortable going with a girl alone during high school. At least, I was.

The only objection I had to double-dating was time required by some fellows to say goodnight. Those who took their girls home first waited sometimes from 15 to 20 minutes for others to say goodnight. The trick was to take your girl home last, then time would not pass so slowly. But one was not always able to do that. Such was possible only if he were driving his car. So each of us always tried hard to get his car for the night.

The friend most notorious for saying prolonged "good-nights" was Paul Hill. His girlfriend was Nila Oswald. They took so long on some occasions, we in the car, fighting sleep and approaching physical exhaustion, stooped to the indignity of horn-honking. At two o'clock in the morning that was brutal to sleeping parents, but always accomplished its purpose.

Fortunately, the girls my buddies and I went with were good. I didn't think much about that then, but have appreciated it since. In our dating and activities together, we never did anything I am ashamed to talk about today. I have never carried guilt feelings for anything done during those high school dating years.

The girls whose company we kept were Lorraine Jensen, Nila Oswald, Marlene Gneiting, Beverly Taylor, and Marcene Judd. Lorraine went with Keith Brown and finally married him. They were the only ones of the group to marry each other. Nila was Paul's girl. Marlene went with Heber Andrus. Beverly divided her attention between Ross Phillips and a host of other boys. Marcene went with me.

Marcene Judd

Marcene and I went steady for two and a half years. During that time, I had only a couple of dates with other girls.

I loved Marcene. During my junior and senior years in high school, I never wanted to date anyone else. Had she been available after I returned from the mission field, I probably would have dated her and we may have married. Fortunately, she married while I was away.

I doubt Marcene and I would have complemented each other very well in a marriage relationship. Our backgrounds were too dissimilar. She was the older of two children. I was the oldest of nine. Her folks were not active in the church, and mine were. She was more mature socially than I, and was ready for marriage long before I was. Finally, I'm not sure she could have endured the financial deprivation Gloria went through while I attended BYU.

Marcene was an excellent student — the best in our graduating class. She was straight "A." She was sociable and pleasant. I don't recall her ever becoming sulky or angry. If she became disturbed or felt impatient with me, she

never showed it, and I gave her ample opportunity to do so. I have nothing but fond memories of our relationship.

During my last two years in high school, I stayed out of school a lot to help Dad with farm work. Marcene could not understand why I was absent so much, but she was always willing to help me catch up work missed. She helped particularly in bookkeeping. I did not do well in this class, but she was a whiz at it.

Teenage Embarrassments

I spent a lot of time at Marcene's place, but she never went inside my home because I did not invite her. I was embarrassed to have her around the house and family. Most of my brothers and sisters were young and energetic — perhaps noisy. Our home was plain. The whole environment was such a contrast to that in which she lived, I felt uncomfortable taking her into it. This feeling, perhaps more than anything else, demonstrates how immature I was. I was just a kid while dating Marcene, and she was a young lady. When I married Gloria, I had changed. I was no longer embarrassed taking a girl around my family or inviting her into the house.

Marcene was the principal reason I painted the house and outbuildings. Till I was a senior in high school, the house was an ugly two-toned yellow and white. The outbuildings had never felt the bristle of a brush. They were starkly unattractive. Dad simply had neither money nor time to buy paint and apply it. I don't remember how I earned the money, but I wanted to spruce up the place so much, I spent a healthy chunk of personal earnings on several gallons of white paint. Not only did the house and outbuildings get two coats, I painted posts and the corral fence as well.

While young, I developed a desire to have surroundings tidy and attractive. I never lost it. Gloria calls me "Mr. Clean."

Another source of embarrassment while a teenager was a Chrysler car Dad bought. The damned machine was difficult to start, in summer and winter. Frequently, I walked home from the field a mile away because the car wouldn't start. I believe that is when I learned to swear fluently, a habit difficult to control during many years since. At any rate, I vowed as a kid, I would never own a Chrysler-made product, and I haven't. During most of my life since then, I have owned Fords.

High School Graduation

My graduation from high school was a happy event. My graduating class numbered 29. Those in charge of the exercise found a way for all to participate.

I sang with a boy's quartet "The Volga Boat Song." I don't recall why that was our selection, but I enjoyed singing it.

After graduation, I felt exhilarated. I was glad to be done with school. If I had only known what rewarding educational experiences lay ahead in the mission field and university, my attitude may have been different. But before I write about those, I must go back and identify other facets of my teenage life.

Farmwork in my Life: Its Value

During my teen years living on a 75-acre farm influenced my life as profoundly as any factor I can think of. In large measure, my values were shaped by responsibilities and experiences on the farm. Certainly, many habits, good and bad, developed as a result of farm life.

I learned at an early age to be responsible and work hard. Dad frequently was gone discharging civic responsibilities and duties as water master, selling insurance, or doing "custom" farm work — usually harvesting grain. While he was away, I was responsible for the farm.

During springtime, plowing, harrowing, and planting frequently kept me from school. The only school activity I really missed, however, was baseball practice. Generally, I was happy to be free of academics for a day or two. Of course, on cloudy, windy, cold days, I would chill and feel miserable riding the tractor up and down the field. Then I would rather have been in a warm classroom. But I'd go home for lunch, and some of Mother's soup would warm me up and revive my spirits for the afternoon's work. On warm, sunny days, I was happy to be outside working. I loved the Snake River Valley, with mountains to the east capped by early spring snow falls, grass in pastures, and hay in fields turning green, and apple trees white with blossoms. There was also the soothing song of the morning dove, and the staccato sounds of the killdeer. I loved them all. I had a vivid imagination and would become lost in dreams of becoming a famous professional baseball player, or shaping and managing my own farm. When I tired of dreaming, I sang at the top of my voice. Occasionally, I even composed and delivered eloquent sermons.

I took pride in driving a straight furrow while plowing, or planting spuds in straight rows. When mowing hay, the swaths had to be straight up and down the field and square at the corners. I hated weeds and loved to see weed-free fields. I was tidy by nature, always cleaning out a shed or tidying up the yard. I loved to see farms and farmsteads enclosed by well-kept fences and neat outbuildings painted white. I also had a "hang-up" about machinery kept in good repair, I suppose because our machinery broke down frequently and we never had enough money to repair it properly.

I worked hard during my teen years, and life was hectic particularly during harvest. We arose early, usually between 5:00 and 6:00, turned water in the field, milked cows, and prepared machinery for the day's work. We did all this before breakfast. If we were harvesting grain, we began as soon as dew left the field. We worked late into the night, turning water and milking cows between truck loads of grain.

Even before grain was harvested, we began "putting up" a second crop of hay. This was possible because we always traded work with Dad's brothers, Howard and Tom. So while some harvested, others mowed, raked, and stacked hay. There was always more to do than time would allow. The Andruses typically were short-tempered. They rushed here and there, shouting, grumbling, swearing, proving dramatically at times that "haste makes waste."

Gordon's Death

The greatest waste of all came in the death of my brother, Gordon. Gordon was a handsome little fellow. His personality was as happy and pleasant as he was handsome. Everyone loved Gordon, especially Dad. Gordon loved to be with Dad. He went everywhere with him, where Dad would allow him to go. He worked hard for a little fellow, always wanting to do his share. He was not only physically active, but adventurous. He learned to drive the truck, though he couldn't see over the steering wheel while pushing on the brake or clutch. When he shifted gears, he would go down below all windows to reach the clutch so that the truck appeared to be moving by itself. Then he would bob up to get his bearings before shifting gears again.

Gordon was killed on Saturday, August 17, 1946, a bright, hot day. Dad had trucked wheat for Curtis Holland whose farm was in Garfield — five miles north of Ucon. The wheat was bagged on a combine and left in the field to be loaded on the truck by hand and hauled to the Ucon Elevators.

Each sack of wheat weighted about 120 pounds. To load six tons was backbreaking work. Dad had worked like a horse, was anxious to finish the job, and in anticipation of finishing, Gordon and I had gone with him to offer what help we could.

By late afternoon, we had hauled the last load of wheat to the mill. As we finished unloading, we felt relieved — the job was done. Dad, I suppose was thinking ahead to other work awaiting his attention. Gordon (age 11) and I (age 14), while Dad weighed the empty truck, chased and teased each other in front of the mill. After weighing, Dad began backing off the scales. As he backed up, he turned the wheels slightly so the tail end of the truck swung in toward the storage bins, while the front end swung away from them. As the truck started to move back, both Gordon and I raced for it. I jumped in the cab and partly

closed the door. Gordon jumped on the running board and grabbed the partially open door. I had hold of the door and foolishly pushed it open. His feet slipped off the running board. He lost his grip on the door, falling under the right front wheel of the truck. The wheel passed over his head. Had it not been turned, it would have missed him. Had I not teased him and pushed the door open, he would not have fallen. Dad had his door open and was leaning out the cab with his head turned to the rear to see where he was going. He was unaware of what Gordon and I were doing. I know Dad blamed himself for the accident, thinking he should have made certain we were in the truck before he set it in motion. But I have never blamed Dad for this accident. He loved his children, and had he sensed for an instant such an accident might occur, he would have taken necessary precautions. But the relief of having finished a job, and the press of other work that needed to be done occupied his mind. The thought of an accident simply did not occur to him. I take full responsibility for Gordon's death. I was not malicious. I loved Gordon. I did not mean for him to be injured. Certainly, I did not mean for him to die. But I was young, immature, foolish, and careless. I have frequently recalled those terrible moments in agonizing detail. The scene is as vivid in my mind today as it was the day it happened. The whole traumatic experience produced a powerful drive in me to do right, especially in relationship to my brothers. I vowed I would never do anything that might influence them to do wrong. I have consciously tried to keep that vow. I have never done anything enabling them to point an accusing finger at me and say, "Because of his example, I am not as good as I might have been." To this extent, Gordon's death contributed to the family's good.

I don't recall how Dad discovered Gordon had been run over. I don't remember whether I shouted, or he pulled himself back in the cab about the time it happened. Neither do I remember in detail what happened after that. I remember Dad kneeling by the wheel of the truck cradling Gordon in his arms. I remember Curtis Holland driving up to the mill in his car about that time. Dad carried Gordon to the car and they left for the hospital in Idaho Falls. What happened after that I know only from what Mother has said. I quote from her account: "Grandma, Aunt Inez, and I drove immediately to the LDS Hospital in Idaho Falls. As I went on one of the upper floors, a nurse stopped me, began to cry, telling me that our dear little Gordon had passed away on his way to the hospital . . . Gordon came to just enough to say, 'Oh, Daddy, Daddy' and died in his arms. Dr. John Hatch was the one who took care of them at the hospital, and he was very kind and considerate. He took some of his clean clothes and saw to it that Reed had them on. He gave Reed a shot of medication for he was in shock and Curtis Holland took him to his home on 9th Street in Idaho Falls. That is where we found him — Grandma, Inez, and I."

As word circulated around the community that Gordon was dead, people came to the house by scores to offer condolences and help with work needing to be done. Mother wrote in her history: “Everyone was so kind and helpful to us. One never knows about their friends until tragedy comes.”

The funeral was attended by more people than the church would hold. Many stood outside. I don’t remember much about the service except Uncle Tom spoke. As I recall, he built his sermon around Eugene Field’s poem “Little Boy Blue.” Mother used to sing it to us children. It was a family favorite. After the funeral it was seldom sung. Following the funeral service, I remember people saying what a masterpiece Uncle Tom’s sermon was.

Before I continue, I think this would be an appropriate place to record Eugene Field’s poem. Occasionally, I sing it to Gloria and the children. We like it.

Little Boy Blue

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.
“Now don’t you go till I come,” he said.
“And don’t you make any noise!”
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamed of his precious toys.
But as he was dreaming, an angel’s song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!
Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, while waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Gordon's death left a void in the family. Of course, Dad and Mother noticed it most. Dad took Gordon's death especially hard. Mother wrote: "He was never the same person after that. He blamed himself so much for the accident."

Through the years, frequently, I have recalled the accident and developments associated with it. Fortunately, I have been able to deal with these memories in a rational and philosophical way. Otherwise, they may have destroyed me. As I have grown older, I've wondered what Gordon's life would have been like — what contributions he may have made to church and society. I am comforted some by the thought that he died when his time in this life had run its course, that perhaps God had work for him to do in the world of spirits. I know that thought has been dominant in Dad and Mother's thinking.

Mother told me that Grandma Andrus and Uncle Tom experienced strong feelings that something unpleasant was going to happen the day Gordon's accident occurred. Uncle Tom was building his house and on that day could hardly work due to a feeling of foreboding. Joseph Smith experienced similar feelings the day he was assassinated. I have often wondered what causes such feelings. Are they God's way to prepare us for a traumatic experience? Are they an indication of Satan's exultation over the seeming premature termination of one's mortal life? Or perhaps they come as a sign to us that one's life has run its allotted course and the time has come for the spirit in question to move on. Whatever the rationale, I've looked at Gordon's death as an occurrence that may have been postponed through caution and restraint. But if he had not died as he did at the time he did, I believe he would have died shortly after in some other way. And I don't mean to imply that God causes accidents. I believe he does not. I think, however, He may withdraw protection from us, making us more vulnerable to accident and death. Perhaps this is what happened in Gordon's case.

Potato Harvest

Life goes on even when loved ones die. So after Gordon's funeral, there was still hay to put up and potatoes to dig. Potato harvest was always a major concern because it depended so much on weather. If frost came early, spuds were stunted in growth. If it came late, heavy green vines would clog the digger. If, during harvest, rain came, all operations ceased till the ground dried out. And in a dry year, soil would be hard to dig. But overshadowing these considerations was fear of a killing frost. More than once, thousands of acres of potatoes froze in the ground at a tremendous monetary loss to farmers. Raising potatoes was a gamble. The whole farming operation was a gamble of the first class.

Each year, Dad would plant from 15-20 acres of potatoes. We'd trade work with Uncle Howard and Uncle Tom, each of whom planted about the same acreage. So every fall, we had from 45 to 60 acres of potatoes to harvest. Today that would be a one-day operation. But then we dug potatoes with a small tractor and a one-row digger. If we harvested five acres a day, we felt satisfied.

As soon as the sun rose, the person responsible for digging would be in the field on the tractor. He would dig several rows before pickers arrived. All day he would attempt to keep several rows ahead of the pickers. While digging he would scatter sacks.

Pickers would pair off, each pair taking two rows. After filling their baskets, they would dump the potatoes into a sack. Two fast and steady pickers could pick from 200 to 250 sacks in a nine-hour day. As I recall, pickers earned about seven cents a sack which means \$14 to \$18 a day.

Picking though was hard work. One would straddle the row bending over the potatoes till his back ached, then he would drop to his knees and crawl over the dirt till knees became sore, then he would straddle the row again.

After pickers had worked for a while, those responsible for hauling potatoes to the cellar began working. They used either a wagon pulled by a tractor or a truck. The vehicle was driven between the rows of sacks. Two men bucked sacks onto the truck while one on the truck stacked them. A loaded truck hauled about 200 sacks to the cellar where they were dumped onto a conveyor which dropped them through a hole in the cellar to the pile below. Buckers usually worked late into the night. Bucking potatoes was hard work which developed leg, back, and arm muscles. Bucking 1,200 sacks of potatoes day after day would equal lifting lots of weight in a gym.

During Dad's trucking days, he hired out to potato warehouses as a trucker. Frequently, he didn't get home till after midnight, arms and shoulders aching so much, Mother massaged them so he could sleep. I believe Dad worked so hard, he broke his health. He may not have died when he did had he not pushed himself so hard, but demands upon him were severe and incessant. The stress of those demands is what killed him.

Potato harvest was not all work and drudgery. Frequently, we had "spud fights." We threw cull spuds left in the field at each other, using filled spud sacks for protection. In mid-afternoon, refreshments were sometimes brought into the field — soda pop and candy bars. Those were happy times.

Aaronic Priesthood Ordinations and Activities

When Gordon died I was 14 years old — old enough to be a teacher in the Aaronic Priesthood. But I did not become a Teacher till Dad ordained me January 12, 1947. By this time, I was 15 years old. I do not remember why

advancement in the Aaronic Priesthood lagged behind my birthday from six months to a year.

I do not remember specific experiences associated with my assignment as Teacher in the Aaronic Priesthood. I filled sacrament trays with small glass cups, then filled the cups with water from a tap in the church basement. I took my turn filling this assignment regularly. I never went home teaching because this was not an Aaronic Priesthood assignment. Home Teaching was called Ward Teaching and each pair of teachers could fill a monthly assignment by reading a prepared message from a ward teaching booklet.

As a Priest, I remember camping with Bishop Spencer Jenkins and the Priests Quorum. We camped two days on the east shore of Henry's Lake. We cooked dinner over an open fire and slept under the stars in sleeping bags. The night was warm and bright. Stars were brilliant and constellations numerous. Bishop Jenkins and we talked about God's marvelous creations. We returned home the next day, better for having gone.

As a Priest, I enjoyed presiding at the sacrament table. I was not timid in front of people, and saw the Priest's duty as a privilege rather than an obligation.

Dad ordained me a Priest May 15, 1949. By that time I was nearly seventeen and a half years old, well into my 18th year. Today, we ordain young men priests at age sixteen. In preparing for the mission field, some are ordained elders at age eighteen. We certainly change with the passage of time.

As I approached my 19th birthday, I began preparing for the mission field. Going on a mission, of course, opened a new chapter in my life.

Part Two: My Growing-Up Years (1931-1955)

Chapter 4

Missionary Experiences

The Korean War, the Military Draft, and I

The summer following high school graduation (1950) was spent on the farm. As always there was more to do than time would allow. So I was busy, but distracted by war in Korea.

Negotiations near the end of World War II resulted in a political division of Korea along the 38th Parallel of Latitude. North of that line, the Soviet Union established a communist government. South of it, Western Bloc Countries, led by the United States, attempted to establish representative government under an aged, exiled patriot, Syngman Rhee. The Koreans, however, individualistic and notoriously inexperienced in representative government, divided into eighty political parties, making political stability unachievable at that time.

Under Joseph Stalin, the Soviet Union promised to work for political union and stable government in Korea, but every attempt by the United Nations to help that happen was vetoed by the Soviets in the Security Council. Everyone began to see clearly that USSR Communists intended to make North Korea a Communist stronghold, and a base of operations from which to launch an attack against South Korea. That attack occurred June 25, 1950.

In her initial campaigns, North Korea was disturbingly successful, driving deep into territory of a divided and weak Republic of Korea. Eventually, United Nations forces and United States troops, under General Douglas MacArthur, drove North Koreans, now supported by Red Chinese forces, back beyond the 38th Parallel. Not until March 5, 1953 did fighting stop and both sides agree to accept this parallel as a permanent dividing line between North and South Korea. During the fighting, of course, thousands of American young men were killed and wounded. Among those killed was my friend and classmate, Oscar Stucki. He was drafted at the outbreak of hostilities. I was not drafted for reasons I do not clearly understand. I have supposed they had something to do with God's wanting me in the mission field more than He wanted me in the Korean War. I have no other explanation to offer.

During the summer of 1950, I registered for the draft and went to Boise for an examination. I was classified 1-A, meaning I was mentally and physically fit for military service and would be among those first to go. So as the draft commenced, I had every reason to believe I would go into the army. However,

Dad, Mother, and I decided I should fill a mission first if possible. So the summer of 1950 was spent watching events develop in Korea, monitoring activity of the local draft board, but reading the Book of Mormon for the first time in expectation of a mission call.

When I graduated from high school, I was 18 years old. My birthday is December 15. The church took missionaries at 19 years of age. This meant if my call could be processed before my birthday and if I could be ready to go on a mission by December 15, perhaps I could get into the field before I was drafted. At this critical time, bishops received instructions from Salt Lake that missionaries leaving for the field were not to have their pictures published in local newspapers nor was their departure to be advertised. This was to prevent draft boards from acting on their names precipitously. For some missionaries, dealing with a draft board was a serious problem. A few in the mission home with me were forced to leave by draft boards and were inducted into military service. I believe members of draft boards used their power to oppose the church and missionary work. I suspect the chairman of my board was so inclined. She was Marion Edginton, a Catholic. Young, prospective missionaries in the Upper Snake River Valley soon learned to maintain a low profile while preparing for a mission; otherwise, Mrs. Edginton would call them in for a pre-draft interview.

Working at the Sugar Factory

After harvest was over, I was hired by the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company to spin sugar in their factory at Lincoln, about five miles from home. I liked my job. It was the first one I ever had outside the family and off the farm. I worked eight hours a day, seven days a week from September to the middle of December. During that time, I worked day, swing, and night shifts. Of the three, I preferred the swing. Time seemed to go faster, and mornings and early afternoons were free. Besides there was an absence of administrative personnel during swing and night shifts. For some reason which eluded me, that was an advantage for laborers.

My job at the factory was spinning sugar. It required speed, energy and coordination. Usually, most spinners worked fast, going from one machine to the next, all the time they were on the job. For this reason, they were young men. In order to know exactly what I did, I'll explain how sugar is processed.

The sugar factory fascinated me, and whenever I got a little free time, I visited various parts of it to learn the refining process. When my education was complete, I decided, for a young man, I had the best job in the factory. I'm not sure others would have agreed with me, however.

Beets were brought into the factory through concrete channels with flowing water. Once inside, they were sliced into noodle-like pieces, then soaked in water. Sugar from beet cells was diffused throughout the water. The pulp was then pressed to remove water and juice before it was mixed with molasses and dried as feed for livestock. Meanwhile, beet juice containing from 10 percent to 20 percent sucrose, with salts and miscellaneous organic compounds, was mixed with lime and carbon dioxide in large tanks called “carbs.” From these, the juice, now called liquor, was piped to large boilers where water was boiled off leaving a semisolid substance called magma. This was centrifuged to separate liquid from solid. The solid was raw sugar.

In the refining process, beet sugar was centrifuged three times. There were brown, intermediate, and white centrifuges — I don’t remember how many of each, but more spun brown sugar than white. As I recall, there were four intermediates and about twice as many whites. The browns were slow enough that one man could tend them, the intermediates were much faster but few enough that one man could handle them. The whites were as fast as the intermediates, but because they numbered more, they required more help.

Each centrifuge was about waist high and four feet in diameter. It had a syrup pipe with a hydraulically controlled valve, and a large lid in the bottom raised and put in place by a steel hook carried by the operator. The sides of the centrifuge were a fine screen through which the liquid would be drawn, leaving a coating of sugar on the outside of the screen. The sugar was removed by a large blade attached to the machine, but controlled by hand. Each machine had a clutch and was electronically timed. When a machine shut off, the operator slid the lid back, reached in with his hook and lifted the bottom lid, hanging it on a hook attached to the main shaft. Then he engaged the clutch and, while the machine picked up speed, manipulated the blade to strip sugar from the screen. Next, he replaced the lid and filled the machine with a fresh batch of syrup. If fast enough, he could strip sugar from the screen and fill the machine with syrup before it achieved full speed. An experienced spinner could operate two machines at once, preparing one for stripping while filling the other. The object in working so hard and fast was to finish a batch of syrup before a fresh batch was dumped by the boiler man upstairs. Several ten minute breaks throughout the day provided powerful incentives for hard work.

I don’t remember what I did with money earned, but I must have spent most of it preparing for the mission field. Dad and Mother were hard pressed financially and needed all the help they could get.

My working at the factory was beneficial to me in addition to money earned. I had little time to date Marcene, so we drew apart. She attended Ricks College and was away from home all week. The only time we saw each other was on

weekends and if I worked the day or swing shifts, we could not date then. She had several dates with various fellows, one of whom was a soldier named George Ball. He was ready for marriage and she must have been too because shortly after I entered the field, they married. Before I left for the mission home, I knew Marcene and I were through, but it happened so gradually and naturally, there was little hurt. I was a better missionary for it. Unfortunately, Marcene's marriage did not endure. After about 20 years, George found someone else and he divorced Marcene (or she divorced him). Marcene has married twice more since then.

My Patriarchal Blessing

I received my patriarchal blessing November 15, 1950 from John W. Telford at the North Idaho Falls Stake. During the blessing, the Spirit touched me. Since then, the blessing itself has inspired and motivated me many times. As a matter of fact, after returning from the mission field, a re-reading of it helped me determine to major in education and become a school teacher. I majored in secondary education with an academic emphasis on history. I have never regretted those choices.

I think this would be an appropriate place to quote liberally from the blessing. I will leave out only material that helps tie major parts together:

Brother Alyn Brown Andrus: In keeping with your request, I lay my hands upon your head and give unto thee thy patriarchal blessing. . . . Thou art one of the choice sons of Zion, born under the New and Everlasting Covenant of good parents. You have been taught the principles of truth from your childhood, for which blessing you should be truly grateful.

When you were born into this life, you were given an important mission and I now bless you with health and strength of mind and body that you may live to complete your mission in the Earth and bring honor and glory to your name.

Thou art of the lineage of Ephraim . . . and having been born under the "New and Everlasting Covenant" thou art one of the legal heirs to all the blessings of the Holy Priesthood.

Be obedient to your parents and I promise thee that you shall never go astray for you shall have the inspiration of the Spirit of the Lord to be with you to lead you in the path of truth and virtue. It shall be your privilege and blessing to preach the gospel to many of the children of men, and if you will keep your mind and body sweet and clean, you shall become a great and mighty man in the Church and Kingdom of God for

the inspiration of the Lord shall be with thee and your testimony will be accompanied with the spirit of truth and many will rejoice at the sound of your voice and will listen to your testimony, and you shall be given experiences and manifestations that will increase thy faith and testimony.

At the proper time, you shall be given a companion for life and enjoy the blessing of honorable fatherhood and experience all the joy and happiness that this implies.

If thy faith fail thee not, it shall be your privilege and blessing to go to the holy temple of the Lord there to receive great and wonderful blessings that if lived will prepare thee for the Celestial Kingdom.

I bless thee with the good things of the earth, that you may be prospered in your labors and that you or your loved ones shall never want for the necessities of life.

I bless thee in your school work that your mind may be clear and active that through your efforts you shall make splendid progress and be one of the outstanding of your associates, and because of your good example you shall never lack for friends, wherever your lot may be cast.

Gain knowledge by the reading of good books and become familiar with the principles of the gospel and you shall have the gift and ability to teach the gospel to others to their understanding.

.....

I seal thee up to come forth in the morning of the First Resurrection, clothed with glory, immortality and eternal life, the greatest blessing the Lord has for his faithful children. You shall pass the Gods into the Celestial Kingdom there to associate with your loved ones and the good and pure of the earth who have kept the faith, for this is thy final destiny as a true son of Zion, and these are thy blessings through your faithfulness and obedience for I seal them upon thy head by the authority of the Holy Priesthood.

From the time my blessing was given till now (March 2001) I see its fulfillment. I'll explain what I mean by detailing personal experiences.

The blessing says my "privilege and blessing shall be" to preach the gospel to many of the children of men. This blessing has already been fulfilled, and may continue to be fulfilled. For two years I served a proselyting mission among Pima, Papago, Navajo, and Pueblo Indians of the American Southwest. From 1958 to 1962 Gloria, my wife, and I served the Church in Western Samoa. I taught in the church college there and Gloria served as secretary to the principal. During this time I wrote gospel messages for the Samoan Mission and served on

the Mission Board, going into the “bush” over weekends teaching the Gospel. Since then, Gloria and I have lodged an Apache, a German, Frenchmen and a Mauritius Islander in our home. We believe we have influenced them for good. During the 29 years I taught at Ricks College, I taught religion classes. Students in these classes came from all over the world. Finally, following retirement from Ricks, from 1997 to 1999, Gloria and I served in the Arizona Tucson Mission. We were the “office couple,” but were assigned to teach the gospel to investigators once each month for as long as we served. We did this on Sunday evenings in the Relief Society Room of the Tucson Sunrise Ward Church house. Each meeting consisted of from 25 to 60 people, one third of whom were investigators. We know that at least four investigators joined the Church as a result of these meetings.

Another part of my blessing says “I shall be given experiences and manifestations that will increase (my) faith and testimony.” In fulfillment of this I relate two experiences.

My first four months in the mission field (1951) were filled with personal growth and development. I felt green as gore, and probably was. I did not have a substantial knowledge of the gospel and felt a need to communicate with God. I prayed fervently at night before retiring. One night while praying, I felt someone by me but could not see anybody except my companion. I was not afraid. Indeed, I was comforted. This experience was repeated three times. I looked forward to evening prayer, knowing my nocturnal, heavenly visitor would come. I have wondered who he was and why he came. And only gradually did the thought develop: he came as a sign that all was right between God and me. His coming sustained me in my hour of need, strengthened my testimony, and anchored my faith. Through the years I have been sustained by that experience. I will never forget the daily anticipation of the visit, the peace and assurance it brought. The spirit world is real and good spirits are our friends. But evil spirits are to be feared. And this brings me to my next experience.

Following my mission one night I returned home from a date. The time was after midnight. I stopped at a red light on the outskirts of Idaho Falls, and as I waited for the light to change, I felt someone enter the car. Yet the windows were up except the one next to me, and the passenger door was locked. I could see no one in the car, but I knew I was not alone. I was uneasy. As I moved up the highway, I became frightened. I felt muscles in my body tighten and twitch. I was powerless to control them. I then knew an evil spirit was trying to possess me. I was afraid to go on, thinking I might wreck. I pulled the car off the road and prayed for Heavenly Father to protect and help me home. As I sat there, my body relaxed and I felt in control again. When I arrived home, I awoke Mother

and told her about my experience. For months after, I was nervous about being alone at night but have never been bothered since by evil spirits. Eventually my nervousness about being alone at night left.

I have wondered why I was attacked by an evil spirit. I had not committed evil. I was not thinking about evil spirits at the time. I have decided that resisting temptation brought on the attack. If Satan could not tempt me to sin, he would attack and destroy me physically. Fortunately, God heard my prayer.

Another part of my blessing says at the “proper time” I would be “given a companion for life and enjoy the blessing of honorable fatherhood and experience all the joy and happiness this implies.” At the time I did not understand why the patriarch would bless me with fatherhood. That seemed so common. I assumed every young man would marry and naturally have children. Not until after I was married and discovered that Gloria and I could not produce children did I understand the blessing’s meaning. Today we have a family of adopted and foster children. They are handsome, beautiful, intelligent, and gifted. We have often joked they are superior to any we could have produced. But the point is: My blessing has been fulfilled in this part.

Finally, my blessing promised I would make “splendid progress” in my school work, never “lack for friends wherever (my) lot may be cast,” and my “loved ones shall never want for the necessities of life.” All this has come to pass. I have truly been blessed in my life. I read my blessing frequently, and each time am touched and inspired by it.

Preparing for a Proselyting Mission

November 1950 was a busy month in my life. Not only did I receive my patriarchal blessing, but was interviewed for a mission call. Bishop Spencer Jenkins interviewed me first, then President H. Ray Hatch, and finally Elder Marion G. Romney. This was an age when General Authorities interviewed every candidate for the mission field.

I received my call to serve in the Southwest Indian Mission in December. When it came, I was pleased. The mission sounded interesting. Besides, I had never been south of Price, Utah. To serve in Arizona and New Mexico would be like going to foreign countries. Teaching the gospel only to Indians made the prospect of a unique experience even more likely.

I received the Melchizedek Priesthood and was ordained an Elder December 17, 1950 — two days following my birthday. My uncle, John D. Phillips, ordained me. I don’t remember why Dad didn’t, apparently he was not available.

About three weeks after my priesthood ordination, I spoke at my testimonial in Sacrament Meeting. Mercifully, I don’t remember much about it. I would

undoubtedly be embarrassed if I could recall what I said. I remember cracking a joke or two and the congregation laughing at them. The comforting assumption about forgetting is others forget too.

On January 19, 1951, I took my endowments in the Idaho Falls Temple. I remember that occasion clearly. Dad and Mother accompanied me. The temple officiators were kind and helpful. I was fascinated by the dialogue and ceremony as we moved from room to room. I thought the murals on the walls of the rooms were attractive. The whole experience was positive. I had a pleasant, happy feeling and knew I was doing right. There was so much to remember, and I wanted to remember it all. I think my first time through the temple set the tone for subsequent temple experiences. I cannot remember a time when I have not had a good feeling in the temple. I have never doubted it is God's house, and what is done in it is His work.

I was scheduled to register at the mission home in Salt Lake City Monday morning January 22, 1951. My problem was how to get there. The folks were short on time and money. Deep snow covered the ground, roads were slick, and travel hazardous. Dad and Mother could not afford to drive me down and make the trip again in another ten days to see me off on the bus. I could have ridden the bus to Salt Lake, but wanted to save money. Finally, I made arrangements to ride with Ray Andrus, Jr., who drove truck for his father. He was scheduled to leave for Salt Lake with a load of wheat late Sunday night, January 21. Riding in a truck was not the classiest way to travel, nor the fastest, but a free ride overrode other considerations.

Ray and I left Ucon near midnight. To cross over the Malad Pass, we put on chains. As I recall, the weather was adverse all the way. Travel was slow and we did not arrive in Salt Lake till shortly before noon. I was late.

Missionaries entering the mission home with me numbered 460. This was more than the home could accommodate, so I was assigned a room in Temple Square Hotel, south across the street from Temple Block. My roommate was William Garner from Rexburg, Idaho. We liked each other and became good friends. As a matter of fact, we both went to the Southwest Indian Mission and for a short time served in Isletta, New Mexico together.

I spent five days in the mission home, during which I was instructed in church history, gospel doctrine, study techniques, nutrition, housekeeping, social relations, financial budgeting, and anything else the Brethren thought missionaries might need. Classes were conducted in an assembly hall a half block east of Temple Square by General Authorities. Every hour each day was filled with classwork or some missionary-related activity, all of which culminated in a testimony meeting. I don't recall bearing my testimony, but was impressed by those borne. I was sensitive to the Spirit, and felt its presence in sincere

testimonies and during prayer. These experiences strengthened me and developed courage for what lay ahead.

I spent the weekend with my cousin Merrill Andrus in Provo. He attended Brigham Young University, and though I don't recall specifically what we did, I remember enjoying the experience. Sunday evening I attended a fireside chat featuring Professor Hugh Nibley. I don't recall what he said, but thought he was the most knowledgeable man I had ever heard. Little did I realize then what an impact he would have on my mind as I learned the Gospel, read ancient history, and studied the scriptures. The only other church scholar who had a greater impact was James E. Talmage, who, through his books, became my personal tutor.

I was scheduled to leave for the mission field Monday evening by bus. Monday I met Dad and Mother in Salt Lake where Apostle Joseph F. Merrill set me apart. We then went to Provo and visited with friends till evening. When the bus arrived, I carried a lunch of fried chicken, cookies, and fruit — goodies that would delight most young men. But when I said good-bye to friends, kissed Mother and Dad, then hurried to the remaining seats at the rear of the bus, I lost my appetite. I experienced a sick feeling that did not leave till dawn. In the meantime, I gave away my fried chicken, and cookies to Spanish-American missionaries going to Texas. For twelve hours I was homesick as I have not been since. I felt as if I were going into outer space, never to return. But after the sun rose and the topography of a strange land attracted my interest, homesickness left me and never returned as long as I served.

In the Mission Field

The strange land that attracted my interest was Southeastern Utah and Southwestern Colorado. The soil was red, and buttes rose from high plateaus. The country became stranger as we entered New Mexico. We were now on the Navajo Indian Reservation and when the bus stopped at Shiprock, I was fascinated by the stiff, stoic, enigmatic Navajo. The men wore boots, Levis, western shirts, and high-crowned broad-brimmed black hats. The women wore colorful long dresses and wrapped themselves in blankets of Indian design and weave to keep them warm. Their hogans, or dwellings, were scattered about, a few near the trading post, but most far from the highway. Navajos are independent and reserved. They watch intently, but seldom smile or speak.

We arrived in Gallup about noon February 2, made our way to the mission home and were welcomed by President Eugene Flake.

I liked President and Sister Flake. They were from nearby Snowflake, Arizona, understood Indians well, were friendly, and exercised a practical western approach in dealing with missionaries. All afternoon President Flake

conducted interviews with the new missionaries. When my turn came, he asked what I expected missionary life to be like in the Southwest Indian Mission. I mumbled something about riding horses, wearing levis, and sleeping under the stars. He must have groaned silently, contemplating what would be necessary to transform me into an effective missionary, though my response to his question was not far from the mark for elders in some parts of the mission.

Following the interviews, missionaries and the Flakes dined together then walked to a church building and participated in MIA activities with members of a ward. The temperature outside was -21°.

At noon, February 3, Elder John Beagley, from Tooele, Utah, and I boarded a bus for Mesa, Arizona. We were assigned to labor in the Maricopa District, encompassing Southern Arizona. I was delighted to go where temperatures were warm. From Holbrook, through the White Mountains, to Globe, the country was enchanting. As we neared Globe, snow disappeared and the temperature warmed. From Globe to Mesa, we traveled in the dark, but I could sense a strange land, one I liked. In Mesa, though most wore jackets, the temperature was warm. The air was heavy with odors of growing things — orange groves, date palms, and fig trees. I was delighted.

Elder Beagley and I were met at the bus station by the district president, Elder Robert Rasmussen from Ephraim, Utah. We loaded our luggage into President Rasmussen's pickup, climbed in the back and rode 20 miles to Sacaton, a little Indian community south of Mesa. We slept there with two missionaries, one of whom was a friendly, likeable elder named Glen Shumway from Blanding, Utah. We threw our sleeping bags on the floor and slept soundly, though cockroaches, which I had never seen before, darted about the house.

The next morning President Rasmussen assigned me his companion. We stayed in Santan, about five miles west of Sacaton, where the church house and branch headquarters were located. Before President Rasmussen was transferred to Albuquerque, New Mexico about a month after I arrived, he took me with him to Fort Apache in the White Mountains to visit elders stationed there. The country was beautiful and I was excited to be where Geronimo had lived. Twenty-seven years later, Gloria and I would take into our home an eight-year-old Apache Indian girl, Diana Narcisco, whom we loved. When I teased her, I called her Geronimo.

How I Learned the Gospel

In Santan, I was able to prepare academically for missionary work. I had enough time after proselyting to finish reading the *Book of Mormon*. I then read the *Bible*, *Doctrine and Covenants* and *Pearl of Great Price*. In addition, I read *The Truthseeker and Mormonism* by Joseph F. Merrill and the *Articles of Faith*

by James E. Talmage. I finished my academic preparation in Sells, Arizona, my next field of labor, where I read *Jesus the Christ*, and *The Great Apostasy*, both by Talmage. Finally, I read a book Dad had studied and given to me entitled *The Scientific Aspects of Mormonism* by a BYU professor named Nelson. As I read Talmage's books, I underlined words not understood, looked up their definitions, and wrote them in a notebook. I memorized these just as I did scripture, and used them whenever possible. Some of my letters home were pregnant with words few people used. When I read them years later, they seemed so formal, stilted and phony, I was embarrassed, but that is how I enlarged my vocabulary and was finally able to understand Talmage's complicated erudite sentences and paragraphs. As mentioned previously, James E. Talmage probably produced a more profound effect upon development of a working knowledge of the Gospel and a desire to learn than any other person in my life. I still use his books regularly and regard him as final authority in doctrinal questions.

Letters Home and an Indian Thief

As I read letters sent home from Santan, I noted what I ate for breakfast. How about "mush, fried eggs, milk, bread, peanut butter, and honey." Another morning I ate "French toast, eggs, and milk," I also found the following interesting reading: "I was feeling pretty low yesterday. I'm continually going from one place to the other, can't settle down and don't know what to expect next." Apparently, I wanted to proselyte more than I was able to do. Finally, in Santan, my companion, President Eldon Barnes from Arco, Idaho, and I became involved in a legal case prosecuting a Pima Indian who broke into our quarter's taking money and several items of value. I wrote about this in a letter home:

Santan, Arizona
April 4, 1951

I stayed with Brother Webb, his daughter, and son-in-law, at his house in Mesa while the Sacaton Elders, Shumway and Smith, stayed with Porters. We were treated very nicely the next morning and Carl (the son-in-law) even insisted on us using his car as we had to go up town for a while. We got the Sacaton Elders and attended our business. We never started home until about 1:00. As we were pulling into the gate, we noticed the screen on the door was ripped. We investigated and this is the result: President Barnes' pistol, his two tie pins, some of his Eversharps, and his shaving kit were gone. My shaving kit with \$40.00 in it was gone. My suitcase was gone too. We went right over to

Sacaton and informed the reservation superintendent and police. I wrote Dad a letter while there. I had \$5.00 in my wallet. Thank the Lord for that. We have not sufficient evidence to know who it was that committed the crime, but the d_____ superintendent, doesn't give a d_____. Yesterday, Tuesday, April 3, President and I went to Phoenix and reported it to the FBI. I think we will get some action because this is the third house that has been the object of these usurpers in one month. The superintendent of this reservation won't turn a hand, or hasn't done as yet, and the FBI seems to realize the situation. It has been and still is difficult to prevent enmity on my part toward some of these boys here. I think if I caught the sinner I'd beat his brains out even yet.

The FBI handled the case efficiently and effectively. The thief was found and court was held. President Barnes and I testified before a jury. The defendant was found guilty and all that was stolen, including the money, was returned to us. When President Barnes replaced President Rasmussen, he took me to Sells, Arizona to visit elders there. That was the most significant trip in my life.

Sells, Arizona, the Goodmans, and Gloria

Sells was a small Papago Indian community built around a government compound, post-office and trading post. Sixty miles west of Tucson and about fifteen miles north of Mexico, it was dry, surrounded by cactus, Mesquite, and rocky hills. The temperature was usually hot. Scorpions, reptiles, and tarantulas thrived in the desert environment. While President Barnes and I visited Sells, I mailed a postcard home, dated March 15-51, on which I wrote: "I'm way down here in Sells today right next to the Mexican border and is it hot. President Barnes and I will be staying here over the weekend . . . Sells isn't very big and is right out among the cactus, hills, and sun — plenty hot here." Later when I served in Sells, I recorded temperatures of 130° and 124° at mid-afternoon. Nighttime temperatures would cool to between 80° and 90°.

No sane person not born and raised there would choose to live in Sells. Yet when President Barnes prepared to leave the mission field, he said, "Elder Andrus, I'll send you anywhere in the District you'd like to labor." For some mysterious, impelling reason, I chose Sells. I was drawn to it like a magnet.

I labored in Sells from May to September — the hottest months of the year. My companion was Gary Dickey from Fort Lauderdale, Florida. He was big, friendly, verbal, and lazy. We lived in an abandoned gas station on the east end

of town next to an enormous wash which became a raging river during occasional monsoonal desert downpours.

Part of the service station was used for storage and served as home to snakes, lizards, and spiders. Sometimes these crawled into our living quarters. On July 30-51, I wrote in my journal: "Yesterday a five-foot snake crawled into the room while I was reading. It was a bull snake and had we known this we would have permitted it to live, for bull snakes subsist mainly on rodents, but in the absence of knowledge of this fact, we caught it and killed it." Another time while sitting on my bunk folding clothes, I spied a scorpion crawling over my knee with tail curled, ready to strike. I brushed it off with a wash cloth, then searched for it in vain. Tarantulas covered the warm highways at night. Lizards were as common as rocks and cactus, but most were harmless. Gila monsters, poisonous lizards in that part of the country, were shy. I never encountered any.

Our apartment was scantily furnished with two bunkbeds, a table supporting an orange crate which served as cupboard, a Coleman gas camp stove, and two chairs. The floor was concrete with no rugs. We bathed in a portable number three washtub. Our water tap was outside and the water usually was too warm to drink. We kept water in a large Indian Oja jug wrapped with a wet burlap bag. This generally cooled water till it was drinkable. I learned to appreciate cold drinking water in Sells.

Our apartment was hard to keep clean. My agreement with Dickey was to sweep the floor one day and he the next. He seldom swept, however. Finally, I grew tired of doing his work and decided not to sweep till he did. On August 20-51, I wrote in my journal: "After an almost futile and protracted attempt . . . I finally succeeded in getting Dickey to sweep our cement floor; it had gone two weeks without feeling the bristle of a broom, and needless to say was impressibly dirty."

When I moved to Sells, Lloyd Goodman and family lived there temporarily. He owned earthmoving equipment and worked for the government, digging water holes for livestock on the Papago Reservation. The Goodmans lived in a trailer house by a large wash about a block from where we lived.

Lloyd and Ruth Goodman were friendly, active Mormons. Their two boys, Dale and Kent, were about my age and we got along royally. Other children included Gloria, Grant, Garry and baby Rita. When I arrived in Sells, Gloria was a freshman at Round Valley High School in eastern Arizona and had not yet joined her family for the summer.

Elder Dickey and I visited the Goodmans frequently. Their trailer was a favorite stopping place on our way home from cottage meetings. As Gloria's reunion with family drew near, Dickey and I became even more interested in the Goodmans. Dickey, who by this time was called the "Florida Flash," especially

was eager to meet her. At the time, my interest primarily was studying the gospel and becoming an effective missionary. As I recall my feelings, I was curious, but otherwise not interested.

One day as Dickey and I were talking with the postmistress, a brown-skinned, blond-haired female walked in the building, asked for Lloyd Goodman's mail and left without acknowledging we were there. Dickey and I looked at each other, mumbling "She must be the Goodman girl," found an excuse to terminate our conversation with the postmistress and headed for the Goodman trailer. Sure enough, Gloria had arrived. Thereafter, we spent more time than usual with the Goodmans. We accompanied them to Friday night movies and Sunday services in the Council House. Always, Dickey arranged to sit by Gloria. She tells me he tried holding her hand in the movies.

During evenings, after work, Gloria, her brothers, boys from the community, Dickey and I would gather at the rodeo grounds to play soccer. Gloria was always needed to "even up" the teams. So she was accepted as one of the boys, which wasn't hard because she was as tan as an Indian and could whistle between her teeth. Having been raised with three brothers, she acted more like a boy than a girl. I remember the contrast between her and Dickey's two sisters.

A couple of days that summer, Dickey's family visited us — fresh from Florida. They spoke as he did, with a southern drawl, were white as snow, and his sisters were very feminine. During the visit, they treated us to a picnic and invited the Goodmans. I was fascinated with the contrast between Gloria and the Florida females. She looked healthy, was active, resourceful and outgoing. They appeared pallid and helpless, I think that's when I became interested in Gloria.

Shortly after Dickey's left, the Goodmans moved to northern Arizona to work on the Navajo Reservation. Gloria wrote me a letter "on behalf of her family" telling me about them and giving me their blessing. I wrote a letter in response. That was the last communication between us for a year and a half. Then a few days after Christmas 1953, five weeks before my release, I received a card from her through the mission home. She invited me to Mesa for a visit with the family before I returned home. With the card was a photo of her. It attracted me. She looked like a young woman. I became interested and determined to see her when possible. I returned to Arizona 11 months later to visit the Goodmans and get better acquainted with Gloria. We were married nearly two years after that.

In 1983, Gloria and I visited Sells on our motorcycles. After we returned home, I wrote an account of our trip. Part of it reads: "From Gila Bend we went south to Ajo, 45 miles away. Ajo is a mining town. Phelps-Dodge owns and operates a large copper mine and smelter there. As a missionary to the Papago

Indians, I had been to Ajo. That was about 32 years ago. We did our baptizing there. Gloria, too, had been there as a teenager with friends. Ajo is really not very attractive. The Spanish and Mexican influence is heavy in architecture and the people. The town is nestled among cactus-covered hills with a huge slag dump rising in the west.

“We found a motel, then a Pizza Hut where we ate our dinner. Before we returned to our room, we bought orange juice, yogurt and bananas at a Circle K store. That would serve as breakfast in the morning. Before we went to sleep that night, I reminded Gloria I had delivered a sermon on faith in the Mormon chapel in Ajo in connection with a baptismal service years ago. Little did I dream then that 32 years later, I would return with an Arizona girl as my wife on motorcycles. Being in Ajo was fun.

“We slept well and awoke to a beautiful morning, cloudless sky, warm and calm. We ate breakfast in the motel room, packed the bikes, and were on the road by 8:00 a.m.

“The ride from Ajo to Sells, 70 miles away, was delightful. The desert was beautiful. Southern Arizona has had an abundant supply of water, that was obvious. The saguaro and cholla cactus were healthy looking; the mesquite was prolific, and desert flowers lined the highway. Gloria stopped two or three times to take pictures. We were in Sells by 10:00 a.m. We stopped at a station on the outskirts of the village and filled with gas. The owner and attendant was a Papago Indian, a big friendly fellow who said he remembered a ‘Reverend’ Andrus in Sells years ago. He was eight years old when I was there.

“Sells has changed, of course, during the past 32 years. It has grown enormously. It has its own high school and the Papagos are presently building a large shopping mall. The trading post we remembered is still there and the Council Building where we used to conduct Sunday services. The rodeo grounds where we played soccer have been moved about a mile west of the community. We talked to people in the trading post, located the spot where the Goodman trailer house used to sit, and drove around the community reminiscing. The old abandoned service station in which the missionaries lived is gone — replaced by a modern elementary school. The time we spent in Sells, for me, was the highlight of the whole trip. It brought back a flood of memories.”

Peach Springs, Arizona

From Sells, I transferred to Peach Springs, Arizona. Peach Springs was a small isolated community along the Rio Grande Railroad, 110 miles west of Flagstaff and 30 miles south of Havasupai Canyon — a branch of Grand Canyon. It was nestled among rolling hills covered with grass and cedar. The climate was hot in summer with enough spring rain to grow grass. It was cool

to cold in winter with occasional snowstorms. Peach Springs was the trading center of the Hualapai Indian Reservation, though the reservation's headquarters were 20 miles west at Valentine.

The Hualapai Indians raised cattle, some making reasonably good money at it. Charles McGee, a big Indian who befriended the Elders, was wealthy enough to buy Cadillacs. Generally, though, Hualapais, like other Indians, tended to squander their money on booze.

At Peach Springs, two missionary companions stand out in memory — Calvin Harris from Salt Lake City and Earl Dummer from California. Elder Harris was the most temperate, considerate and charitable missionary I knew. For me, he was the ideal companion.

Shortly after arriving in Peach Springs, I contracted an upper respiratory infection. As I retired one night, I experienced chills. Elder Harris got out of bed, heated citrus juice for me, and put more covers on the bed. He showed genuine concern for my condition. From that time, I loved Elder Harris. His concern constantly seemed to be for the welfare of others. If he ever thought of himself, I never knew it. I could have served my whole mission with him and enjoyed every minute.

Elder Dummer was a friendly, good-natured missionary who played the guitar. People liked him, but he developed a habit that nearly taxed my patience to its limit.

Our apartment in Peach Springs had no shower or bathtub. We showered in a motel next door early in the mornings. At night before going to bed, I'd wash my feet. When I persuaded Elder Dummer to do likewise, he washed his in a cooking pan. I watched incredulously. I protested, but in vain. Often, I wondered how well he would get along with a wife if he didn't "clean up his act." I'm sure I learned tolerance with Elder Dummer.

The missionary quarters in Peach Springs were a small shed enclosed in corrugated metal situated behind a Texaco gas station. The station manager also managed a motel next to the station. Our quarters consisted of two rooms — a kitchen and bedroom. Missionaries used the toilet in the gas station and showered in a motel room not yet made up for the day. Furniture was scanty, consisting of a bed, table, two chairs, and a kerosene heater. As I recall, we cooked on a hotplate. Today, I doubt I would live that way. Then, I thought little of it.

The man and woman who managed the station and motel were friendly with the missionaries. We spent time each day visiting with them, but never attracted their interest in the gospel. Occasionally, we pumped gas and helped tend the motel, but that didn't convert them. However, since Peach Springs was along Highway 66 from Chicago to Los Angeles, we met travelers and tourists,

hopefully planting a few gospel seeds in conversations while filling gas tanks, checking oil, or washing windshields.

My companion and I kept busy in Peach Springs. I worked harder there than in Sells or Santan. We arose at 5:00 and studied for an hour. Then in good weather, I'd run a couple of miles before showering and eating breakfast. We began our missionary work at 9:00. From then till 10:00 p.m., we held either cottage meetings, Primary, Relief Society, or MIA. On Sunday we held Sunday School, Priesthood Meeting, and Sacrament Service, with the help of a few dedicated church members. There was no LDS church building in Peach Springs. We met in a rented building which served as a dance hall Saturday evenings. Occasionally, we tracted, but the community had been tracted several times. Most people knew us, so tracting merely identified those who may have experienced a change of attitude since the last time around.

Two days each week, we went to Crozier and Valentine, about 15 and 20 miles west of Peach Springs, for cottage meetings. We had no car, so walked along the highway till a motorist would stop and offer a ride. Frequently we walked more than we rode. My journal is filled with statements about how tired I was at night. A time or two we caught rides to Seligman, a railroad town about 40 miles east. We didn't proselyte much there, however. Most townspeople were white. During my nine months at Peach Springs, my companion and I never felt threatened on the highway. Those who offered rides were friendly and sober. I like to think God protected us.

An indication of how absorbed I became in missionary work at Peach Springs was my apparent failure to write home frequently enough to satisfy Dad and Mother that all was well with me. According to a card I wrote home, they became concerned enough to telephone me. It was dated November 18, 1951 and read: "Dear Folks: I've thought about you continually since the phone call this morning . . . I enjoyed hearing from you . . . Am fine. Will strive more ardently to communicate with you in the future."

At Peach Springs, I received a testimony of revelation. My companion and I read in John, Chapter 1, verse 18, "No man hath seen God at any time." We knew this was not true, yet we couldn't explain it. We discussed, pondered and prayed about it for several days. Then one morning while I was in the service station and my companion in the apartment, an interpretation flashed in my mind. "No man hath seen God at any time" with his natural eyes. I ran to the apartment and told my companion I could explain the scripture. He answered he could, too. Our interpretations agreed and they had occurred to us the same instant. We were delighted. Shortly after, our interpretations were confirmed as we studied the *Doctrine and Covenants*, Section 68. Verses 11 and 12 read: "For no man has seen God at any time in the flesh, except quickened by the

Spirit of God. Neither can any natural man abide the presence of God, neither after the carnal mind.” Again, we were delighted. We had experienced a validation of the promise “ask and ye shall receive. Seek and ye shall find.” And now we had a second witness, scriptural no less.

Peach Springs was my only field of labor in which the mission president visited my companion and me in our living quarters. One morning while Elder Harris and I were preparing for our day’s labor, President Golden R. Buchanan stopped to visit. As I recall, he was going to Parker (along the boundary line between Arizona and California) for a conference with the Elders. We didn’t know he was coming. When I answered his knock on the door, I was shocked to see him standing there. I doubt I recovered completely from shock during his visit. He wanted to know how we were doing, and only stayed 15 minutes. As he was leaving, I said, “President Buchanan, we are happy together and enjoy the work here.” He answered, “I know that Elder Andrus. I felt the Spirit of the Lord in your apartment as soon as I entered.” He blessed us and left. I remember this experience vividly. I was comforted he could perceive and say that about us. I learned that obedience to God’s commandments is the best preparation against fear and surprise visits by mission presidents.

Another visit by a church leader while I labored at Peach Springs was not a positive experience. President Buchanan called a district conference to be held at Peach Springs. President S. Dilworth Young of the First Quorum of Seventy visited the mission and accompanied President Buchanan to this conference. In our Saturday meetings, each elder gave an extemporaneous talk on a gospel principle. I do not remember what I talked about, nor do I have any idea about how puerile it must have sounded. Whatever it was about and however it sounded, I’m certain it was on par with those given by other missionaries. I do remember, vividly, that after each talk, President Young criticized the elders severely on knowledge of the subject and its delivery. He interrogated us as though we were witnesses in court. At day’s end, we were exhausted emotionally and not only belittled, but angry that a general authority would treat young missionaries so harshly. I’m sure his purpose was to shock us into doing better and being more effective. He may have done this, but I doubt the wisdom of that approach. By contrast, Elder Bruce R. McConkie visited the mission the following year. He was patient, gentle and kind. For me, his visit was a positive experience, and I loved him thereafter. Before Elder McConkie came, missionaries feared he would be like President Young. Perhaps President Buchanan had indicated to the Brethren how missionaries throughout the Southwest Indian Mission felt about President Young. And Perhaps Elder McConkie had been instructed to be gentle and patient.

Wherever I labored in the mission field, I found active church members imbued with the spirit of service and sensitive to the missionaries' needs. In Peach Springs, two families stand out in memory — the Johnsons and McGees.

Brother and Sister Rollie Johnson were whites from Iowa who operated the Hualapai Trading Post. They and their pre-teenage boys, Marvin and Kendahl, treated the elders as sons and brothers. Besides helping us in Relief Society and Sunday School, they fed us frequently, provided rides to Kingman, 60 miles west, whenever they made the trip, and helped us feel welcome in their home. We enjoyed gospel discussions with them. Sister Johnson, a school teacher, was easy to talk with. Brother Johnson was patient and charitable. I loved them both.

Brother and Sister Charles McGee were Indians who lived in Peach Springs, but owned and operated a farm in Chino Valley, outside Prescott. Charles, therefore, drove from Peach Springs to Chino and back two or three times a week. He also grazed cattle on the Hualapai Reserve. The McGees were wealthy Indians, Latter-day Saints, and loved the elders. They, too, fed us, welcomed us in their home, and transported us to Prescott about 150 miles south, several times. But my most memorable experience was helping Charles roundup cattle. He saddled me a horse and we spent all day searching canyons north of Peach Springs for strays. I saw the water springs and peach groves after which the community is named. We found several head of cattle and rode home about dusk. I was tired and saddle-sore, but delighted with the experience.

Brother and Sister McGee kept us supplied with beef steak. In fact, for a week Elder Dummer and I had no money. During that time, we had nothing to eat except potatoes and meat the McGees had given us. We ate steak and potatoes twice a day for seven days. By then I could hardly look a potato in the eye and smell the odor of cooked meat — something I thought would never happen to a farm boy from Idaho. My companion and I were delighted to eat vegetables and fruit again, as soon as we got money to buy these foods.

At Peach Springs, I learned a valuable lesson — teaching by the Spirit cannot be done in argument. Once my companion and I argued with a Baptist minister following a revival service. We left frustrated and angry. I'm sure he felt the same. Another time we caught a ride to Kingman to shop. We passed a Jehovah's Witness peddling literature on a street corner and decided to hassle him. While we talked, he said Christ was only spirit. We reminded him that Christ's disciples had seen him ascend into heaven with resurrected body, but he claimed as soon as Christ vanished from view, he repudiated his resurrected body and became only spirit once again. We asked why he would do that and was told his mortal body and later resurrected body were only to help mortals identify with him. The argument became heated and when we parted, all were agitated and our protagonist certainly was not converted. I have disliked

Jehovah's Witnesses since. I decided converts are made through the Holy Spirit and it cannot operate when ill feelings prevail. I vowed never to argue with anyone over gospel principles again. At times, the vow has been difficult to keep, but I am convinced of its wisdom.

Isletta, New Mexico

On June 28, 1952, President Buchanan instructed me by telephone to transfer to Isletta, New Mexico. I packed, said goodbye to friends, and left Peach Springs on July 3. I stopped for a few hours at mission headquarters in Gallup and was interviewed by President Buchanan. He told me my companion would be Lamont Richards and we were to share responsibilities normally exercised by the senior companion. I arrived in Albuquerque at 12:15 a.m. I don't remember who met me at the bus station. I slept with the Albuquerque elders, one of whom was Bill Garner, my mission home roommate. I was glad to see him.

The day after my arrival in Albuquerque, the elders took me to Isletta, about ten miles south along the Rio Grande. Isletta was a fair-sized community with a large Catholic church in its center. The church reminded me of an old mother hen protecting her chicks gathered closely around her. Farms were along the river, outside the village. They produced melons, grapes, apricots, chili peppers, and vegetables. The climate was hot and farms produced bounteously.

Elder Richards was tall, thin, even-tempered, and level-headed. I liked him. We got along well together and presented a spectacle as we walked the dusty streets of Isletta Pueblo — people called us Mutt and Jeff.

Our living quarters in Isletta were attached to the local trading post. The manager of the post, "Mac" McCabe, permitted us to occupy the apartment rent free for keeping watch over the store after hours. An additional advantage was we were only a few steps from our source of food. A disadvantage was our location. We were situated in the middle of a dusty plaza, almost in the center of town. Cars drove by constantly. Over weekends and on holidays, the volume of people walking through and milling about was considerable. There was no grass, and the closest shade tree was about a hundred yards distant. We lived in a public hot spot. But we didn't mind, especially when school was out and students strolled by. Most were teenage girls who, with Spanish blood in their veins, were attractive. They may have been less attractive had we not been missionaries forbidden to associate informally with females our age. But hormones flowed freely and temptation, at times, was strong. This was one reason why Isletta was a difficult field of labor. Another was its long domination by the Catholic Church.

In 1541, Francisco Vasquez Coronado led a Spanish royal expedition into what is now the southwestern United States. Coronado went in search of

material wealth and though none was found, he made contact with Indians, and Spain claimed the country through which he passed. This included the Rio Grande. In fact, Coronado spent the winter of 1542 in pueblos along the river.

In 1598, Juan de Onate followed Coronado into the Rio Grande country with colonists. The Spaniards established control over Indian pueblos and called their colony New Mexico. LeRoy Hafen in his book, *Western America*, wrote of the Spanish colony: "No workable mines were found; irrigated agriculture yielded small returns. But the missionary harvest was great — at least apparently so. By 1630 there were 25 missions with 60,000 converts in 90 pueblos. Fifty friars were busy teaching the Indians Christianity and reading, writing, music and useful arts."

So Pueblo Indians of New Mexico are dedicated Catholics, and I know few people harder to convert to Mormonism than dedicated Catholics. In fact, according to rumor, Isletta's priest warned parishioners if they admitted Mormon missionaries into their homes, he would deny them sacraments of the church. For some time, people hardly talked with us.

Finally, Isletta was difficult to proselytize because people, generally, reacted emotionally to objectionable stimuli. For example, local law enforcement officials served notice they would incarcerate us if we persisted in missionary work. Their charge was disturbing the peace by going from place to place preaching strange doctrine and a different order. We reported the threat to our district president and we were told to stay in our quarters and call the Albuquerque elders each day at noon. Failure to call would bring them to check on us. The District President meant what he said, for one day we forgot to call at the appointed time, and shortly thereafter, two Albuquerque missionaries were knocking on the door of our quarters. We apologized, but were happy for the visit. We followed this procedure for a week till feelings of the villagers cooled.

Shortly after our threatened imprisonment, we witnessed a knife-fight between two young men. According to reports, they drank too much liquor, quarreled, drew knives, and started carving each other. The police came, hospitalized one and incarcerated the other. The whole experience was intimidating. If, with slight provocation, villagers would fight with knives, they might come after us. I always felt uneasy in Isletta. I decided life there was influenced by evil spirits and the Catholic church was their tool.

Isletta was overrun with dogs, along with evil spirits and Catholics. There were big, little, aggressive, and timid dogs. But none, even the timid, seemed friendly to us. Some even chased us. So we bought water guns and filled them with ammonia. The procedure was to shoot a threatening dog in the nose. The ammonia would cause him to yelp and dig his nose in the dirt. If we missed his

nose, we might get an eye, in which case it would go blind. I was pleased with this procedure, but now I think it was cruel. It protected us, though. Before long, dogs we had squirted ran from us as we approached.

One village dog decided to make our quarters his home. He was middle-sized, brown, friendly, and we thought a little dumb. In fact, we named him Blockhead. We didn't want a dog, but couldn't get him to leave. We even tried squirting him with ammonia, missed his nose and got an eye. I remember days that followed, how unsightly his eye appeared. I felt bad about what we had done, and tried feebly to make amends by loving and feeding the dog. I look back on the experience now and feel ashamed of myself. What we did was brutal, and if communication between man and beast is possible in post-mortality, I want to find Blockhead and apologize. I have often wondered what happened to him after we left. Perhaps I'm more comfortable not knowing.

Another problem in Isletta for everyone was diet. Many in the village would eat hot chili peppers and watermelon, develop stomach cramps and diarrhea, then come to us for priesthood blessings. The blessings seemed to work — well enough that their recipients would eat more peppers and melons then come again to us for more blessings. Beans, too, were a staple, and an overload of them could mean misery. But the food, if eaten in moderation, was tasty and digestible. Generally, I got along well. Since leaving New Mexico, however, I have chosen not to eat hot food such as chili peppers and sauce.

While I labored in Isletta, Bruce R. McConkie toured the mission and attended a district conference in Albuquerque to instruct us. Before the conference began, as already indicated, we wondered if he would be as critical and verbally abusive as President S. Dilworth Young about whom I have written. We approached conference with fear and trembling, but Elder McConkie could not have been more understanding and soft-spoken. We enjoyed him. His gospel knowledge was profound and he spoke eloquently. He complimented us on our work and helped us feel acceptable. From that time I loved and admired Elder McConkie. We speculated he had been instructed to repair damaged feelings caused by President Young's visit the year previous.

Shortly after going to Isletta, I took ill. I spent two days in bed then got a penicillin shot from the doctor before feeling well. I also suffered briefly from an infected tooth which a dentist extracted. Finally, my eyes began to fail, so I was examined by two doctors at Albuquerque's famous Lovelace Clinic. They described the problem as "acute astigmatism" and discussed sending me to San Francisco for contact lens. However, I had such little time remaining in the field, they decided I could get along with eye glasses for the time being. I did not understand the nature of my problem until ten years later when examined and fitted with contact lenses. At that time, I learned about astigmatism and was told

that in addition my corneas were conical, meaning I was losing vision because they were becoming pointed. Contacts helped flatten them out and have given me near normal vision for 38 years.

Delineating these problems may suggest that my health broke near mission's end. It did not. I was young, resilient, and energetic. I recovered from my illness, hardly missed my tooth, and continued to see well enough with eye glasses to do all required of me. I enjoyed the last six months of my mission as much as any before.

A few weeks following my illness, Elder Richards got sick. He required longer to recover than I, and finally had to get a shot from the doctor before his health returned. While he was ill, I spent some time doing missionary work with Elder Garner in Albuquerque. He and I liked working together. We had several cottage meetings and visited tuberculosis patients in a sanatorium.

Summer passed into autumn and I was struck with the beauty of the heavily wooded Rio Grande Valley, when leaves turned orange and gold. Football, of course, was on every sport-lover's mind, and this was the first autumn since entering the mission field I had labored where high school and university teams competed. I attended a couple of high school games and followed scores in the newspapers. Most of my time, however, was spent tracting, holding cottage meetings, visiting the sick, developing flannel-board lessons, helping Indians husk corn and pick chili peppers.

Albuquerque, New Mexico

On November 22, 1952, I transferred to Albuquerque. My companion was Boyd Redington. I knew Elder Redington. He was in Albuquerque when I transferred to Isletta. He didn't care for missionary work, but we got along reasonably well.

In Albuquerque, our mode of travel was a Cushman motor scooter. As I recall, its top speed was 35, but it was the fastest machine I had been able to drive as a missionary and I thought it beat pedaling bicycles. I was delighted. Changing the oil and an occasional tire, greasing and keeping it in good running condition provided pleasant diversion. We rode it everywhere — around town, to Belen 30 miles south and Santa Ana 30 miles north. And we rode in all kinds of weather, even on snow-covered roads. One evening returning home from a cottage meeting, the roads were snow-covered and slick. We took a spill on Main Street. The machine simply slid out from under us and we went scooting along on our pants. I don't know how traffic missed us. I don't recall even being embarrassed.

We spent much time giving flannel-board lessons to patients in the Albuquerque tuberculosis sanatorium. References in my diary indicate we developed some promising contacts and enjoyed our work there.

We also spent considerable time at the Albuquerque Indian School. During the first three weeks in December we met frequently with other ministers to plan a Christmas party for the students. I don't remember how the party turned out, and my diary entries terminate on December 18, before the party was held.

A letter written to "Mother, Dad, and Kids" dated January 7, 1953 indicates the weather was pleasant in Albuquerque during January. I wrote: "The sun has shown and the last few days have been transcendently beautiful. The temperature has hovered between the 60 and 50-degree mark."

During January, I doubt I had my mind much on missionary work. Mother and Dad decided to come for me and bring some of the children. I was delighted. In a letter dated January 19, I wrote: "I'm just like a kid with ants in my pants. It will really be a joyous moment when I can see you all again . . . I'm planning very strong on your coming after me and I hope I will not be disappointed."

My last letter home indicates how filled with the missionary spirit I had become, and how ludicrous were some of my expectations. This letter was dated January 25 and reads in part: "It will indeed seem good to be back among you. These last few weeks here in the mission field have been very pleasant for me and I am certain that they will long be remembered. Already my most impelling desire is to return to the mission field at some future time after a family has been raised. The next time, however, my companion will be with me — a wife. I feel that this is a very noble ambition and I fully intend on working toward a fulfillment of it. When I return, I must know the gospel well and so it naturally falls my duty to study daily for an hour or so and in this duty I hope I will not fail . . . I must say adios for now and will see you all soon. Pull out the boxing gloves, dust off the Bible, and the Book of Mormon. Warm up the piano. Get your voices in tune and set yourselves for plenty of cottage meetings. Also, you might inform the girls around there, if there are any left, to prepare for the return of Alyn B. Andrus. And please have them wax the dance floor, will you? Love Alyn." I did not miss the mark except where daily gospel study was indicated, and cottage meetings. I never did have daily gospel study after returning home, and I didn't conduct cottage meetings until I became bishop of the Ucon Second Ward and president of the Priests Quorum, years later. But my motivation was elevated and my thought was good.

Going Home

Dad and Mother came for me. They brought some of the children, Portia, Therel, Rich and Jeanie. Our reunion was happy and the trip home a pleasant

experience. I don't know where Dad got the money to finance the trip, but I think he and Mother felt it was well spent. I did.

We toured Albuquerque, then Isletta. Dad and Mother were shocked at the elders' living quarters in Isletta. Mother never did get over how stark they were. She mentioned them 30 years later in a conversation about my mission and their trip to get me. I'm glad she never saw what I lived in at Sells. That would have blown her mind. They were interested in the Indians and their way of life. I proudly introduced them to my Indian friends and enjoyed the interchanges between them and the Indians. They became acquainted with another part of the world and a different way of life. To watch that happen was fun and gratifying. Dad especially was curious and asked numerous questions covering geography, geology, history, and political science. He was friendly with the Indians and they liked him. Mother was somewhat reserved. The children were awe-struck.

We left Albuquerque on January 28 and stopped in Gallup for my final interview with President Buchanan. Dad and Mother were present during the interview and I felt proud as President Buchanan complimented them for having raised a fine son. He commended me for good work — probably praised me more than I deserved — then handed me my release. I felt strange, knowing my mission was officially over. Yet, I was happy to be going home.

The trip home took seven days according to my journal, though I don't remember what we did along the way to take that much time. We drove across northern Arizona, stopping at Holbrook, Flagstaff, Peach Springs, and Kingman. The folks were as interested with Arizona as New Mexico.

We spent time in Peach Springs. I wanted friends there to meet my family, so we visited with the Johnsons and McGees. Dad and Mother established a friendship with Brother and Sister Johnson that lasted the rest of their lives. Several years later, the Johnsons visited Dad and Mother, and the two couples exchanged letters and Christmas greetings through the years. I was glad to see that.

We were awe-struck with Boulder Dam. Such a mass of concrete, we had never seen. Dad preferred to call the dam "Boulder" rather than "Hoover" since Herbert Hoover, the Republican president after whom it was named, was not one of his favorites.

We stopped in Las Vegas and were overwhelmed with signs and sins of the city. This was a traumatic experience for me, having labored two years for God, now face to face with world materialism and physical allurements. I kept thinking of Sodom and Gomorrah. Through the years, however, I've changed my feelings about Vegas sufficiently to participate superficially in some of its sins

— playing slots and attending a night show. Strange how one's tolerance of the world's ways may increase in relationship to a lessening of spiritual activity.

Through Utah, I was impressed with how neat and attractive towns appeared. I detected an attitude of caring about homes, yards, and community that seemed lacking in New Mexico and parts of Arizona.

I don't remember snow on the ground, and we made good time while traveling. I drove most of the way and enjoyed it. Dad recently had traded for a Nash car, an off-brand that did not enhance our image, but it drove well and gave a comfortable ride. Besides, I was happy to drive a car again. Any car, I thought, was better than bicycles and motor scooters.

We arrived home February 3, 1953 and I'll never forget the comfortable feelings experienced as I walked through the house smelling familiar odors and noticing, with satisfaction, only a few minor changes. Meeting family members who had stayed home was exciting. I was particularly interested in a young man soon to become a part of us. He was Geniece's fiancé, David Smith.

Geniece and I grew up together. We were not only close in age, but in our relationships as well. She was a good girl. I loved her and naturally was interested in whom she intended to marry. Dad, Mother, and kids, had described David to me during our trip home. They agreed he was a good boy, handsome with a reserved, likable personality. I was confident in their assessment, otherwise, Geniece wouldn't marry him. When he and I met, my mental portrait of him was confirmed. He was all I hoped for and through the years has been a dedicated, patient, loving husband and father, and an ideal brother-in-law. I don't know how the family described me to David, but they said he was nervous about our first meeting. And he seemed to be, but before long, that passed, and we got along royally.

I reported my mission in sacrament meeting on February 6, 1953. I had prepared my report in the mission field and talked about the gospel as it relates to the House of Israel, particularly the Lamanites. As I recall, I was the only speaker. Of course, I know little about the impression I made, but felt satisfied with my presentation. I must have sounded like an authority on the Book of Mormon because a few days later, Uncle Tom said he thought I knew more about the Book of Mormon than anyone else in the ward. Either I have forgotten a lot about the Book of Mormon or that assessment is a sad commentary on ward members.

Part Two: My Growing-Up Years (1931-1955)

Chapter 5

Preparing for Marriage and Tying the Knot

Post-Mission Activities

Following my mission report, I had many opportunities to speak in Sacrament Services throughout the area and at “fireside chats.” I enjoyed the fireside chats. They were informal and I could meet young ladies who looked more attractive to me all the time. I played the field, dating across ward and stake boundaries. I dated college coeds and high school sophomores. We went to picture shows, dances, fireside chats, and Sacrament Services. Some I dated once, others several times, but always with the memory of a suntanned blond in southern Arizona tempting me to return. Of the girls I dated, only Betty Ricks, an adopted cousin, interested me seriously.

I knew Betty well. We had grown up together. I dated her some and liked her, but couldn’t forget Gloria. Finally, I made a list showing strengths and weaknesses of each girl, as I saw them. A cursory study of this convinced me Gloria was the one for me. This should not imply that Betty and I would not have been happy together. I think she would have made an excellent companion, but Gloria dominated my thinking. After making the list and looking it over, my sole purpose was to return to Arizona as soon as possible. I adjusted easily to home life. I was glad to be back in familiar surroundings with family and old friends. I looked forward to summer and till then made time count by going to school.

I registered at Ricks College for the Spring Term. My classes were General Botany, General Livestock, and Principal Doctrines and Philosophy of the LDS. My intention was to major in agriculture and teach in high school. Studying, however, was difficult, especially as warmer weather came. I received a “C” in the first two classes and a “B” in the last one for a 2.2 accumulative GPA. My social life at Ricks was nil because I drove from home to school and back each day. From Ucon to Rexburg is a distance of 17 miles — not far, but too far to return for evening activities at the College, and work at home would not allow staying till evening activities were over.

As spring broke, School District 93 needed a bus driver, and Superintendent Louis Wolz offered me the job. I was delighted. I needed money and liked the work. I got along well with the kids and liked my route which took me through Milo, over the foothills into Shelton and down the County line to Ucon. The

morning drive finished in time for my trip to Ricks and I finished the afternoon drive in time to help Dad on the farm. Driving bus drew me close to high school students and activities. I enjoyed both. Perhaps this helped prepare me for my profession.

Driving bus enabled me to earn money for a car. I bought Grandma Andrus's 1941 two-door, beige-colored Chevrolet. It had low mileage and was in excellent condition. I gave \$300 for it and immediately commenced to modify its sound and appearance. I replaced the exhaust with one which sounded deep and mellow. I put an ornament on the tailpipe and bought wheel covers for the rear fenders. When I finished, it was attractive and sounded sporty. I was proud and enjoyed driving it.

Pursuing Gloria and an Education

I also made enough money to help Dad and Mother finance another trip to Arizona. I wanted to visit Gloria whom I had not seen in three years. She and I had corresponded irregularly and I thought I had told her I planned to visit during the Fall of 1953, though she claims I didn't. At any rate, in November after farm work was finished, Dad, Mother, Robert, Kendall, and I made the trip. As indicated, I thought the Goodmans expected us, but we surprised them.

We arrived in Mesa, registered at a motel, and I called Gloria. Fortunately she was home tending children with her cousin, Alvina. I asked if we could come over, and got directions on how to find her house. As we arrived, Lloyd and Ruth, her father and mother, were getting home after an absence of several days. Lloyd was constructing a highway in another part of the state, and Ruth had accompanied him. Looking back, our arrival was rather untimely, but we tried not to impose and everything worked out well. Gloria and I spent that evening together. The next day we accompanied Dad, Mother, and boys on a tour of Mesa and the valley. Of course, I wanted them to see my missionary stomping grounds. I think Gloria was interested too in where I had labored. The following day we went to Tucson. The temperature was hot and the desert dry. Dad and Mother enjoyed the trip, though they felt oppressed by the heat, especially Mother. The temperature, desert, and Spanish environment were so new to them, they felt surrounded by a strange world. Thereafter, they mentioned the trip frequently in conversation.

After an evening and two days in Mesa, we left for home. I didn't want to go. By this time I had developed strong feelings for Gloria, though I had not yet kissed her, and when we parted, I felt sick. The feeling did not leave till the next day.

Following the Arizona trip, Gloria and I corresponded regularly. I enjoyed her letters. Mine must have been disappointing, however. They were so verbose

and stilted. I don't understand how she maintained a genuine interest in me. Certainly, God was with her.

I attended Ricks College during the Winter and Spring of 1954. Winter Term, I registered for Social and Religious Teachings of Jesus, Elementary Physical Education, General Psychology, Personal Health, Principles of Economics, and General Dairying. I received an "A" in the first two, a "B" in the next three, and a "C" in the last for a 2.8 grade point, up seven-tenths from my first attempt at college work. Spring term, however, was tougher, at least my grades were not as high. Perhaps warmer weather made study more difficult. Maybe farm work provided an excuse to flee from studies. At any rate, I enrolled in Physical Education, Joseph Smith and Restoration of the Gospel, General Psychology, Principles of Economics, and Advanced Dairying. I received an "A" in the first class, a "B" in the next two, and a "C" in the last two for a grade point of 2.5. This term convinced me to change my major. With "C" grades in three Ag classes, my start was shaky. Besides, I liked history, had scored well in it during pre-college years, and felt there would always be a need for good history teachers, since history was required in high school, so I determined to major in it with a minor in psychology. This proved a wise decision. I have enjoyed teaching history. Were I to live my life over, I would make the same decision only sooner. The three Ag classes were the only ones in my college studies not counting directly toward my professional preparation. In that sense, they represent my only wasted time and effort.

The Summer of '54 was exciting and significant for me. In June, Gloria came to Salt Lake with young people from her stake to sing at conference. I drove down to see her. We spent as much time together as her schedule would allow, and I enjoyed every minute. I kissed her for the first time after we spent an evening together. I liked that, too. I wanted to see her more that summer, so we planned to meet in Salt Lake during August and I would drive her to Idaho where she would spend a week.

When I drove to Salt Lake for her, for some reason I can't remember, I took Kendall with me. He was 14 years old and provided cheery company. We met the bus early in the morning. Gloria was pretty and I was delighted to see her. We had breakfast, spent time visiting places of interest in Salt Lake, and left for home early in the afternoon. Kendall and I teased her that we could only drive part way. The rest of the journey would be made on horseback. I doubt she believed us, but I think she wondered what she was getting into.

The week we spent together was memorable. Gloria stayed with David and Geniece. She and I went with them to Cody, Wyoming, where we spent a night with Geniece's friend, Lorraine Hill and her husband. The next day we drove into Montana, over Cook City Pass, and came home through Yellowstone Park.

We had fun. I think that trip cemented a special relationship with David and Geniece that still endures. I'm not sure what Gloria thought of the family or whether she enjoyed me as much as I did her, but shortly before she left for home, I asked if she would accept an engagement ring. She said "yes," and we set September 1955 to be married. I felt I needed that long to finance the venture.

About two weeks after Gloria left, I was combining grain in Uncle Tom's field about a mile from home. Late in the afternoon, Dad sped up the field in our pickup to say Arizona was calling long distance. I raced to the house wondering if Gloria had been injured in a car accident or perhaps killed. I picked up the receiver and said, "Hello." Her voice responded, "Hi! What are you doing?" I was relieved, but amazed that she would not know what I was doing in the middle of a summer's afternoon. I forgot she was a "city girl." She called to ask if we might be married near Christmas time. I was terrified. I thought that was too soon. We compromised on June 8, 1955. Before we ended our conversation, however, we firmed up plans for an Arizona visit between Christmas and New Year's. I could hardly wait.

Working at Idaho Potato Growers While Going to School

The Fall of '54, I drove school bus for District 93, attended Ricks College, and worked at a potato processing plant from midnight till 8:00 a.m. each day. Now I wonder how I managed. Surprisingly, my grades were higher than before. I earned "Bs" in Priesthood and Church Government, the American Novel to 1900, and European History to 1648. I earned an "A in Freshman Composition. My grade point was 3.2. My only study time was at school. I would dash home to drive bus, then do chores before going to bed at 6:00. Dad, who also worked at the plant, would wake me at 11:00. More than once, I cried while getting out of bed. I felt sleepy and tired most of the time. I fought sleep driving to and from Rexburg. Once I drove two miles and couldn't remember seeing anything along the way. I must have slept. Certainly God protected me. Frequently, I slept in class. I know one of the hardest tasks Dad ever did was to wake me each night.

Though working midnights was difficult, I enjoyed being with Dad. We worked for Idaho Potato Growers in Idaho Falls where cull potatoes were cooked, shredded, dehydrated, and bagged for shipment to wholesalers. Dad tended the boilers. I started as a tray-dumper, the hardest work in the plant and the lowest on the job scale.

When the potatoes were pulled from dehydrating tunnels, they were on trays stacked about six feet high. The trays rested on carts which ran on steel tracks and were pulled by men with steel hooks. My job, with a companion, was to

dump the trays of dried potatoes into a hopper from which they were transported to the bagging room. The work was constant, hot and heavy. I sweat so much, I took salt tablets with two gallons of water each shift. Occasionally, when my companion and I got ahead of the tunnel men, I visited Dad in the boiler room for ten or fifteen minutes. I enjoyed those visits. Frequently, I laid down by a screaming boiler and slept. Dad woke me when more trays were ready for dumping. Other times, he and I visited. Dad was easy to visit with and helped make my job tolerable.

My next assignment in the plant was to cook potatoes in two revolving steam cookers. I would fill the cookers, regulate their pressure and empty them when the potatoes were ready for dumping. The cookers were situated at the head of two sorting tables. The potatoes were dumped onto moving belts and passed by a dozen women who threw out those not acceptable. Then they were blanched, shredded and sent to the tunnels for drying. I liked cooking. It was a responsible job, and though hot, was not as hard as dumping trays. My concern was keeping the pressure under control and not opening the cooker lids while still under pressure. In haste to keep potatoes on the sorting belts, the “cooker” on swing shift opened a lid too soon and was blown off the platform. He was rushed to the hospital with severe burns.

From the cookers, I advanced to the tunnels. Next to Dad’s job, this was the best in the plant because there was time to rest. What I helped to do was pull carts loaded with trays of shredded potatoes into the tunnels, then take them out after the potatoes had dried. Between putting carts in and taking them out, there was time to rest and visit. When I got this job, I felt complimented. I had demonstrated by hard work and responsibility that I could be trusted and was deserving of a top job in the plant. Besides, with cooking and tending tunnels went pay increases. I liked that too, because I was saving money for the Arizona trip.

I agreed with Dave and Geniece to pay expenses if they would drive me to Arizona. We left after Christmas, stayed the first night in Kanab and arrived at Mesa in late afternoon of the second day. That night, I gave Gloria an engagement ring and we all saw a movie, though I don’t remember its title or story. In fact, I don’t remember why we went — there were so many other more romantic places to go. But the values of youth are not those of older age.

Those few days in Arizona were delightful. We visited Santan, Sacaton, and Sells, renewing acquaintances. I was happy to be back in country I loved. Not only did I like the desert and people, but my fiancée lived there. This gave Arizona a special magnetism and enchantment for me. Being with Gloria was exciting. All was right with the world when we were together, and that is true

today as then. I could hardly bear the thought of leaving her to return home. Finally, I invited her to return with us, and to my surprise she accepted.

The trip down was exciting, but the trip back was great. Dave and Geniece were pleasant companions. I don't know what they thought of Gloria and me, but all of us got along so well together, we seem to have been made for each other. They certainly played an important part in my preparations for marriage.

As we neared northern Utah, we encountered snow and cold temperatures. We turned off the highway north of Tremonton to visit a missionary companion, Lamont Richards. After our visit, Dave got stuck in the snow. I learned then the full extent of Gloria's vocabulary. For me, getting unstuck in a snowy driveway was a natural part of life, but for her, apparently, it was a new and trying experience. In her trial with patience, she swore. I was incredulous, but knew she would fit right in at home.

Back home, Gloria stayed with Dave and Geniece. I don't know what she did all day while I went to school and drove bus. Life must have been dull for her that week in Idaho. The evenings couldn't have been very exciting either. At best, I wasn't the world's most stimulating individual, and that winter, I certainly wasn't at my best. Lack of sleep affected me most. With Gloria present, I got practically no sleep at all. I don't know how I kept going without getting sick.

I thought Gloria would not like going to school with me, so I didn't invite her till one day I asked what she had done. She replied, "Max and I had fun in the snow." (Max was David's brother.) Immediately, I invited her to accompany me to school. I don't know whether she enjoyed being with me in class, but I enjoyed having her. Particularly, I was happy she was not with Max.

That winter I registered for the Twentieth Century American Novel, Mormonism in Theory and Practice, Medieval European History to 1648, and Freshman Composition. I received a "B" in the first class, a "C" in the next two, and a "B" in the last, for a 2.5 grade average. Spring Term, I registered for an evening class, U.S. History since 1900, in which I received a "B." This gave me an accumulated grade point of 2.7, not particularly commendable, but under the circumstances, acceptable.

I didn't register Spring Term. I needed more money to finance a trip to Arizona for my June wedding. During day time when I would have been in school, I worked for farmers cleaning ditches, hauling manure, plowing and planting crops. I continued driving bus and working for Idaho Potato Growers.

I was nervous about getting married — concerned. I suppose, about making Gloria happy. However, as June drew nearer, the less nervous I seemed to be. I thought that was strange, but enjoyed the feeling.

In early May, I became ill. I went to Doctor Asael Tall in Rigby for penicillin and fainted on the table while taking the injection. He said I was “run down” and needed rest. His diagnosis must have been correct, for a few days in bed restored my vigor. But I needed the money those days had cost. So I sold my cow. Since then I have teased Gloria she is a one-cow-wife.

Our Marriage and Honeymoon

Dad and Mother drove me to Arizona. We had planned to drive two cars so Gloria and I could return alone, but could not afford the expense. This meant that Gloria and I returned with them — not much of a honeymoon, but under the circumstances, we could not do more. I helped finance the trip and wedding expenses, but could not pay all. Where Dad and Mother got money to help, I had no idea. I do not remember, though, of their expressing concern about where it would come from. Their children came before other considerations, and they would borrow or beg before letting the children down. I have nothing but admiration for the sacrifice, courage and determination manifest as they provided first for their children and then for themselves.

The night before we were married, Gloria and I “made out” till about 3:00 in the morning. Hormones are powerful. I could not stay up that late now and arise at 5:00 to be ready for the temple at 7:00.

We were married June 8, 1955 by temple president Arvell Pierce, a pleasant man who gave us practical advice on how to conduct our lives. He told us to pray together each day, holding hands while doing so. He said to be considerate of each other and not quarrel, but if we offended one another to rid ourselves of those feelings before going to sleep. He talked about sex — how powerful that drive is and how satisfying sexual relations between husband and wife can be, but how devastating they are outside the marital relationship.

Through the years, Gloria and I have followed President Pierce’s counsel. We have prayed together daily, making our prayers more meaningful by holding hands. Likewise, we have tried to resolve differences and go to sleep feeling right toward each other. I think these practices have helped establish a bond enabling us to rise above all difficulties and cement a pleasant, strong relationship.

I felt at home in the Arizona Temple. Its frescoes and furnishings portrayed desert environment and Indian life. The atmosphere was informal and relaxed.

Following our marriage, we took pictures on the temple grounds then ate lunch with relatives and friends in a restaurant. Following lunch, Gloria and I went downtown to pick up goodies for the reception that evening. Years later, she confessed how nervous she was, as my wife, while we spent the afternoon together. She looked at me and thought, “I don’t know this guy. Why am I married to him?” She was so disturbed she vomited, but I did not know this till

later. Now, I know I'm not handsome, brilliant or suave, but I never thought I'd make a girl vomit by getting attached to me.

The reception was pleasant. It was outside on the Goodman's back lawn. Activities were accompanied by organ music. Numerous guests extended good wishes. A photographer took a plethora of pictures. Finally, time came for us to leave. Before the reception, Gloria and I anticipated some harmless harassment by her brothers, so we hid the car in a neighbor's garage. We quietly slipped away from the reception and drove from the neighborhood without interference.

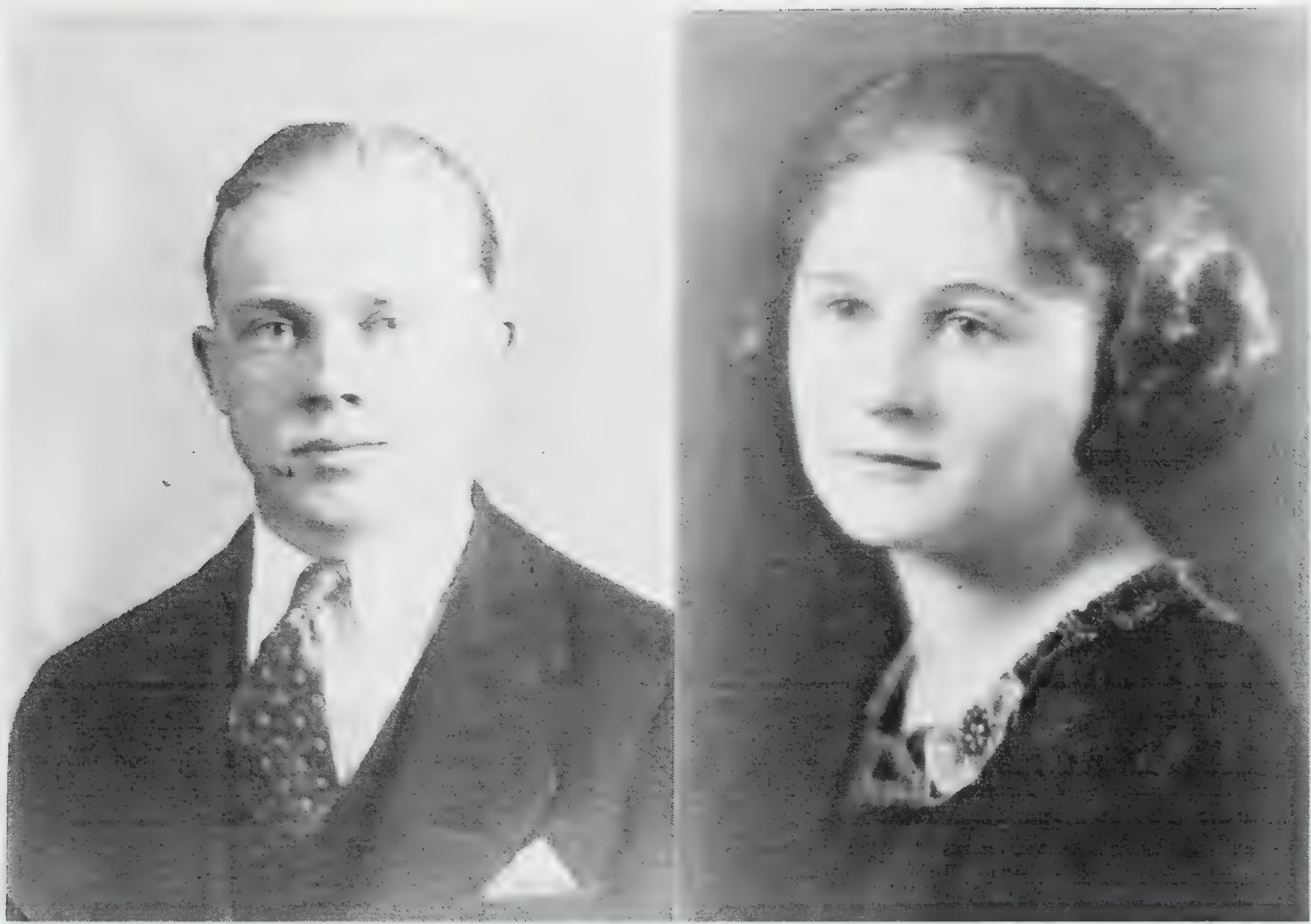
We stayed in a motel on the outskirts of Mesa. We felt awkward, alone in a motel room, knowing we would sleep in the same bed. To delay the embarrassing moment, we drank ice water and talked for a long time. If ice water were intoxicating, we'd have been very drunk that night. The next morning, we were the last couple to leave the motel and again felt embarrassed, as though all Mesa were watching.

Back at the Goodmans, we packed for the trip to Idaho. As I recall, we pulled a U-Haul trailer. By late afternoon, we left Mesa. I imagine Lloyd and Ruth Goodman experienced uncomfortable feelings as they watched their daughter leave for far-away-country with a strange family, knowing she bore another name and would not return to stay. Now I can identify with those feelings. Before Gloria and I fell in love, her father expressed his hope she would marry a local boy and live nearby. He must have resented me, and I don't blame him.

The trip to Idaho lasted three days. The first night, we stayed in Prescott; the second in Kanab, after seeing the Grand Canyon; and the third in Salt Lake. Dad and Mother, I'm sure, wanted to make the trip as pleasant as possible and not rush home. Undoubtedly, they felt they were in our way, but never said a word that offended or caused us to wish they weren't there. The situation must have caused Gloria to feel uncomfortable too. I'm sure she felt on guard most of the time. She never complained though. Not till years later did she joke about our "honeymoon."

In Idaho Falls, we rented an apartment a half block from the temple. We could lie in bed and see its lighted superstructure through a window. The apartment was small, but clean and well-kept; and the landlady was kind.

Shortly after returning, we held a wedding reception and dance in the Ucon Ward Cultural Hall. Many came to wish us well and contributed numerous gifts to help start our home. After the dance some friends chased us out of town and down the highway, but we outran them in our Oldsmobile 98. I have nothing but positive memories of the experiences by which Gloria and I launched life together. We were happy with each other and determined to make our own way.



Above: Reed and Melba about the time they were married (1929)

Below: Reed and Melba family home — Ucon





*Top left: Alyn (3) and
Geniece (1)*

*Bottom left: Melba and
Alyn — Parker*

*Bottom right: Alyn on
Grandpa and Grandma
Brown's front porch —
Parker*





*Above left: (l-r) Robert, Alyn, Bill Quayle, Gordon, Geniece
— on Grandpa Brown's Chevy*

Above right: Aunt Therel with Gordon, Geniece, Alyn

Below: (l-r) Alyn, Gordon, Reed with Kendall, Robert, Geniece





*Above: The First/Second Grades Ucon Elementary Rhythm Band: Beulah Andrus, left, Dorothy Seedall, right, Alyn on right with bass drum
Below: Ucon Elementary Second Grade: Alyn first on left*



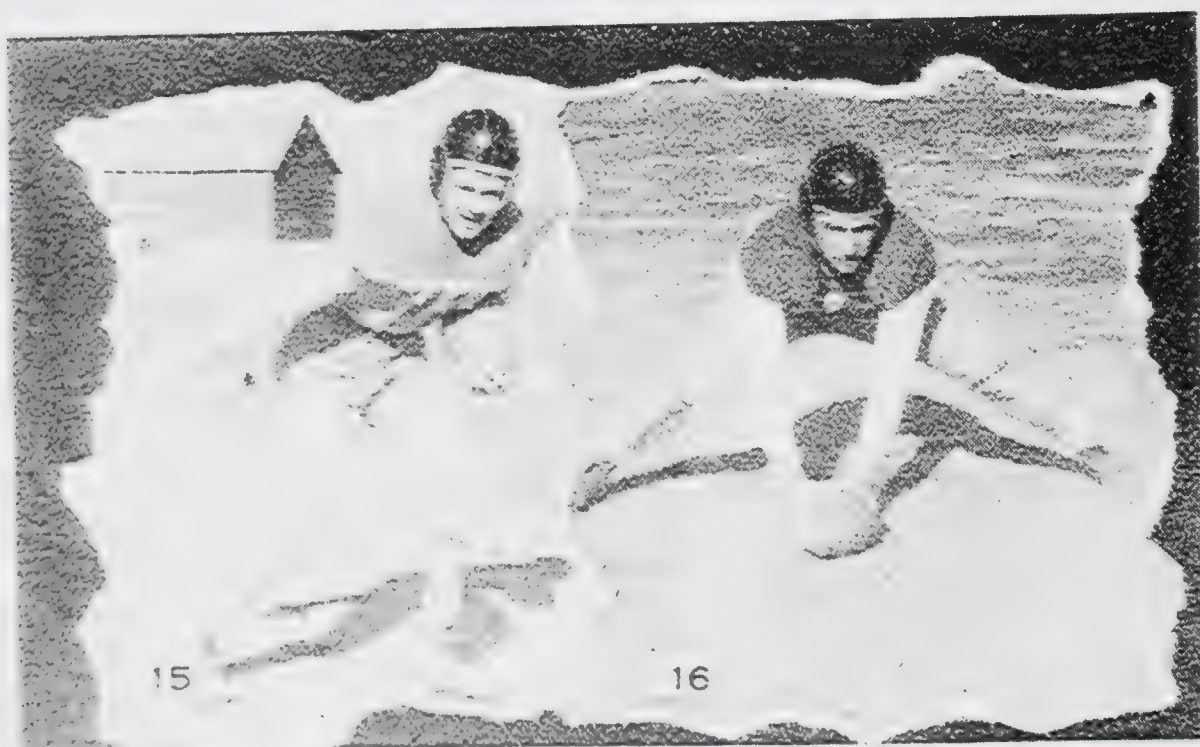


*Reed/Melba Andrus family: (l-r) inset: Jeanie; Front row: Melba with Therel, Kendall, Portia,
Reed with Rich; Back row: Gordon, Geniece, Alyn, Robert (mid 1940's)*



Above: Alyn in softball uniform — Idaho Falls (1955)

*Below: Alyn (15)/Lawrence Campbell (16)
Co-captains of Ucon High School (Grizzlies) football team (1950)*





Ucon High School (Grizzlies) basketball team (1950)
(l-r) First row: Alyn, Victor Williams, LaVar Hill, Reed Garn
Second row: Arvin Stucki, Paul Hill, Elmer Smith, Tom Haga
Third row: Coach "Rip" Stoddard, Larry Butikofer, Keith Brown,
Lawrence Campbell, Johnny Seedall, Oscar Stucki



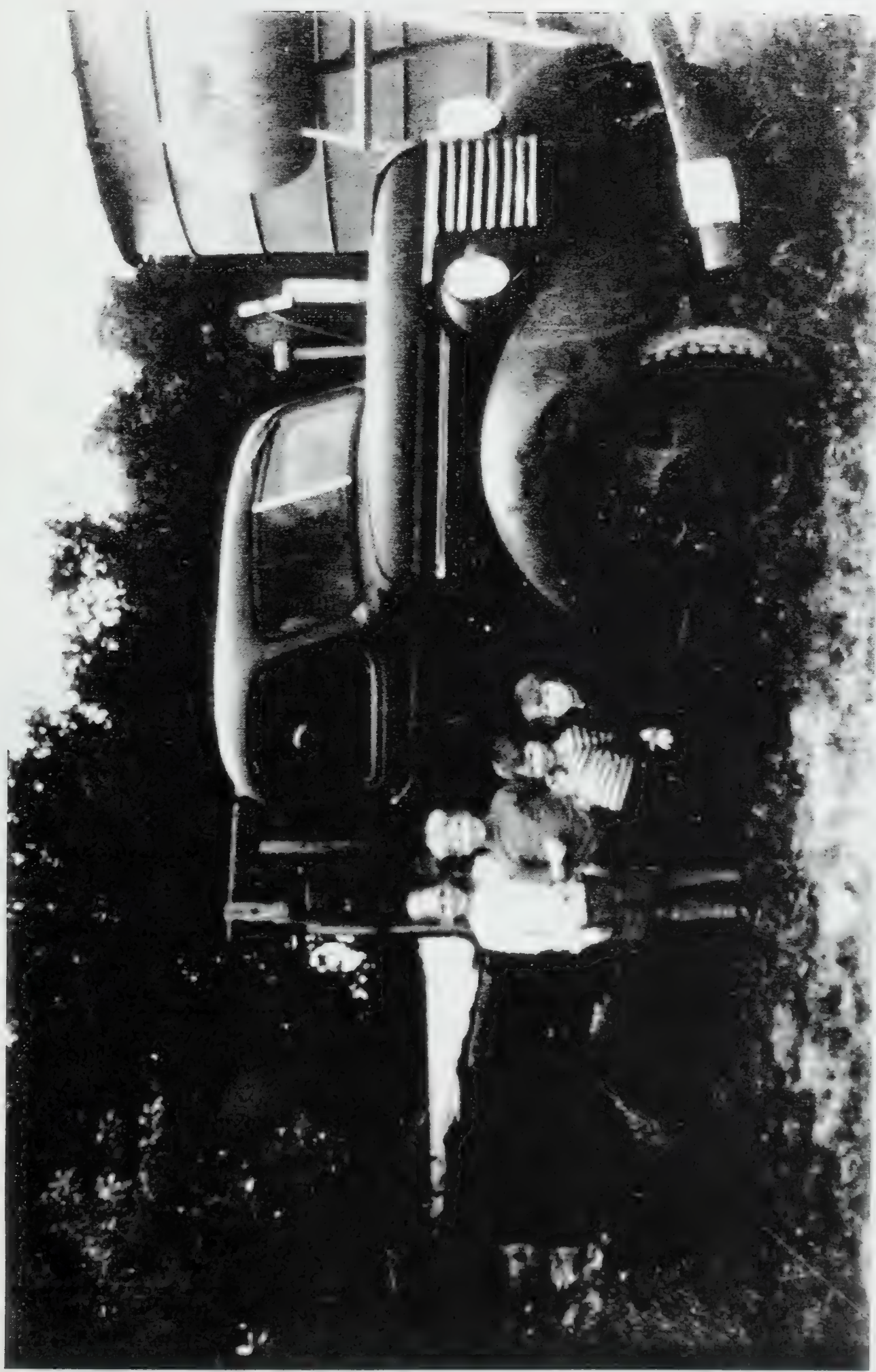
Alyn and "Curley"
— *Ucon*

*Reed/Tom Andrus
families —
Yellowstone Park
Alyn with western
hat*



*Alyn and Rich with
Teton Peaks in
background*





Dad's truck — a 1.5-ton 1939 Chevrolet; (l-r) Devry, Drae, Alesa, Shalae Andrus (1972)



Above left: Robert mowing hay — Ucon; Above right: Hauling hay; Uncle Tom on tractor, Uncle Clair (Tracy) on wagon; Lynette and Yvonne (Tracy); Kendall (1951); Below left: Uncle Tom on stack/Uncle Clair on wagon (1951); Below right: (l-r) Uncle Howard, Robert, Kendall, Dad, Uncle Tom, Sharon, Dora Lee (1951)



Combining grain — Dad on tractor/Alyn on combine

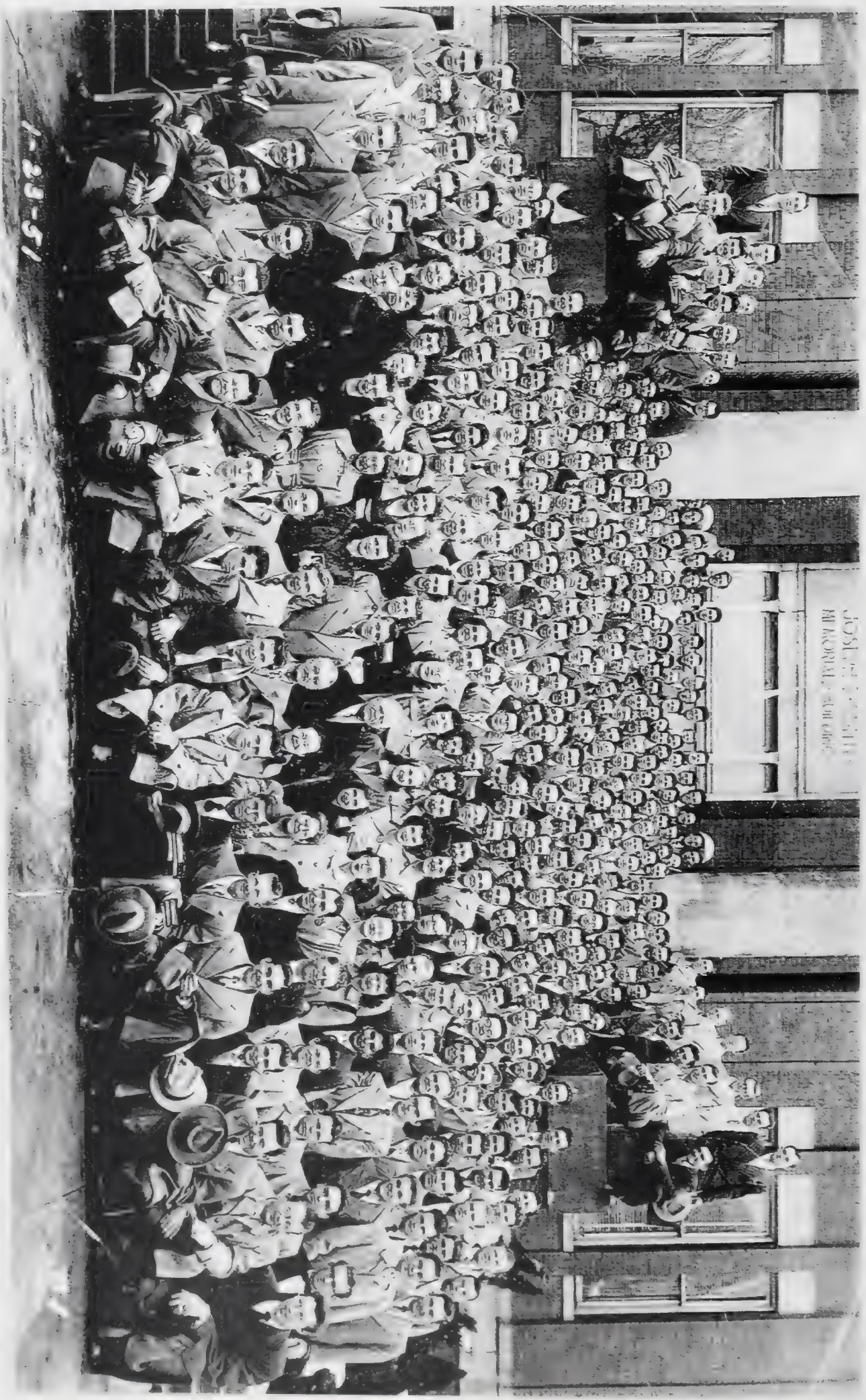


Dad auguring grain from combine to truck

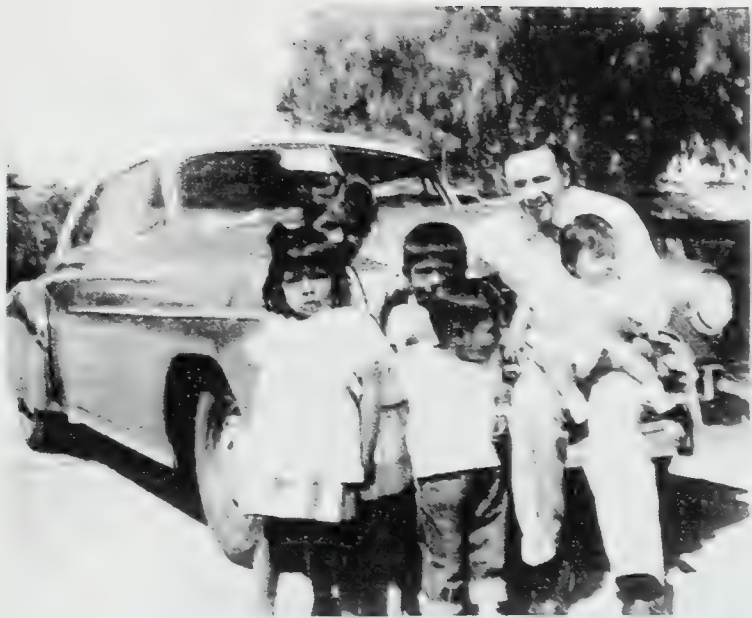


Kendall plowing in north field after harvest





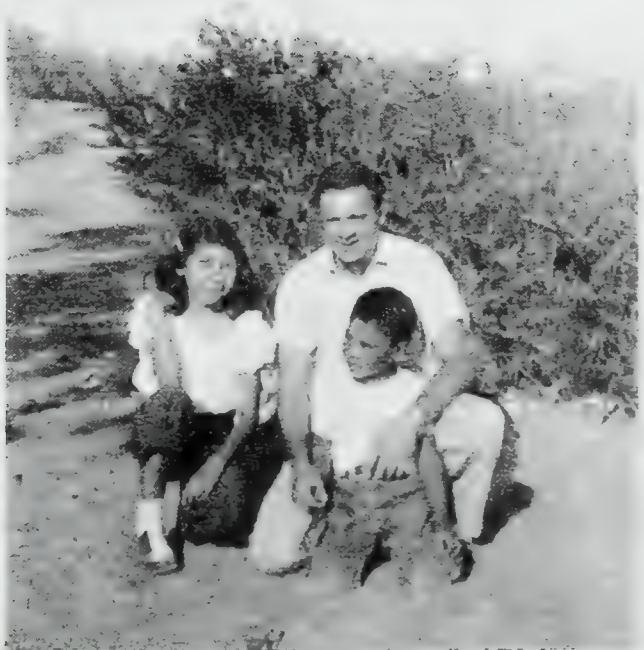
Missionaries at Mission Home, Salt Lake City (February 1951)
Alyn, third from left, second row



*Top left: Elder Andrus with
Lamanite children — Sacaton,
Arizona*



*Top right: "Chief" Elder Andrus —
Albuquerque, New Mexico*



*Center left: Elder Andrus with
Lamanite children — Peach Springs,
Arizona*



*Bottom left: "Blockhead" — Isletta,
New Mexico*



Above: Elder Andrus — Sells, Arizona

Center: Elder Harris at Relief Society — Peach Springs, Arizona

Below: Elder Andrus with Lamanite young ladies — Peach Springs, Arizona





Above: Lloyd Goodman and children – Sells, Arizona (1951)
(l-r) Front row: Garry; Second row: Gloria, Grant, Wayne (holding Rita);
Back row: Lloyd, Dale, Kent

Below: Goodmans and Dickey's picnicking near Baboquivari — Sells, Arizona
(l-r) Front row: "the Florida females," Gloria, Elder Dickey
Back row: Unknown, Kent holding Grant, Brother/Sister Dickey, Dale, Wayne





*Above: In Charles McGee home — Peach Springs, Arizona
Elder Harris with Brother/Sister McGee, and
daughter, Toni*

*Below: Rollie Johnson family
(l-r) Front row: Marvin/Kendahl; Back row: Rollie/Lorraine*





Above: Catholic Church in Isletta, New Mexico

Below: Flannel-board display — a primary method of teaching the Indians





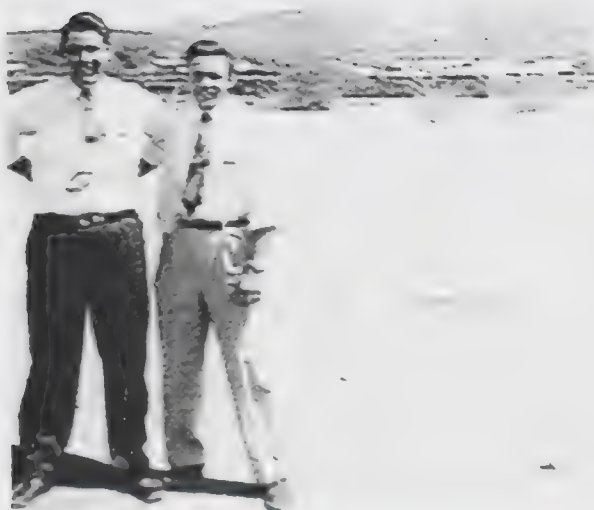
*Above: Elder Shumway
Santan, Arizona*



*Elder Rasmussen
Santan, Arizona*

*Below: Elders Dickey/Andrus
Sells, Arizona*

*Elders Richards/Andrus
Isletta, New Mexico*



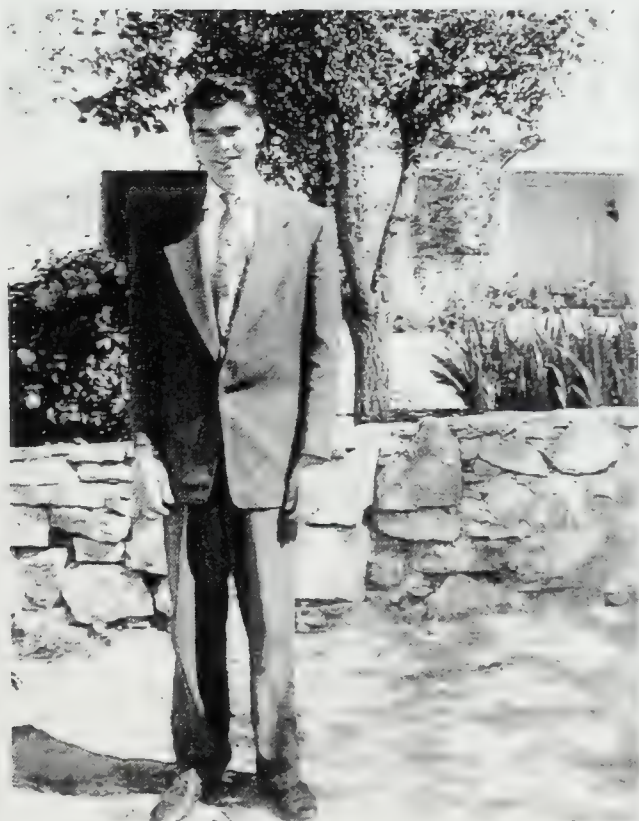


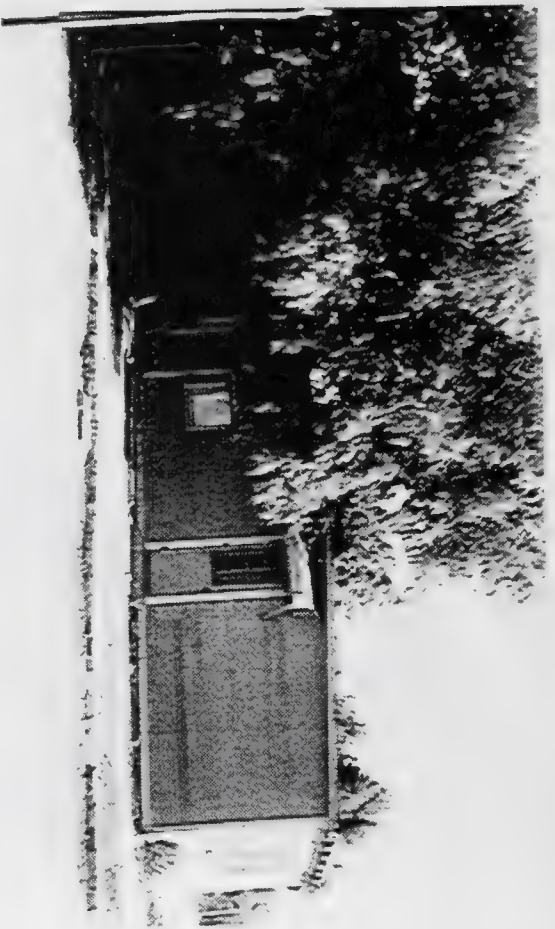
Above left: Elders Andrus/Barnes — Santan, Arizona

Above right: Elder Andrus in front of living quarters — Peach Springs

Below left: Elder Dummer — Peach Springs, Arizona

Below right: Elders Smith/Andrus — Albuquerque, New Mexico

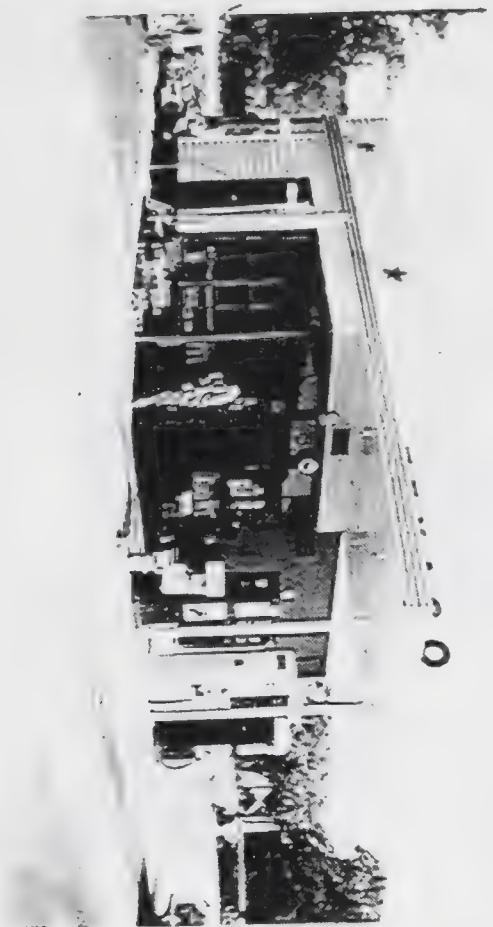




Above left: Living quarters — Sacaton, Arizona; Above right: Historic Highway 66 — Peach Springs



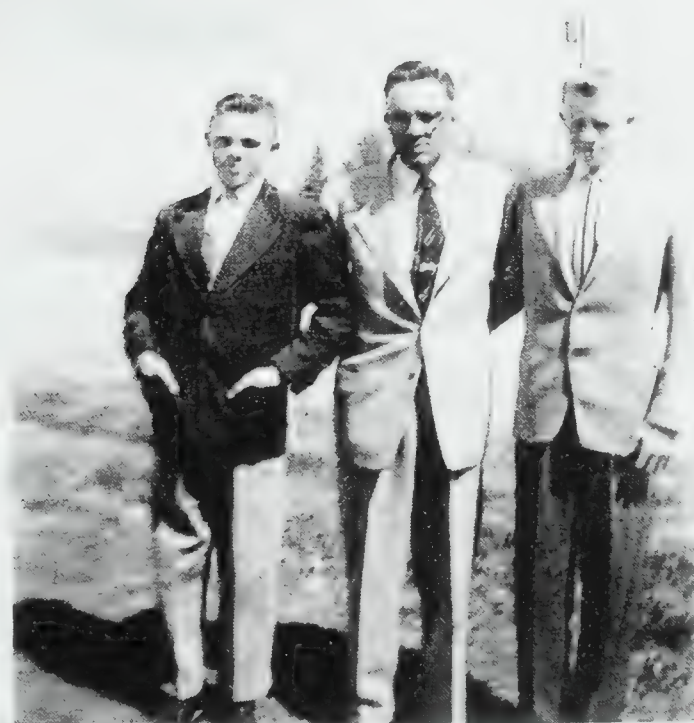
Below left: Elder Dummer at Texaco Service Station — Peach Springs; Below right: Trading Post, Isletta, New Mexico





Above: (l-r) Front row: Jeanie, Therel; Back row: Rich, Portia, Mother, Dad; at St. George Temple — returning with Alyn from mission field (1953)

Center: Alyn with Kendall on left and Robert on right (1953)



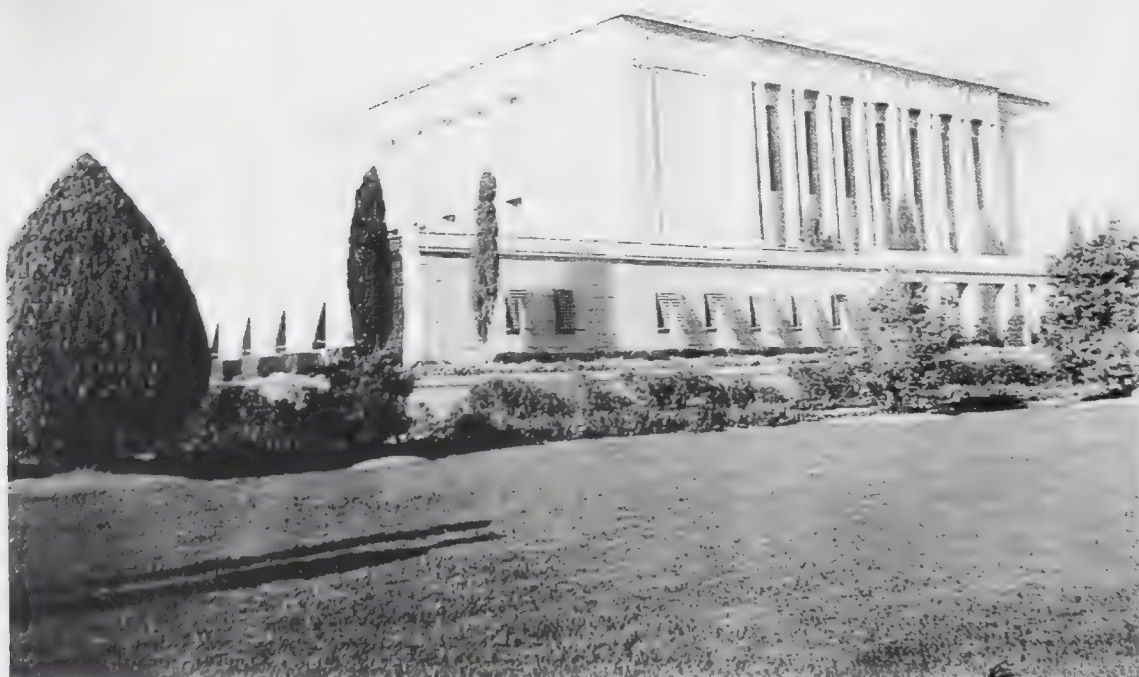
Below: Alyn in front of school bus he drove (about 1953). Old church house is visible in background





*Above: Our Wedding Day — June 8, 1955
(l-r) Melba/Reed, Alyn/Gloria, Lloyd/Ruth*

Below: Arizona Temple — Mesa, Arizona (1955)





*Above: Our Wedding Day — June 8, 1955
Alyn/Gloria*

Below: Starting our marriage off right — Gloria/Alyn



Part Three:

*From Marriage to Life in Rexburg
(1955-1968)*

Part Three: From Marriage to Life in Rexburg (1955-1968)

Chapter 1

The Summer of 1955

General Circumstances

The summer of 1955 was a happy one for me. Gloria and I were married on June 8, and shortly after established residence in a little apartment one block from the Idaho Falls Temple. At night the lighted temple was framed in our window. The neighborhood was quiet and our landlady pleasant. We were free from debt and I had a job spraying weeds for Bonneville County. Each morning at 7:30, Gloria would drive me to the county shop and warehouse on the southwestern edge of town, and each afternoon she would be there to greet me at 5:00.

Spraying Weeds for Bonneville County, and Gloria's Work

My job, as a weed sprayer, was simple, physically easy, but responsible because we sprayed with chemicals that would kill broadleaf plants, including potatoes. We drove a Jeep pickup carrying a 200-gallon tank in which we mixed chemical with water. At the rear of the tank was a pump powered by a small air-cooled Briggs and Stratton engine. Two long hoses with nozzles were attached to the pump. Each hose allowed us to spray 50 yards or more from the pickup.

At the shop and warehouse, we would service the pickup, mix chemical with water in the spray tank, get instructions for the day, and proceed to work. Our purpose was to spray noxious weeds such as Canadian Thistle, Morning Glory, and Yellow Spurge. If we worked in a field, we would locate the weed patch, unravel our hoses and spray. If our assignment was to spray barrow pits along roads, we would drive to our assigned area and while one would drive slowly along the right side of the road, the other would walk along behind, hose in hand, spraying any noxious weeds he might spot. About every two hours the driver and sprayer would trade jobs. The work was monotonous and frequently we had trouble staying awake. Usually, the sun was out and there was no breeze, otherwise we wouldn't spray. Conditions were usually ideal for sleeping.

The happiest job assignments took us into Swan Valley, about 50 miles east of Idaho Falls. We not only enjoyed the ride up and back, but were surrounded

by pine-covered mountains, flower-studded meadows, and whitewater streams while we worked.

The best part of the day, except going home, of course, was lunch time. I was always hungry by noon and Gloria packed tasty lunches. The morning of my first day on the job after marriage, she asked me how many sandwiches I wanted. I replied, "Four," thinking of half sandwiches. So when I opened my lunch pail, there were four full sandwiches. I ate four halves and saved the others for the next day. That was my first lesson in the intricacies of marital communication. Gloria later told me she was incredulous when I requested four sandwiches. She wondered if she had married an eating machine, and how we could possibly afford my need for food.

One afternoon as Gloria drove me home from work, I sensed she was deeply troubled. I tried to develop conversation, but she would not talk. I worried that I had offended her, but had no idea what I might have done. After all, I hadn't been with her all day. We drove home, and while I showered, she put dinner on the table. We ate in silence. Then she arose and removed a casserole dish from behind the stove. She practically threw it on the table exclaiming, "There! Eat your old cobbler." With that, she broke down and cried. I had no idea what the problem was. I tried to comfort her and when she had composed herself, she apologized for a raspberry cobbler that had "fallen." I assured her I liked "fallen" raspberry cobblers (actually I didn't understand what she was talking about), and then we ate the cobbler. It was delicious and I said she could bake me a "fallen" raspberry cobbler any time she wished. As a matter of fact, I don't recall Gloria's ever preparing a meal that wasn't tasty even during those incipient, tenuous days.

While I worked, Gloria entertained herself, at times, in a rather bizarre way. She became homesick for Arizona quickly and would station herself along the highway to count the cars which passed by with Arizona plates. I never thought much about what she did all day. I suppose I naively assumed that being married to me was sufficient to carry her in a state of ecstasy over all obstacles, including loneliness and homesickness. Before long, she got a job in Jack and Jean's Bakery and has worked ever since. I did not expect her to work when we married. She was driven to it by boredom. But through the years, her income has raised our standard of living from which neither of us cares to descend. Also, as she has advanced through a plethora of work assignments, from baking bread to serving Ricks College students as Registrar, she has demonstrated an ability to learn quickly and execute competently. Not only has she contributed to the family income, but has left behind with each employer a favorable impression of the Andrus name. Andruses have profited through her efforts.

Life off the Farm with Associated Guilt Feelings

Living in Idaho Falls without cows to milk or water to turn before breakfast meant I could sleep later than previously. Before marriage, I was up by 6:00. Now I slept till 7:00 and suffered guilt feelings. I would say to Gloria as we lay in bed at 7:00 in the morning, "I'm glad Dad can't see me now." Sleeping in, however, was short-lived. At BYU, as a student custodian, I had to arise at 3:30 in the morning to make work at 4:00. As a matter of fact, Gloria and I have arisen between 5:00 and 6:00 throughout most of our married life. Sleeping later than this is a luxury in which we indulge only on holidays, Saturdays and Sundays.

I also suffered guilt feelings over a decision not to help Dad and my brothers with farm work in the evenings and on Saturdays during the summer of '55. I know they expected me to and were disappointed in me when I didn't. Dad must have felt betrayed having sacrificed so much for me only to see me withhold my help at a busy time. But if I were to live that part of my life over, I would make the same decision for the same reason. Gloria and I were a new family, and the Bible says, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh." (Genesis 2:24) The time had come for me to divorce myself from my previous family — Dad, Mother, brothers and sisters. If I had not done it, I would have jeopardized my relationship with Gloria. She had not married my family. She had married me and had every right to expect me to share my time with her, not with parents, brothers and sisters. In this sense, the Summer of '55 was one of personal wrenching experiences and difficult adjustments. I am proud of Dad, Mother, brothers and sisters that over the years they have forgiven me of my neglect and seeming treachery. Furthermore, I believe their forgiveness is based on a clear understanding of my situation and motives which came as my absence on the farm was gradually accepted and feelings softened.

Keith and Lorraine Brown

Keith Brown and Lorraine Jensen, friends of mine and members of my high school graduating class, were married to each other and lived in Idaho Falls. They visited us frequently during the summer and we visited them. They and Gloria liked each other and we enjoyed these visits thoroughly.

Keith played fast-pitch softball in the city league and persuaded me to join his team. The team needed a catcher. That's the position I played on our high school baseball team, so I seemed to fit exactly into the situation. We wore green and white uniforms and looked quite semi-professional. But for some reason hard to identify I couldn't seem to get into the spirit of the play. Besides Gloria didn't seem very interested in sports. That summer was my first and last

experience with city league softball. Keith, however, continued to participate in the program for years.

The Summer of '55 seemed to cement a relationship with Keith and Lorraine that lasted till the present time, and gives promise of enduring indefinitely. Each year, either on New Year's Eve or close to it, we get together with them, David, and Geniece for dinner and some pleasant visiting. I look forward to these occasions throughout the year.

Good friends are vital to one's psychological health. I've tried to imagine what life might be like without good friends — those who will stand by you through all trials — and I would not want to try life without them. What a raw, bleak, miserable experience that would be. The compression of loneliness would be overwhelming and the basic drive to achieve and bless lives of others would die. Of course, good friends to me include one's mate, parents, brothers, sisters, as well as close friends outside the family. I regard Keith and Lorraine as good friends.

Preparing for Brigham Young University

As summer passed, I began to feel stirrings to complete my college education. A return to Ricks College was out of the question because that school had been reduced from a four to a two-year institution. So Gloria and I, during some of our spare time, mailed letters to various universities requesting information to help us decide where we would matriculate. In time the stirrings became a powerful feeling. I had never felt such a drive before in my life. I have decided since, it resulted from operation of the Holy Spirit upon me.

Gloria and I finally decided to apply for admission to Brigham Young University. I thought I wanted to teach in the church's seminary program. The "Y" would prepare me for that.

I was admitted, and the time came for us to leave Idaho Falls for Provo. We had driven to Provo previously where we rented an apartment in a motel about a mile south of town. It was part of a complex including a gas station and restaurant where truckers stopped, going to and coming from the coal mines in Helper. It was called Allentown.

As I recall, rent cost us \$45 and our car payment was \$75 per month. Tuition was \$60 per quarter. And we had no jobs. Nevertheless, we packed our belongings into the back seat of our Oldsmobile and left Idaho Falls for Provo. We had \$45 "in our pocket." With that we had to buy food, pay for gas, tuition, and books. Sometimes, I think we had more faith than we do now. I doubt I would undertake such a venture now with no more financial security than we had then. But our faith paid off. We had not been in Provo more than a day or two till we both found work. Gloria worked full-time at Allentown's gas station,

and I worked part-time at the University's Wymount Dining Hall, washing pots and pans. We didn't have the best jobs in the world, but we were glad to have them.

Part Three: From Marriage to Life in Rexburg (1955-1968)

Chapter 2

Attending Brigham Young University

Working and Living at Allentown

At the service station in Allentown, Gloria collected money from customers and made change for them, but she did this on roller skates. (I don't recall how many pumps the station had, but it was sufficiently large that roller skates provided a useful way of getting around.) She strapped a metal change-maker to her waist and skated from one customer to another, making conversation as well as change. She was good at the job and customers liked her.

Skating on concrete meant, of course, that it had to be swept frequently and kept as clean as possible. Any gravel or oil spots could prove upsetting and embarrassing to a skater. One day as Gloria sped to a truck driver, she hit a piece of gravel and fell into his arms. He was delighted. She was embarrassed. Thereafter, truck drivers teased her, but she took their teasing pleasantly and became popular. I think she was good for business.

My first Provo job was washing pots and pans in Wymount Dining Hall on campus. I don't recall how long I worked each day, but, I remember, a student worker could not accumulate more than 20 hours per week at the "Y." And most students worked for minimum wage which was \$0.75 cents per hour.

Gloria also worked for minimum wage at the service station. So the two of us earned about \$180 per month. Our basic monthly expenses totaled about \$160, not counting food. Life, then, was bare bones, but we didn't mind much. We were young, healthy, and in love. We also liked Provo and the "Y," so going without then was not as hard as it would be now, even though we're still in love.

I remember neither of us had warm coats that first winter, neither did we own overshoes. When the soles of my shoes wore out, I put plastic in my shoes to keep my feet dry. We attended campus movies on my student card. Occasionally, we would take our last one hundred pennies to see a movie at the Scera, then skimp through till pay day. I don't recall that I was very embarrassed by our circumstances, because other married students at the "Y" were as poor as we were.

In Allentown, we lived next to Paul and Berta Rickenbaugh. Paul was a student at the "Y" and worked at the service station. They were our first friends

in Provo and added a little spice to our life. They spent more time in our apartment than we did in theirs because as the weather turned cold, field mice invaded the apartments and one died inside the wall. The odor was horrible in their apartment.

Speaking of mice, they would run along our outside window ledge and look at us through the glass while we ate breakfast. We did not particularly enjoy their company and were glad to move into the city; although, I don't recall that any found their way into our apartment.

Art and Erma Olsen's Basement Apartment in Provo

We moved in November. By then the weather was cold and snowy. Our Allentown apartment was drafty and we wanted to be closer to campus. So we found a cozy apartment in the basement of Art and Erma Olsen's home.

The Olsens and their boy, Ray, lived a block south of Center Street and a half block west of Ninth East in a neat, but unpretentious house along a narrow shade-covered street. We fell in love with the place immediately. We were only one block from a city park with tennis courts, and seven blocks from campus. Gloria drove about a mile to work at Allentown.

We liked the Olsens. They were friendly and helpful. Sister Olsen was an immaculate housekeeper and expected her renters to be the same. She was always sharing with us something she had baked, or giving us motherly advice. I believe she regarded us as her adopted children. We could not have found a more understanding and helpful couple. When we struggled to pay our rent, they told us to "make it up" during summer months when we could work full time. So for three years that is what we did. We appreciated their helpfulness and have kept in touch with them through the years.

Our apartment was small, but clean and warm. We had a bedroom, kitchen and living room. A toilet and wash basin were off the bedroom. Our sink and shower were outside the kitchen in the Olsen's utility room. The kitchen was small. There was room only for a refrigerator, stove, cupboard and table with two chairs. One could sit at the table and touch the stove, fridge, and cupboard. The kitchen was painted brilliant white. The slightest spot would show so we were careful to keep it spotless. One night while Gloria was preparing supper, I teased her. She had just opened a can of tomato sauce and wanted to teach me a lesson. She turned and flung the sauce at me. I could not have been more than five feet from her, but she did not get one speck of sauce on my entire person. It was all over the kitchen, however. We have laughed about that frequently over the years and have joked about what a lousy shot she was.

The day we moved from Allentown to Olsens was a busy one for us and we went to bed that night exhausted. While we slept, a house down the street caught

fire; nearly all night fire trucks and people moved about. Sirens sounded and people shouted, but we slept soundly through it all. We know what happened only because Sister Olsen gave us a full account, expressing amazement that we could sleep so soundly.

General Circumstances While Attending BYU

I don't remember how well we ate in Provo, but we didn't go hungry. Occasionally, we treated ourselves to ice cream at the local parlor. But we never ate out. I learned to make bread. I made several loaves each week. And it was good bread — I have Gloria's testimony on that. So my education extended beyond academics to homemaking.

Gloria and I looked forward to Friday evening with as much fervor then as we do now. That was the time to relax completely. Usually we attended a movie on campus or a basketball game. More than once, I stood in line for hours to get tickets for a basketball game. I do not exaggerate. Once I stood in line all afternoon for tickets to a game between the "Y" and the University of Utah. The day was cold. In fact, snow fell. The game was worth the wait, though. It was well-played, close, and the "Y" won.

Our basketball star in those days was Terry Tebbs from Wyoming. He consistently poured in points from anywhere on the floor. Most of us attended basketball games just to watch Terry. With Terry and other sharp shooters like him, Stan Watts, the coach, produced some respectable ball clubs.

Football was another story. This was before great quarterbacks and a potent passing attack. The "Y" lost most of its football games then. If we ever beat the University of Utah or Utah State University, we felt that truly was an achievement to celebrate. But lose or not, occasionally, we got together with friends, packed a lunch, then ate, joked, and laughed through a sunny afternoon in a not-so-packed stadium.

Another form of recreation we enjoyed was bicycling. Gloria worked at the service station about a year before she worked nearly full time as a meal checker at a boy's dorm called Allen Hall. When she no longer had to drive to work, we decided to park the car and purchase bicycles. We felt we could save money, and we did.

Our bikes were second hand three-speeds. We used them constantly and rode all over town. We cycled during spring, summer, fall, and winter in all kinds of weather. We bundled up and cycled to work at 4:00 a.m. on slick roads with temperatures at -15 degrees. Frequently, we packed a lunch and cycled to Utah Lake. We also enjoyed peddling around campus. Coming off the hill was fun — we'd coast for blocks.

One morning I was returning home from work on campus. Fortunately, the streets were relatively free of traffic. I was coming off the hill at a pretty good clip and as I approached an intersection, I discovered my brake cable had broken. I stuck my legs out, pushed the bike from under me and hit the ground running. The bike jumped a curb and crashed. Later I was sorry I had not ridden it through to a slower, safer speed, but when I jumped, I didn't relish the thought of being stuck down on a speeding bike by a speeding car.

Our Provo Cars: An Olds 98 and '52 Chevy

We saved a lot of money by riding bikes. Our car was a Oldsmobile 98 — a large gas-eater that would do 120 mph easily on the open road. One summer, Gloria stayed in Provo to work for a few weeks after I had left for Idaho Falls to work for the Bonneville County Weed Department. Each Friday she drove the 300 miles to Idaho Falls then returned on Sunday. In the Olds, she covered the distance in four hours — an average speed of 75 mph. This was before the freeway, when the old road went through almost every town and city along the route. Averaging 75 mph on a road like that meant that in open spaces between towns she romped along at 90 or better. What amazes me is, she was never stopped by a patrolman.

I've told her that's because patrolmen couldn't see her — all they saw was a green streak. At speeds like that though, the Olds was a real gas-gulper. And it was probably almost as bad just cruising around town.

Nevertheless, there were times when we drove the car around town. During one of these, Gloria was alone when a college student ran a "stop" sign and broadsided her. The accident occurred on a Saturday. I had worked on campus and returned home late in the afternoon. Gloria and I planned to see a movie that evening. For some reason, I don't remember, she drove the car to work. The accident happened on her way home. I waited impatiently for her return. Finally when she called, I was so agitated I didn't wait to hear where she was or why she was late. I reprimanded her for being gone so long and asked if she wanted to ruin the evening. Then she told about the accident, and I was ashamed. I have frequently thought about that afternoon, my egocentrism, impetuosity, and immaturity. Since then, I've tried harder to mature and control my tongue.

The Olds was totaled. The insurance we received was sufficient to buy a 1952 two-door Chevy. We found it in Salt Lake one Saturday afternoon. We took Dad with us car shopping. Why? I don't know. I suppose I didn't feel confident selecting a good used car without his judgment. At any rate, the Chevy served us well. It was much more practical than the Olds. It wouldn't go as fast

and didn't handle as well, but it was much more economical — economical enough that we were able to visit the folks in Idaho and Arizona occasionally.

Tevis: Gloria's Baby Brother Adding Spice to Our Lives

One of these occasions was between Fall and Winter Terms. Gloria drove to Kingman, Arizona where her folks lived temporarily. I remained in Provo to work. When she returned, Tevis, her baby brother came with her and lived with us during Winter Term. He had just learned to walk so he must have been about a year old. He was a cute little fellow and we loved him, though at times he was a nuisance, especially when I was home alone with him and needed to study. He demanded lots of attention, so serious study was done only while he was asleep.

After Tevis came, our spotlessly white kitchen wall next to the table was always spotted with food after a meal. He was notorious for flinging a spoonful of whatever should have gone into his mouth against the wall then smearing it with his hands. He loved ice cream, but we wouldn't let him eat it without a towel tied around his neck. So whenever one of us would mention ice cream, Tevis would run for a towel, expecting a trip to the local ice cream parlor. We ate more ice cream while he was with us than during any other equivalent period in our lives.

Tevis stayed with us because Gloria's mother, Ruth, divorced her father, Lloyd. After the divorce was granted and life began to smooth out somewhat for Ruth, Tevis returned to live with her. He remained with her until he matured and pursued his own way.

I suppose Tevis temporarily filled a need in our lives to have and care for a baby. Gloria especially wanted a baby. Earlier in March 1956, we thought she was pregnant. A paragraph in our diary read: "Attention! Attention! My dear wife has not yet menstruated and has concluded that she is now pregnant. Of course, such a conclusion is based on conjecture; there are no solid facts to back it, but it does merit sincere and careful investigation." In time, we learned that our family, if we had one, would be adopted.

Friends at BYU

In the meantime, we had friends. In addition to Paul and Berta Rickenbaugh, with whom we spent much time during our first year in Provo, there were high school classmates, Paul Hill, Norma Phillips, and Beth Millet. They too were attending the "Y." Paul and Norma were my high school friends and Beth had been Gloria's friend in Mesa High School. Also, one day in the Joseph Smith Center, Gloria ran into an old boyfriend from Round Valley High School where she had attended before moving to Mesa. His name was Ned Greenwood. I came along shortly after they met, and she introduced me to him.

Of course, I was thrilled to meet him and learn that he was living in Provo for a while.

We visited with Paul, Norma, and Beth frequently. Gloria used Beth's student card a couple of times for admittance to University activities. (Our honesty apparently wasn't what it is today.) We had Paul and Norma to dinner, after which we visited, played Scrabble and viewed slides taken in the mission field. Another time, we took them to Idaho, along with Gordon Harmon, another Snake River Valley native, to spend a weekend with our families.

Another friend, with whom we became close, was Jay Daley. Jay was a psychology major, and I was a psychology minor. Jay worked with me as a student custodian. He stayed with me during my senior year while Gloria drove to Arizona between Winter and Spring Terms (this was when she brought Tevis back). Jay and I frequently studied and undertook class projects together. Gloria and I fed him many times. He was a good boy, and a faithful friend. The last contact we had with Jay after graduating from the "Y," was in Bountiful, Utah where he lived.

Working as a Custodian in the Brimhall Building and Library

Jay and I were hired as student custodians. We worked in the Brimhall Building which housed the Biological Science lecture halls and labs. The building had three floors and three custodial crews — a crew for each floor. Eventually, I worked on all three floors, but my favorite one was the third floor where pre-med students carved on a cadaver known as "George." He was housed in a small room with windows on two sides. Large blinds could be lowered over the windows. Besides George, the room housed jars filled with vital organs — brains, hearts, kidneys, and livers. Large drawings of the human anatomy hung on the walls. And the room reeked of formaldehyde.

One morning about 4:00 (I think I was the only one in the building), I opened the door to George's sanctuary and was startled immovably by a crash in the room. My first thought was: "Hell! George was up and has jumped back on the table." My next thought was: "His spirit is in there and accidentally knocked the jar containing his brain off the shelf." I must have stood in the open doorway a full minute before recovering my wits, and generating sufficient courage to enter and investigate. Investigation, of course, revealed a logical and physical reason for the crash. Someone, the day previous, had pulled a blind over an open window. When I opened the door, the blind pulled away from the window then slapped against the wall. But that knowledge did not restore to my life the year I lost by the experience.

In time, I became head student custodian over the Brimhall Building. Student custodians in the building were responsible to me, and I was responsible

for the building's appearance and cleanliness. I enjoyed my custodial assignment. It was certainly better than washing pots and pans. I worked four hours each day, usually between 4:00 and 8:00 in the morning. To be at work by 4:00, I arose at 3:30. If I didn't go to bed by 9:00, I suffered from lack of sleep. Usually, I suffered, for Gloria and I seldom got to bed by 9:00.

I also worked a custodial shift in the library (the Karl G. Maeser Building). The Maeser Building housed administrative offices including those of the seminary and institute programs. Jay Daley and I worked together in the Maeser Building, and one morning, we decided to raid the seminary files and read what recommendations we could find in my behalf. I had applied to teach Seminary and was taking a class at the time required of all seminary-teaching candidates. We found my file and read a letter written by Uncle Grant (Andrus), my seminary teacher at Ucon High School. I was disturbed to read a somewhat negative report of me and my family. The letter, as I recall, said I came from a large, poor family. My father farmed a small acreage (nothing was said about his many years as a state legislator and county commissioner). My brothers, sisters, and I were of average ability, and I possessed no special qualities to recommend me as a seminary teacher. The letter had a lasting effect upon me. I was disappointed in Uncle Grant. I expected more support from him than the letter indicated. I was disappointed in the tenor of the letter, for I was now quite certain I wouldn't be hired to teach seminary. And I've been a little down on the seminary program ever since. But my disappointment was the penalty I paid for reading files I should not have seen. Shortly after this experience, I withdrew my name from the list of prospective seminary teachers. Since then, I'm glad I didn't teach seminary. I'm happy with the direction my life has taken. Thanks, Uncle Grant.

One should not construe the foregoing statement to mean that my church activity faltered or that my testimony turned pallid. I have always been active in the church and can never remember a time when I did not have a testimony or when it was not strong and vibrant.

Our Church Activity at BYU

Gloria and I were as active in the church at BYU as we have ever been. We joined the young marrieds' ward, expanding our circle of friends and associates. Bishop Raymond Beckham, an employee at BYU, presided over the ward and provided energetic and prudent leadership. We liked him and the ward.

My only ward calling at the "Y" was Home Teaching, but I did it faithfully and was happy to be free of more demanding priesthood responsibilities. Gloria served as a teacher in the Relief Society. We paid a ward budget, tithing, and qualified for temple recommends.

We went to the Manti Temple occasionally. Manti was about 30 miles further than Salt Lake, but temple-goers there were considerably fewer than in Salt Lake. Besides, we liked the informal, friendly atmosphere in the Manti Temple, and an awe-inspiring feeling which seemed linked with antiquity. The story is told in the church that Moroni in his lonely and continual travels dedicated the ground on which the temple stands. That thought has always fascinated me and has helped cultivate a marked respect for that distinctive old temple.

The Deaths of Grandma Andrus and Grandma Brown

My gospel-testimony and activity in the church were products of a family heritage. My Grandmother Andrus was a wonderful woman and a pillar of spiritual strength. I loved her, as did her children and other grandchildren. So I was saddened to learn of her death. Grandma died on April 22, 1956 at the age of 84. Gloria and I were completing our first year at the “Y.” We drove to Ucon for the funeral.

My Grandmother Brown was also a good woman — clean, hardworking, and caring. I loved her and was sad to learn of her passing, although I viewed it as a blessing because for sometime she had suffered from hardening of the arteries which clouded her mind. Grandma died on June 12, 1958 at the age of 80. I had just finished my senior year at the “Y,” but decided to stay for summer school and start graduate studies. Grandma’s funeral was timely because it was held between graduation and summer school.

The passing of my grandmothers closed a chapter in my book of life, though I did not think so then. Each time a loved one passes from us, our focus shifts slightly from this life to the next. If we live long enough (till most of our loved ones and friends have passed on), I can understand how the scales are weighted so heavily in favor of the next life, we find death inviting. Why not? How can loneliness here compete with association with loved ones and friends there?

The Soviet Union and Launching of Sputnik

With the closing of one chapter came the opening of another. In 1957, beginning my Senior year at the “Y,” the Soviet Union launched a sphere about the size of a beach ball into space at an elevation of 559 miles. Its speed was 18,000 mph and it emitted beeps so the Communists could track it. It was called “Sputnik” and changed our whole point-of-view about the adequacy of American education. For months, Sputnik was the focus of news reporting and everyday conversation. On campus, we seemed to think and talk about little else. Sputnik represented a significant historical “first,” and Americans were embarrassed that the Soviet Union claimed the honor.

As a matter of fact, we (the United States) were shocked that the Soviet Union could do what we couldn't even though we assumed our economic, educational, and political systems were superior. At once, we talked of overhauling our school curricula, emphasizing math and science. We felt an urgency to produce chemists, mathematicians, and physicists who could overcome USSR technology and surpass Soviet space achievements. Almost overnight, money was available for scholarships through the National Science Foundation, and America experimented with new and supposedly faster methods of teaching reading, math and science. Years later, the country questioned the efficacy of these new methods, and, in some instances, returned to the "old tried and true" methods such as emphasizing phonics in teaching and reading. But, at the moment, we were shocked, and, in our panic, frequently adopted questionable policies.

Some of My Classes and Class Activities at BYU

The new stress on math, science, and technology did not affect me directly. I was no math or science student. In fact, my most feared class was Physics 26, a four-credit hour class in photography. I loved time spent photographing and developing the photos, but the three hours we spent in class each week, learning the theory on which photography is based, was sheer persecution for me. I drew a "C" in the class and was happy for it.

Grade-wise, I did best in psychology — my minor. I remember vividly a class in experimental psychology. I enjoyed the class till we were assigned an original experiment. Jay Daley and I received permission to work on a project together, so we decided to test the relative strength of various biological drives in mice such as hunger, thirst, protection of the young, and sex. We were aware that such a study had been conducted at a major university, but had not read the experiment's design, so our experiment would be original with regard to that.

We borrowed a dozen mice from the Biological Science Department, rigged an electric grid so when the mouse ventured across the grid to eat, drink, mate or protect its young, it would receive a small shock. The intensity of the shock, of course, could be regulated. Well, we decided to test for hunger first. Unfortunately, not understanding mice better than we did, six of our mice starved to death before we ran the test. With only six mice left and little time remaining, we could not conduct a valid experiment, so we searched through the psychological journals till we found the same experiment conducted successfully by a university, then plagiarized the contents of the material. We received an "A" in the course and salved our consciences by the fact that our design was identical to that of the experiment we reported. Incidentally, in mice the drive for thirst is the most powerful, and hunger is next. As I recall, sex was last.

I also liked and performed reasonably well, academically speaking, in education, English, history, religion, and philosophy. My grade point for these courses, plus my undergraduate and graduate studies at the “Y” is as follows:

Religion	3.5
Education	3.4
English Comp	3.0
Philosophy	3.0
History	2.8
Undergraduate	3.0
Graduate	3.5

One might think I achieved higher grades in those classes where the professor made a lasting impression on me in the orthodox educational methods and ways. That is not necessarily the case. For example, I took a couple of religion classes from Hugh Nibley, but never earned an “A” from him. He was a horrible teacher, but fascinated me. He came to the class with disheveled white hair, Army combat boots, and pants, suit coat, and sweater that did not match. He read the scriptures to us from Greek and Hebrew sources, translating as he read. His analyses always presupposed that his students possessed a better historical background than most had (I know my background in ancient near-eastern history was not sufficient to allow a full grasp of his analyses). He was constantly involved in research — writing a book, or arguing with some world-renowned authority over a scriptural interpretation, church doctrine, or historical fact. Of course, he would tell us about his projects and involvements. Maybe that’s why I liked him. To me, he was the pure intellectual. He was one in which the mind completely dominated the physical person. I guessed that he satisfied only his basic physical needs. Physical appearance meant nothing to him. Money meant nothing as long as it was sufficient to sustain life, buy books, and finance research. His office floor was littered with note cards arranged carefully in piles or strung out in columns over the floor. No one entered that office, but Nibley. Others only peeked in. Finally, while at BYU, Gloria worked part time in the registrar’s office. She remarked that Nibley consistently neglected turning in his grades on time. His mind, apparently, was on other more important matters.

Nibley poked fun of academic titles, graduation robes and hoods (he called such paraphernalia the “robes of the false priesthood”) and anything else that manifest an inconsistency between gospel principles and how we live. I think his attitude about what is valuable and right, more than anything else, has held my

interest in him over the years. His views and values have supported my attempts to live life in close harmony with the Gospel.

David Yarn was another professor who has remained vivid in my memory. He taught philosophy and made his classes interesting. But I became acquainted with him in the mission field. As a missionary in Peach Springs, Arizona, I discovered that he discussed a principle of the Gospel over the radio for 30 minutes each Sunday evening. These were so interesting, I decided when I registered at the “Y” I would enroll in one of his classes. He was as good in the classroom as he was on radio.

Finally, LeRoy Hafen, who taught me more history classes than anyone else at the “Y” has remained in my memory — not because he was dynamic and interesting, but probably because I had so much contact with him. As a teacher, Hafen was as dry as powder, but was a national authority in Western U.S. History. He had written books and articles, and lived to write more. In fact, I have his textbook, *Western America*, and use it regularly as a source of information.

Time has dimmed my memory of other professors. So I must conclude they had nothing in particular that impressed me. As teaching goes, I can’t remember one who far exceeded the others. Most, I assume, were reasonably interesting for I don’t remember a class, including Nibley’s, that was boring. Of course, I was at school to learn and for the most part I enjoyed doing so. I enjoyed learning in those classes that were historically and educationally orthodox in approach. And I enjoyed learning in Nibley’s classes that were anything but orthodox in approach. I just enjoyed being in school.

Our Volkswagen Beetle

During my senior year at the “Y,” Gloria and I bought our first Volkswagen “Beetle.” Hugh Nibley would not have done so. He’d have spent the money on books and research, but he and I lived in different worlds. So, when I saw a black Volkswagen for sale, I consulted Gloria and we decided to try it out. We immediately fell in love with it.

The Volkswagen “Beetle,” so called because it looked like one, was making its debut in western America at the time. It would capture a large fraction of the automotive market and enjoy more than 20 years of popular service in this part of the country. At the time, it was to the country what Honda, Nissan, and Toyota later became.

Our Beetle was new, and while I don’t remember what it sold for, the figure was far below the cost of other new cars. I don’t recall how we borrowed money for its purchase either, but I remember it would run between 50 and 60 miles on a gallon of gas. We liked that and the sturdy responsive way it handled.

But I'm not sure Dad approved of our purchase. He never said anything, but I had the feeling he thought we had exercised bad judgment. As a matter of fact, time proved our judgment sound. Gloria and I owned three Volkswagen "Beetles," and loved each one. We stopped buying them only when Volkswagen ceased producing that particular model. They were cheap to run, inexpensive to repair (repairs were infrequent), and were dependable in all kinds of weather. With their engines in the rear, they handled well on slick roads and in snow. Their engines were air cooled, so we didn't have to worry about radiators, hoses, and coolants. And they were incapable of dangerous speeds. Their top speed was about 75 mph. Two of my brothers, Robert and Kendall, were sufficiently impressed that they, too, bought Volkswagens.

Even so, Dad remained unconvinced. He liked big cars. His favorite was the Cadillac.

My Graduation From BYU

I graduated from the "Y" with my Bachelor's Degree in June 1958. I remember that day clearly. The sky was cloudless and the sun was warm. The graduates gathered by the Karl G. Maeser Building and marched down the hill between rows of faculty members to the George Albert Smith Field House. To have faculty members nod, smile, and congratulate me was satisfying.

The graduation ceremonies were held in the main gym of the Field House. There were 1,614 graduates out of a student body of 12,821. Most, of course, received the Bachelor's Degree, a few received the Master's Degree, and fewer still received the Ph.D.

Dad and Mother had come down and were seated in the audience with Gloria. There was a festive spirit on campus and I was excited, especially as I walked across the floor to receive my diploma. I was proud (probably too proud) and relieved to know I had made the grade and could now go out and get a job.

My whole BYU experience was positive. Those were good days in my life. Gloria and I were happy. At least I was. I suppose Gloria was too. She acted like it. Had I gone to school without her, the experience, I believe, would have been drab, maybe even trying. Gloria not only made life fun, she assisted me immeasurably by helping with research projects and typing papers. All this she did in good spirit. I remember her during these days as an unselfish person who saw us as a team and wanted to do her part. Since then I have been sorry she did not go to school with me. She would have made an excellent student, a better one than I. Nevertheless, our experience at the "Y," I think, helped weld us into an enduring companionship. And for that, I will always be thankful.

Part Three: From Marriage to Life in Rexburg (1955-1968)

Chapter 3

My First Teaching Contract

Seeking a Trailer House and Becoming Interested in Samoa

Following graduation, Gloria and I decided to stay at the “Y” and continue my schooling. I registered for a graduate class entitled “Organization and Administration of Schools” from which, incidentally, I received three hours of “B” credit. Our plan was for me to get a Master’s Degree in Secondary Education. We also decided to invest our monthly rent in a trailer house, if possible, so we began scrutinizing the want ads in the local paper.

One evening, we noticed an ad selling a trailer house in Orem. We called and made an appointment to see it, then drove out. We loved the trailer and liked its occupants, Don and Rayola Larson from Salt Lake City. They had attended the “Y,” but were on their way to teach for the church in Western Samoa. We didn’t know exactly where Western Samoa was, but we lost interest immediately in the trailer and became interested instead in going to Western Samoa to teach. We learned from the Larsons that we had to apply through the Church’s Pacific Board of Education. We got an address, thanked the Larsons and left happy, confident that we would go to Samoa. We wrote immediately to the Board, indicating our interest in teaching and asking for an interview.

Living in a Trailer House and Teaching for School District # 93

In the meantime, I attended my class, but our decision to teach in Samoa completely changed our decision to stay in school at the “Y.” Rather, I applied to teach for School District #93 in Idaho Falls, and Gloria began job hunting there. I was hired to teach geography and history in the junior high, and English in the ninth grade. Gloria was hired as a secretary Hal Johnson, an agent in the Snake River Mutual Insurance Company.

After my class was over at the “Y,” we moved from Provo to Ucon where we rented a small, but clean apartment in the basement of Alf and Emily Cramer’s house. I don’t recall how long we rented from the Cramers, but sometime that Fall (1958), we found a trailer house for sale in Parker, Idaho. It was eight feet wide and forty-five feet long and in excellent condition, so we decided to buy it. We made arrangements with Dad and Mother to put it on pasture land next to

their house in Ucon. We dug a water and sewer line, moved the trailer and set up housekeeping.

We were happy in our semi-independence. We converted one of the two bedrooms in the trailer into a study and as cold weather came, we were warm and comfortable. That is, we were warm and comfortable until one cold January night, the stove blew up.

We were sitting on the sofa watching T.V. when the stove began to smoke, then suddenly there was a small explosion. We were in our pajamas, but that didn't slow us. We were outside in a flash. The only thing that kept us from freezing to death was the energy generated by fright. I turned off the valve on the fuel line and fortunately, nothing caught fire. But we had a lot of cleaning to do and some repairs to make on the stove before we were able to resume normal living.

My first year of teaching had its ups and downs. For the most part, I enjoyed the students. I got along well with the majority of them and was able to maintain reasonably good discipline in my classes. Occasionally, I had trouble with a few. I remember one day I failed to get some eighth-grade boys to stop talking. I became so angry. I brought my fist down on the desk and cracked the skin across my knuckles. I began to bleed right there in class and for the time being, I believe I had the attention of every student except the recalcitrant boys. They probably hoped I would bleed to death. The students, I like to believe they were the troublesome minority, nicknamed me "Iron Ass." Why? I don't know. I seldom sat down, so I'm sure the name had nothing to do with that. Perhaps they thought I was a stubborn fool — one who didn't care to understand young people and let them have their way. I was determined to maintain what I thought was an effective learning environment, so I enforced school policy and classroom rules with disciplined dedication. But I have never viewed myself as a harsh teacher — one with unrealistic expectations of his students and one who was unreasonable and difficult to get along with. I don't know if I would be any more effective as a junior high teacher today than I was then, but I doubt it. I know more now than I did then, but I'm sure I would deal with the students about the same way — my expectations of them would be the same and I would attempt to enforce the rules as vigorously as I did then.

During that first year of teaching, I reviewed a lot of history, and learned world geography. As a matter of fact, I was better versed in geography than now. The students and I learned countries of the world and their capitols. We learned major rivers and mountain ranges, deserts, continents, and oceans. We learned how people lived throughout the world, how they dressed and what they ate. And generally, we had fun learning all this. I have appreciated my first

year of teaching for the association with the young students it gave and for the opportunity to learn as I did.

I had a very positive experience in my ninth-grade English class. I loved those students and they liked me. We had a good relationship. We joked and had fun along with learning English grammar and composition. For example, one day, to stimulate some thought on a point of grammar, I bet the whole class a milk shake that I was right while, in fact, I knew I was wrong. They were eager to prove me wrong and by the next day they had met, discussed the problem, gathered proof showing they were right, and presented their case at the beginning of class the next day. I acknowledged they had won the bet and promised to pay up. Before class the following day, I went over to the “Hive,” the high school hangout for hamburgers, milk shakes and candy bars. There I bought a box of candy bars named Milk Shake. They cost me \$2.40. In class that day I paid my bet. Each student got a candy bar. But they surely worked me over verbally because each thought he or she was going to get a real milk shake.

To this day, grown men and women — members of that class — while visiting with me will remember that experience. They still feel cheated. But they took my joke in great spirits and we went on to enjoy each other’s association in a memorable educational experience.

I loved English grammar and composition. It was easy for me. We did a lot of sentence diagraming that year and I don’t know whether that made better speakers and writers of the English language out of those Freshman students, but I doubt it did them any harm.

That first year of teaching, I taught Mary Jean, my sister, and Rich, my brother. Jeanie was a seventh-grader and Rich was in my ninth-grade English class. Other young people from Ucon were members of my classes that year. They were good students and easy to teach. Some of them were Dean Jenkins and Mary Ann Wirkus (who later became husband and wife), Doug Phillips and Galen Williams. Dean, Mary Ann, Doug, and Galen were seventh- graders. In my ninth-grade English class were Larry Clayton, Garth Dustin, and Dale Phillips, Doug’s brother.

Karl Devenport, the school principal, observed my teaching and said I had room for improvement, but possessed the potential to be a “master teacher.” Well, that was over 40 years ago and I think I still have room for improvement, sufficient room that I doubt I will ever be a “master teacher,” though I have come far since those days in effective teaching. Mr. Devenport certainly was a kind and wise principal, especially in view of his having advised me, while I was a senior in high school, to take up bricklaying as an occupation.

Preparing for Samoa

In either February or March 1959, Gloria and I were scheduled for an interview with the Executive Secretary of the Pacific Board of Education. We drove to Salt Lake for the interview. The roads were covered with snow and ice in places and we thought we were driving carefully enough, but suddenly near Tremonton, Utah, we hit a slick spot. We were going about 50 mph and the car began to switch. Gloria was driving. I had just awakened from a nap. She kept her cool — did not apply the brakes and hardly let up on the accelerator peddle. She did everything right for a situation such as that, yet, we knew we were going to spin. Fortunately, no cars were coming from either direction. We spun a couple of times and ended up in the barrow pit against a farmer's fence. The car was not damaged, but we had to get back on the highway. We were about 300 yards from a farmer's home. We walked there and asked for assistance. He pulled us out with his tractor. We were a few minutes late for the interview, but happy to be alive with an undamaged vehicle.

The interview went well. We were confident we would be hired. Shortly after, we received a letter from the Board with a contract in it. We were also required to meet with a General Authority since we would be hired to teach for the Church. Elder LeGrand Richards interviewed us, but never asked one question about us. Rather, he spent the entire interview talking about Samoa. After the interview, Gloria asked me how he knew we were worthy since he hadn't asked any questions about us. I answered that he knew our worthiness the moment we walked through the door into his office. His calling qualifies him to know that without having to ask questions.

Our departure date for Samoa was June 12, 1959. We were to travel by water on the *H.M.S. Orsova* from Los Angeles. We were ecstatic.

We sold the trailer house to Gloria's parents, then moved back into Cramer's apartment till time to leave. We sold the Volkswagen to my cousin, Rulon Simmons, but did not turn it over to him till we left. We read up on the Samoan Islands, and Gloria started learning the language — at least she learned how to say: "I am going to the beach." She felt that would be adequate to explain where she intended to be most of the time.

Part Three: From Marriage to Life in Rexburg (1955-1968)

Chapter 4

Our Samoa Experience

Going to Samoa

On June 10, 1959, we left Ucon for Salt Lake where we would catch the train for Los Angeles. Gloria wrote of our departure: “We shall have memories of a beautiful Snake River Valley for the day is warm and sunny; the grass is green and the crops are growing rapidly.”

Dad and Mother drove us to Salt Lake and saw us off on the train. I had a “lump in my throat and a feather in my tummy” as we said good-by, but there were no tears. Both Gloria and I were excited to be going on this adventure — so excited, I suppose, there was no place for tears. As part of that adventure, this would be Gloria’s first train ride.

We traveled all night and slept most of that time. The train pulled into Los Angeles at 9:30 a.m. on June 11. We arranged to have our trunks taken to the *Orsova*, then took a cab to the New Clark Hotel. After lunch, we took a sightseeing tour of Marine Land where we saw marine life of all kinds. Neither of us had seen anything like this before and we were enthralled. We were overwhelmed by the size of Los Angeles. Gloria wrote that it was a city not to be “desired by a country boy and a freedom-loving Arizona girl.” But she admitted in “all sincerity” that the “blue Pacific is wondrous to behold.”

We boarded the *Orsova* at 5:00 p.m. on June 12, along with Australian and New Zealand tourists returning home. The *Orsova* was docked at Pier C, Berth 24. Gloria described the scene: “The piers here at Long Beach are very interesting with the spacious warehouses, big ships of a variety of colors (each waving its native flag) and blue water all around.”

The *Orsova* was conspicuous. She was colored yellow and was the biggest ship in dock. She weighed 29,000 tons and generated 42,500 horsepower. She was the largest luxury liner in the Pacific Orient Lines and cruised at 23 knots, or about 28 mph. This enabled her to cover 672 miles each 24 hours. She was the fastest steam liner in the Pacific. She was the first ship of “all-weld” construction, which means she carried no rivets. She was built to carry 1,400 passengers, and, to make their journey more enjoyable, she had hydraulically operated stabilizers to minimize her roll from side to side. Her average

passenger used 43 gallons of water per day which figured to be 60,200 gallons of fresh water daily when the ship carried a full load of passengers. From Los Angeles to Honolulu, the ship's engine burned more than 1,200 tons of oil. This ship would be our home for twelve days.

The *Orsova* was scheduled to leave at midnight, so instead of going to bed, Gloria and I stayed up to watch the departure. Gloria wrote in our journal: "So midnight found us watching the crowd on the pier fade into the blackness as the *H.M.S. Orsova* almost silently slipped out of the harbor and onto the broad Pacific." We finally made our way to our cabin and retired for the night. Incidentally, our cabin was located on the "starboard side" of the ship "toward the stern." It was on "E" Deck which gave us "most of the privileges and access to all the facilities afforded first class passengers. Thanks to the Church (I mean, the Church paid our passage) we were booked as "intermediate first class" passengers.

When we awoke in the morning (June 13), we were about 180 miles out to sea. We lay in our bunks listening to the sound of waves as the ship gently rolled and pitched through the water. It sounded like a stiff Idaho wind.

Speaking of rolling and pitching, we were barely able, at first, to walk down the deck to breakfast. Then when breakfast came, Gloria looked through the porthole across the room and saw first sky, then horizon and finally water, then all of this in reverse. She then looked at her breakfast and quickly excused herself, staggering back to the cabin where she remained for the rest of the day. I managed to eat one pancake. However, by lunch time, I was hungry and had accommodated myself sufficiently to the sea that I ate a hearty lunch. Then came dinner a few hours later, and Gloria wrote in our journal: "Alyn reported that dinner was very delicious, consisting of lamb chops, green peas, potatoes and a fresh apple. His only complaint was that the lamb chop wasn't larger." By the next day, Gloria had gotten over her seasickness and was ready to eat. She ate well the rest of the journey, well enough that Samoan men admired her plumpness.

Each morning before Gloria and I got out of bed, our steward, Gardiner, would knock on the door and bring into the room orange juice and fresh fruit. Then after showering and dressing, we would make our way to the dining room where we would eat with ten other LDS going to Samoa. Our table was attended by a handsome friendly young British boy name Tony West. Gloria wrote in our journal: "We were befuddled by the array of silverware — 3 forks to the left of the plate, 3 knives to the right of the plate, and 1 fork and 2 spoons at the top of the plate. The napkins are large squares of white linen called *serviettes*. The menus are very difficult to understand, having imprinted on them dishes very

foreign to us. One would not imagine with England being our Mother Country that terminologies and customs would differ so much.”

Sunday, June 14, “dawned clear and bright.” It was a beautiful day for swimming and tennis which we wanted to do, but kept the Sabbath Day holy by attending church service. The service was conducted by a minister of the English Church and consisted of innumerable risings and sittings, intoning of prayers and chanting of songs, voicing of creeds and reading of scriptures. I wrote in our journal: “Really the only aspect of the service that seemed to appeal to us was the offering of a prayer in behalf of the President of the United States, Dwight D. Eisenhower. Surely, the U.S. occupies the foremost position in power and prestige among the free nations of the world, and her governing officials are observed and supported by all people who fear Communism.”

Following service, we had lunch, then spent the afternoon visiting with Vida Hanks and Carma Wright. These ladies were going to Samoa, respectively to be the school librarian, and to teach in the grade school. They were old enough to be our mothers, were pleasant to be around and made good company. After we returned home, Gloria and I kept in touch with Vida Hanks until she passed away. We could not have wanted a more congenial, pleasant friend than Vida, and one who deserved God’s blessings more than she.

Sunday evening, all Mormons on board assembled in our cabin to partake of the sacrament. The sacrament was prepared and administered by Doug Harwood, a Priest, and Lowell Wilson, an Elder. Doug was the son of Madge Harwood who was going to Samoa as a Home Economics teacher. She was a widow with three children — Doug 16, Pam 13, and Kathy 11. This trip was a real adventure for the children and a handful of problems for Madge. As a matter of fact, she and her children went home two years early because Pam was falling in love with a handsome Samoan boy named Aki. Lowell Wilson, on the other hand, was a guileless fun-loving fellow about my age. He and his wife, Marjorie, were going to Samoa as religion teachers. After sacrament, prayer was offered by Simeon Dunn, a pleasant, slow-moving, wise old gentleman. He was going to Samoa to serve as a school principal. Gloria wrote in our journal: “We all enjoyed the spirit of the Lord in that small meeting.”

The first time Gloria and I went swimming on board ship, we were surprised to find the water salty. We discovered that ocean water was pumped into the swimming pool, which made sense. There was certainly enough of it to use. But it was so salty, we required some time to get used to it. Anyway, since swimming in the ship’s pool, we have told people that we swam to Samoa.

I awoke the morning of June 17 to see through the porthole that we were moving past palm trees and other lush vegetation. We were off the coast of Oahu, approaching Honolulu. As the ship slowly pulled into her berth,

Hawaiians were diving for coins tossed overboard by passengers. Gloria and I tossed a quarter into the water and watched a diver retrieve it. Also, just before we left the ship, a coterie of lightly and colorfully clad female Hawaiians came on board to welcome us. They were the friendliest girl-strangers I'd ever met. They placed *leis* around our necks, then sang and danced for us. Their songs were beautiful and their movements graceful. Gloria and I thought surely we were in paradise.

Before we disembarked, we, along with Brother and Sister Dunn, Carma Wright and Vida Hanks, made arrangements for a tour of Oahu. So after leaving ship, we were directed to a tour bus. The driver/guide was friendly and eloquent. One could easily tell he enjoyed his job.

We saw a Buddhist temple, then crossed a range of mountains, and were amazed by the thick and lush vegetation all around us. I wrote in our journal: "We were told that the Island of Oahu gets its fresh water from artesian wells. In some places the water level is reached at a depth of 100 feet and in other places it is not reached until a depth of 500 feet. We were also told that there are to be found on the island absolutely no poisonous snakes or spiders. There are some wild animals on the island, the meanest of which is the wild boar. The island is amazingly pretty. It is so verdant, wherever one goes all he can see is green. There are a whole variety of fruits, trees and shrubbery — coconuts, pineapples, papaya, taro, bananas, bamboo, and eucalyptus.

"We stopped for lunch at a quaint Hawaiian restaurant situated on the seashore. The food was delicious and the service excellent. Here, I learned that whenever a Hawaiian girl is available, she wears a flower over her left ear. The Hawaiians seem to be so gracious and hospitable.

"On our trip, we saw acres of sugar cane. Sugar cane takes about 24 months to mature and when fully grown, some of the stalks appear to be about 7 feet high. The Hawaiians arrange the planting of their sugar cane so that they are harvesting the year around. Sugar cane comes not from a seed, but from a small stalk about 18 inches in length. These small stalks are planted in furrows and watered to maturity. We also saw hundreds of acres of pineapple. Several large companies — Dole, Libby, and Del Monte — have pineapple plantations in the Hawaiian Islands. It was our pleasure to stop and eat some fresh pineapple. I can say in all sincerity that I have not heretofore tasted a fruit so pleasant and refreshing as fresh pineapple.

"One of the momentous stops on our tour was the Hawaiian Temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The temple is stately, beautiful, and the temple grounds are especially beautiful, being well-planned and well-cared for. The temple is situated about a half mile from the junior college of the church. The college appears to be completely modern and quite spread out. The

area surrounding the temple and college is settled almost completely by Latter-day Saints.

“Another important part of our itinerary was our passing of Pearl Harbor ... The harbor is well-protected. The only access to it is a narrow neck of water from the sea. We saw, in passing, the actual place where the bombing (from Japanese attack planes on December 7, 1941) took place and where so many ships were sunk. It seemed to me while looking at the harbor that the past was unreal — just a story concocted by the wild imaginations of a lunatic’s mind.”

After the tour, we spent time in downtown Honolulu then returned to the ship. Honolulu then was a city of about 340,000 people. Its buildings were modern and well-cared for. Its streets were narrow and congested with traffic. We enjoyed our tour of Oahu and Honolulu and decided we’d like to return when we could spend more time.

After boarding the ship, the Hawaiian singers and dancers returned and gave us a friendly send-off. The *Orsova* backed away from the pier at midnight. I wrote in our journal: “Hawaiian singers and dancers were singing and dancing on the pier while the passengers on board ship were throwing their *leis* on the water. (To throw one’s *lei* on the water signified that one is thankful for the graciousness shown him while in Hawaii and he someday hopes to return.) It was all very impressive.”

When we awoke the morning following our departure from Honolulu, we were about 200 miles south-southwest of that city. The sea was rougher than usual and we noticed the ship’s roll and pitch more than before. Between Hawaii and Fiji, we encountered frequent, brief rain showers. We thought the temperature would rise a little, but it remained fairly constant. That was because the ocean moderates changes in temperature. Water heats up and loses heat more slowly than land. Thus, islands of the sea, unless situated on the periphery of the Northern and Southern Pacific Basin, enjoy a moderate climate.

At dinner on our first day south of Honolulu, Tony came to our table threatening to give all Americans on board black eyes. In Honolulu, he had heard the song entitled *The Battle of New Orleans*. This had recently become popular in the United States. It was about the battle which ended the War of 1812 in which Britain fought the United States a second time. The Battle of New Orleans was the last battle of the war. In it, Andrew Jackson and 2,500 American troops soundly defeated Edward Pakenham and 8,000 British troops. Pakenham was killed in the battle and British casualties numbered 2,000. American casualties numbered 13. The defeat itself was humiliating enough. Now Americans were singing about it. That was more than a dyed-in-the-wool, true-blue-through-and-through Britisher like Tony could take. I tried to mollify him by saying Americans deserved to win at least one battle in the war (the

British won all the others), but he countered by saying that the last battle is always the most decisive and the longest remembered, which is true. Gloria's journal entry that evening read: "So much for British-American relations."

As we neared the equator, we noticed the days getting shorter. That was because when the Northern Hemisphere enjoys summer with its warmer, longer days, the Southern Hemisphere endures winter with its rainier, shorter days. So we were going from summer to winter, but the water and climate didn't seem like winter to us. We had never known a winter to be so warm and pleasant.

One afternoon, Pam Harwood asked Gloria to go to tea with her. Gloria's entry in the diary that evening read: "Now we understand why we don't have fancy dainties at mealtime. They (the British) only serve them at tea. A whole array of calorie-laden sweets greeted us. Tony knows we are not tea drinkers so as soon as we entered the room, he indicated where we were to sit and he brought us milk. All milk on this ship is warm. Why, I know not. We sneaked some goodies out to Alyn."

June 21 was our second Sunday on the water. In the morning, after breakfast, we sat on "B" Deck singing songs to Pam Harwood. A lady from Australia sat nearby listening and apparently enjoying what she heard until Pam requested *The Battle of New Orleans*. When we started singing that one, the lady left. Gloria and I joked that if we were not more discreet in the songs we sang on board the ship, we might be pitched overboard by the all-British crew and passengers that were either British or British-related. I think that was the last time we sang that particular song on board ship.

Sunday evening, the Americans came together in Madge Harwood's cabin for another sacrament service. Gloria wrote in our journal: "Brother Simeon Dunn conducted and Sister Vida Hanks gave the opening prayer. Lowell Wilson led us in 'Come, Come Ye Saints.' Kathy Harwood gave a 2-1/2 minute talk on missionaries, and Pam Harwood gave the sacrament gem. The sacrament was administered to and passed by Alyn Andrus and Douglas Harwood. Testimonies were borne. The closing song was *Let Us All Press On*. Benediction was offered by Madge Harwood."

June 22 was our last day on board ship. However, we crossed the International Date Line during the night, so when we awoke, the date was June 24. We simply lost June 23. We never recovered it. But that was not as much on our minds as the island we were passing. It had beautiful, lush vegetation. We were excited. We had arrived at Fiji.

We hurried and dressed. We had packed the day before. We paid Gardiner \$15 and Tony \$20 for their excellent service during the voyage. By that time, the ship had docked at Suva, Fiji's capitol city, and we were ready to go through

customs. Except, to leave the ship was not easy. It had become our home, and we liked it.

We had no difficulty getting through customs. We arranged for our trunks to be shipped to Samoa on a New Zealand ship named *Matua*. This ship would leave Fiji on July 4 and arrive in Samoa five days later. Meanwhile, we would fly from Fiji to Samoa on a seaplane and would have to get along without some of our clothes and other “conveniences” for about two weeks.

We took a taxi with the Harwoods to the Oceanic Private Hotel which looked like the hotels in old movies featuring southeast Asia — furniture made of bamboo and bamboo curtains instead of doors. Gloria was terrified (I do not use the word loosely). She was afraid a fierce-looking Fijian would enter during the night and either kill us both or kill me and have his way with her. I tried to console her, but I don’t think she slept well that night.

Speaking of fierce-looking Fijians, the men of Fiji were rather intimidating. They were muscular and dark with kinky hair that made their heads look larger than they were. They wore skirts of various colors that were knee-length. Some wore shirts, but many were naked above the waist. The policemen wore shirts and skirts with red tunics.

Indians (from the subcontinent) and Europeans also called Fiji “home.” The Indians were smaller in stature, fine-featured, with hair that looked tame and well-groomed. The Indian women were beautiful. Gloria wrote in our journal that their “facial features were finely sculptured and they had a jewel on the left side of their nose . . . Most of them wore beautiful saris (a gossamer fabric that went over their shoulders and covered their heads). Very exotic.”

The port of Suva is located on an island called Vita Lavu. We hired a taxi driver to give a tour of the island. The tour took about two hours and we saw Fiji villages, fields of sugar cane, a sugar mill, four cemeteries, an insane asylum and gaol (jail). The vegetation was the greenest and most lush we had ever seen, with the possible exception of Hawaii. Fiji belonged to the British Commonwealth, so British influence was evident there.

In our journal, Gloria mentioned how awful the odors were in Suva and how we were reluctant to eat anything for fear it might be contaminated, though by noon we were hungry. So we returned to the *Orsova* and ate in its restaurant. That was the last meal we ate on board ship. Gloria wrote in our journal: “It was our plan to stuff on board ship and then we wouldn’t have to eat supper. This we did. Stuff, I mean. It was very good — steak and all the trimmings. It only cost the six of us 12 schillings (12 x 12 = \$1.44 in American money).

During the afternoon of our day in Suva, we walked until we were worn out. We returned to the hotel just in time to watch from our balcony the *Orsova* back away from the wharf and leave for New Zealand. We were sad to see her leave.

We felt we were losing a good friend. As I wrote previously, she had been our home for two weeks and we had fallen in love with her. We even liked stuffy Gardiner and snooty Tony.

That evening we ate dinner in the hotel with an interesting couple. Gloria wrote in our journal: "We got settled in our room just as Doug came and asked if we wanted steak or roast mutton for dinner. We both decided on steak and hoped it would at least be clean. I ate one bite of steak and the baked potato and nothing else. Alyn ate everything they brought to him. I've never seen his equal. He had good training the two years he spent among the American Indians in Arizona and New Mexico on his mission. We sat with a couple who were in Fiji with the government. He was from Scotland and worked as an assistant mechanical engineer. His wife was from Australia. Her profession was that of a nurse and they had a little boy named Peter. His name (the father) was Eddie Twigg and hers was Pat. We sat and talked till almost 10:00 p.m. about every subject under the sun. The questions they asked were: How did Americans respond to the death of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles? Why didn't the U.S. try to get along with England? Why did the U.S. try to buy friends? Are the morals of the girls in the U.S. slipping? Do the women of the U.S. really run the house and their husbands? Why did we hate the Negroes? And so on. We learned what a lot of people thought of us anyway." We awoke the morning of June 25 and were happy to see we were still alive. In fact, Gloria celebrated her 23rd birthday that morning. Four taxis came at 7:50 to take all of us to the airbay. Exactly at 9:00, the seaplane left its mooring to take off. The ocean was smooth so there was little motion inside the plane, but when the pilot accelerated, spray covered windows till we could see nothing. We were all excited for this was the first time any of us had ever flown in a seaplane (the British called it an air boat). As we gained altitude and looked down on the water, we were surprised that the ocean was so breathtakingly beautiful. Gloria wrote in our journal: "It is very easily observed where there are reefs and deeper holes. Always around an island there would be a ring of beautiful light turquoise indicating a shallow shelf. Next would come a deeper shade and this would then blend into the deep, deep blue of the deep, deep Pacific."

While en route, we were served a tasty meal of salad, sliced ham, roll and hot chocolate. We read magazines and brochures about Samoa. We learned that Samoa's population was the fastest growing population in the world.

Samoa is about 500 miles northeast of Fiji, so we recrossed the International Date Line. That meant the day was now June 24 instead of June 25. Gloria claimed she was only 22 years old again, but I maintained she was 23 just like she was when she awoke that morning and when she would awake the following

morning, she should be 24. We never did get that worked out. That is one of the few controversies in our lives together we have never been able to resolve.

Our landing was smooth. The plane landed at Mulifanua, about 20 miles from Pesega where the school and teacher's village were located. We were ferried from plane to shore in a launch. We were greeted by Heber Barker, the school principal, and *palagis* (whites) from Pesega. They were very cordial. They placed *leis* (the Samoans called them *ulus*) around our necks, loaded us into cars and drove us through village after village along the coast road to Pesega. The island was beautiful, the villages were neat and clean. The people were attractive and friendly — they waved as we passed — and we were delighted to be in Samoa rather than Fiji.

We were taken to the school where we met faculty and staff members. Gloria and I were happy to see the Larsons (after all, they were the reason we were there). In fact, we boarded with them for a few weeks until other housing arrangements could be made. Additional teachers' homes were being constructed, but would not be completed for some time. When the first home under construction became available, it was given to the Harwoods, so we moved in with them till our own was ready. This gave the Larsons a break.

The night of our arrival, Heber and Corrine Barker had all the newcomers over to their house for an American dinner. They were very kind to us and did all that could be expected, I think, to welcome us cordially, orient us to the school, and help us get started comfortably in our new environment. That evening, they passed out to us letters that had arrived before us. Gloria received one from her folks and I received one from mine. So we knew we were not forgotten. The whole day had been an eventful one and we were tired when we went to bed, but were pleased to be where we were, ready to begin a new chapter in our lives. Little did we know how important that chapter would be.

Samoa: Geography, People, History, Customs and Language

Before I tell about living in Samoa, I shall describe Samoa's geography, people, history, customs and language. This will make the story Gloria and I have to tell more meaningful.

Western Samoa is about 3,000 miles southwest of Hawaii, 2,000 miles northeast of New Zealand, 2,500 miles east-northeast of Australia, and 7,000 miles west of Peru. It is comprised of nine islands, four of which are inhabited. The inhabited islands according to land size are: Savai'i, Upolu, Apolima, and Manono. Savai'i is 47 miles long and 27 miles wide. Upolu is 47 miles long and 15 miles wide. These are the main islands. They are not only the largest, but the most heavily populated. When Gloria and I were in Samoa, the population of Upolu was 71,000; that of Savai'i was 27,000. The capitol city and main seaport

of Western Samoa is Apia, located on the north coast of Upolu. Pesega, where we lived, is about two miles inland from Apia.

The Samoan Islands are volcanic. In fact, the most recent eruption was on Savai'i in 1905. That eruption lasted for six years and devastated miles of fertile land. Bleak lava fields were still visible when we were in Samoa.

The highest elevation on Savai'i is about 6,000 feet. On Upolu, it is about 3,000 feet. Of course, the mountains and hills are heavily covered with lush vegetation. This extends to the water's edge except where fine white or black sand beaches occur in places.

The islands are surrounded by a coral reef. The coral is calcified remains of tiny sea organisms. The reef has built up over thousands of years and is still building. Between the reef and islands are lagoons. These are shallower waters which teem with multicolored fish and other sea-life. Water in the lagoon is a lighter blue than that of the ocean. And as ocean waves beat against the reef, there is created a white ring of water which outlines the reef, and there is in one's ears the sound of water beating against a barrier — a dull roar, incessant, night and day. One is lulled to sleep by it and awakes to it. One can hear it regardless of where one might be on the islands, except in the deepest penetrations from the coast. The lighter blue of the lagoons and the deeper blue of the ocean, separated by the ring of white water which marks the reef, gives one the most spectacular beauty imaginable. While we lived in Samoa, we never tired of taking in the beauty of the islands.

The climate of Samoa is ideal. Usually, the temperature ranges between 85 and 75 degrees night and day the year round. If it dips lower than 70 degrees, one is cold. This, I suppose, is because the humidity is so high. While we lived in Samoa, we never heard the crisp sound of paper being wadded in one's hand. Sores heal slowly in Samoa's warm, humid climate, and infection is contracted easily.

Because of the high humidity, living in Samoa would be an unpleasant experience if not for ocean breezes that caress the islands almost ceaselessly. Houses in Samoa are built to take advantage of these breezes.

Parts of Samoa receive 200 inches of rain per year. Most of this falls during the months of December, January, and February. This is the "wet season," or summer, in the Southern Hemisphere. Apia and environs, where we lived, receive about 120 inches of rainfall per year. The ground is porous though and quickly absorbs the rain water.

Food grown in Samoa consists of bananas, coconuts, cocoa, citrus, mango, papaya, sugar cane and taro. Fish is a staple and all Samoans know how to spear fish. They also know how to paddle outrigger canoes and swim.

There are no poisonous reptiles in Samoa, but rats abound. The islands are also infested with centipedes, millipedes, mosquitos and spiders. The only wild animals are pigs. These run wild in the bush at higher interior elevations.

Eastern, or American, Samoa is situated 70 miles east of Apia. It comprises five islands. Tutuila is the largest. It is about 27 miles long and varies from two to six miles wide. When Gloria and I were there, Tutuila's population was about 18,000. The islands of Ofu, Olosega and Tau are referred to as the Manua Islands. They are much smaller than Tutuila. Their combined population at the time was about 2,000. Swains Island was annexed to American Samoa in 1925. It is three miles long and one mile wide. Its population, while we were in Samoa, was about 160 Tokelau Islanders. Geographically, it is not a part of Samoa. It was annexed to American Samoa for administrative purposes only.

Tutuila boasts one of the best harbors in the Pacific Basin. The harbor, and town which surrounds the harbor, are called Pago Pago. The harbor serves large ocean vessels, and the town is the administrative center for the United States Department of Interior which oversees American Samoa.

A few miles from Pago, along the south coast, is an international airport. To accommodate jetliners, the runway was extended into the lagoon. Today, it is a regular rest stop for air traffic bound for New Zealand.

When Gloria and I were in Samoa, the Church had just built a high school situated along the south coast, west of the airport a few miles. The school and its teachers' village were called Mapusaga. We visited Mapusaga shortly before we came home. We traveled by boat, a small inter-island craft with a heavy pitch and roll. Almost everyone on board was seasick. I was one of the few who was not. Until then, I thought seasickness was mostly imagined, but by that time, we had adopted Daniel, who was not yet two years old, and when he got sick, I decided seasickness was real. Thereafter, I was much kinder to Gloria while she suffered from seasickness.

To the United States, American Samoa is important because of its strategic location. Pago Pago Harbor and Tutuila's international airport serve U.S. interests, I'm sure, beyond our ability to measure.

The Samoan people are Polynesian. Polynesians are one of three classifications of people who occupy South Pacific Islands. The other two classes are Melanesian and Micronesian. These classifications reflect different physical characteristics as well as languages spoken and islands occupied.

All three classes have black hair and dark eyes. But the Melanesians are more Negroid in physical characteristics, the Micronesians more Mongoloid, and the Polynesians more Caucasoid. Melanesians are characterized by the Fijians, Micronesians by the Filipinos, and Polynesians by the Samoans.

Samoans, generally, are big, well-muscled and attractive. They are friendly and outgoing. They are generous and care for each other. There are no government welfare programs in Samoa. Each family is responsible for its own members, and at times an extended family — grandparents, grandchildren, aunts, uncles and cousins — can become sizeable. Yet, members of such a family seem happy to be surrounded by loved ones and never seem to tire of caring for each other. Gloria and I brought a Samoan girl named Emmie home with us. We sent her to school and on a mission. She married a Samoan named Fa'aleaga Toalepai whom we nicknamed "Honey." Emmie and Honey live in Compton, California. Even before they were married, Emmie was caring for her parents who were too old and sick to care for themselves. After their marriage, she and Honey, at times, offered shelter and food not only to her parents, but to other relatives and friends as well. At one time, Gloria and I counted 20 people who were living with Emmie and Honey. Emmie's mother passed away at age 68, but her father lived to be 102 years old. Caring for her parents through the years, and for others, has meant a sacrifice in trips that might have been taken, clothes and other material wants that might have been purchased, and privacy. But she has never complained. To have sent her parents to a rest home was, simply, unthinkable. That is not the Samoan way. To have done that would have disgraced her and Honey in the eyes of their own people.

Samoans are healthy because they eat healthy food. Generally, they do not like, and refuse to eat, food with processed sugar in it. Their diet, as a matter of fact, is quite bland. There is little taste to taro which is a staple in their diet. Fish, poultry, and pork are eaten without salt. All fruit in their diet is delicious. Because they eat sugar-free food, their teeth require little dental work.

Generally, Samoans are easy to get along with, but when they become angry they tend to become unreasonable, and the girls especially seem to lose all discipline and let emotion take over. I saw more physical fights between females in Samoa than I saw in all the years before I went there. Some of these fights occurred in my classroom and I had to break them up. The girls would scratch, pull hair, kick, wrestle and scream at each other. Female fights were not pretty to watch or hear. I heard males verbally abuse each other, but I can't remember any fights between males. Nevertheless, I'm sure males fought. At least they have as a country against other island countries during their history. Their battles were many because their history is long.

How the first Samoans got to Samoa is highly theoretical. Non-Mormon scholars believe Samoa was inhabited by people whose ancestors came from Asia, and, who, through successive migrations, settled islands and island groups first in the Western Pacific then in the Central Pacific. Mormon scholars, on the other hand, believe Samoa was inhabited by Nephites who left South America

and were carried in small ships by the South Pacific current to islands and island groups of the Central Pacific. In any event, scholars generally agree that Samoa was the “cradle of much Polynesian settlement.” According to historical theory and Samoan legend, early Samoans were masterful seamen who, in large outrigger canoes, sailed from Samoa to other islands, even islands as far away as Hawaii. These early sailors apparently used the stars and ocean currents as navigational indicators.

In time, an ideal climate, ease of living, and friendly people made Samoans and their islands objects for invaders from other islands and lands. For example, early Samoan history indicates subservience to Fiji at one time. The Fijian conquerors are supposed to have established themselves in Manua and received tribute from Samoa. The *Pacific Islands Yearbook for 1959* states: “There are many Samoan legends which have as heroes and heroines, princes and princesses of Fiji — legends which show ancient knowledge of the Fijian people and customs and indicate intercourse between Samoa and Fiji.”

Tongans, too, attempted to conquer Samoa. They established themselves in Savai’i and invaded Upolu, but were stopped and eventually driven from the Islands. Subsequently, a peace treaty was signed between the two people. But in Samoa, the worst epithet one can use is to call a Samoan a Tongan.

The first European to see Samoa was a Dutch sailor, Jacob Roggeveen, who passed the Islands in 1721. The next was a sailor Louise Antoine de Bougainville, who named Samoa the Navigator Islands in 1766. Another Frenchman, Comte de LaPerouse, visited Samoa in 1787. He and some crew members went ashore, but quarreled with the natives. Some of his party were killed. Others escaped to the ship and, I suppose, were happy to sail away. A British warship “touched” at Samoa in 1790. But Europeans did not live there until an English missionary named John Williams went to Samoa in 1830 and began to influence the natives in a real way.

John Williams represented the London Missionary Society (LMS). By 1835, he had established a mission on Manono. Roman Catholic missionaries established a mission on Savai’i ten years later. And today one can see evidence of both Protestant and Catholic missionary service all over the islands both in buildings and converts.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (LDS) did not establish themselves in Samoa until 1888. But, though late in coming, Samoa provided a bountiful harvest for them.

Samoans seemed ready for Christianity, and missionaries exercised a heavy influence in teaching them “civilized” ways. Before long, Samoans were aping the *palagi* (white man) in all his sins and follies. Gloria and I often quipped that

the Samoans were probably better off (happier and more sin-free) before white missionaries came to change their values and way of life than they were after.

Years between the coming of missionaries to Samoa and 1889 were politically turbulent. Britain, Germany and the United States became interested in Samoa because of her strategic location, tropical plants, and their related products. These countries quarreled with each other over trading rights in Samoa, and the Samoans compounded the problem by fighting among themselves. Three powerful political leaders sought backing from the three countries involved. These were Malietoa, Mata'afa, and Tamasese. Political intrigue and turmoil culminated in a confrontation between Britain, Germany, and the U.S. in 1889. Ships from each of these countries were anchored in Apia Harbor, with crews glaring at each other and guns ready to fire. At this crucial moment, a violent tropical storm struck the islands. Ships were wrecked, sailors drowned, and Samoans became sudden heroes when, in the teeth of the storm, they attempted to rescue drowning sailors. Following the storm, the three powers signed a treaty by which England agreed to be satisfied with Fiji and Tonga (Tonga previously had been claimed by Germany). The U.S. was given territorial rights over Eastern Samoa, and Germany received territorial rights over Western Samoa. Native government in each part was supervised by its respective foreign powers.

After World War I, Germany lost her rights in Western Samoa and that country was mandated by the League of Nations and given to New Zealand for economic and political supervision. Again, after World War II, New Zealand was assigned to administer Western Samoa under trusteeship provisions of the United Nations Organization. Part of New Zealand's trust was to prepare the Samoans for political independence. That day came on January 1, 1962. Since then, Western Samoa has governed her own affairs through a representative government.

Samoa's representative government is based on custom extending into the remote past and involving at the most basic level the extended family. This is a family that consists not only of husband, wife, and children, but grandchildren, uncles, aunts, and cousins as well. Each family elects a *matai* who represents the family in community matters. He is the family spokesman, and trustee for land owned by the family as well as produce that comes from the land. In addition to the *matai*, there are the *tulafele*, or talking chiefs. These are orators who advise upon matters of public concern. They also debate issues and give ceremonial speeches. They rise to great oratorical heights. Oratory is important to Samoans so these talking chiefs are influential and respected leaders. The most important leaders in Samoa, however, are the *Fautua*. These are representatives for Samoa's royal line. Custom and law allow for three *Fautua*, but in recent

years only two have served. These are Tupu, Tamasese, and Malietoa Tanumafili. The *Fautua* are elected by Samoa's *Fono*, or Legislative Assembly. So true democracy in Samoa does not prevail. Rather Samoan government is representative, as implied previously, with the representatives chosen by custom.

The *Matai* system has pretty well divided Samoan society into castes. One caste would be ordinary family members. Another would be the *Matai*. Still another would be the *Tulafele*. The top caste, of course, would be the *Fautua*. Each caste is governed by strict customary rules so that personal innovation is rigidly controlled. Creative genius in Samoa is smothered by the caste system. If a more efficient or profitable way to accomplish a task or produce a product runs counter to custom, and is not endorsed by the *Matai* and *Tulafele* (and if it runs counter to custom, it doesn't stand a snowball's chance in Hell of survival), then it is not allowed. In these ways, then, Samoan society is very conservative and pays a high price for its conservatism.

Young people learn their place in Samoan society early in life and are whipped severely when they violate customs. While their elders speak, they remain silent. They never approach an elder or one with authority while standing up. They bend down and approach in a subservient position. I never did get used to having tall, husky Samoan boys approach me bent over as if to pay me tribute. In the classroom, I discouraged such practice. Also, at mealtime, the elders eat first, then the teenagers and finally the children. Teenagers, in fact, are those who gather food from plantations and prepare it for eating. Adults spend much time sitting cross-legged on mats in their *fales* (open houses) and visit while they weave more mats. Children play as other children — shouting, laughing and expending sufficient energy to make their elders tired just watching them.

Another custom in Samoa that bothered me considerably was for men to treat women as second class citizens. Samoan males tend to be chauvinistic. Symbolic of this behavior is the man's always walking in front of the woman. She follows in subservient fashion, carrying coconuts, bananas or whatever, opening her own doors, and doing without complaint, what is left for her to do. In fact, Samoan men like their women big and plump so they can lift heavy loads and do what American men normally do for their women. Shortly after Gloria and I arrived in Samoa, Larry Oler, our friend who spoke the native language and had served a mission in the islands, took us into the bush to visit some Samoan friends. The head of the family admired Gloria and kept saying to me: "You have a very nice wife." Later, Larry told us, between peels of laughter, that Gloria was admired because she was rather "plump." She had gained about 10 pounds on our boat ride across the Pacific, and Samoans admired her apparently sturdy physique.

I loved Samoan students. They were handsome, pretty, friendly, and very active, especially the younger ones. But they came to school with hair scented by rubbing pineapple juice over it. After a while, in the hot humid climate, the sweet scent of juice turned rancid and by the time school was out for the day, I was happy to see them go home.

Another custom was students wearing uniforms to school. Each school in Samoa had its own colors. Pesega's colors were beige shirts and green skirts and shorts for the Primer and Standard students, with beige shirts and blue skirts and long pants for the Forms students, with sandals for the feet. Normally, Samoan females wore dresses and males wore *lavalavas*. A *lavalava* is a large piece of cloth long enough to be wrapped around a person's lower body. Most *lavalavas*, whether worn by male or female, extended from waist to knees, leaving legs and feet naked. Most males most of the time wore nothing above the waist. Before missionaries went to Samoa, women too wore only *lavalavas*. But the missionaries, undoubtedly embarrassed, or too attracted by naked female breasts, encouraged the wearing of a short dress, or tunic, over her *lavalava*. This ensemble was called a *pulatasi*. Dresses and *lavalavas* were always clean and colorful. On Sunday, the males wore white shirts and ties with *ies* (a tailored *lavalava* with waistband, pockets, and D-rings to keep it in place); church leaders were considered improperly dressed without a suit coat. That seemed to be a symbol of their authority.

Samoans were excellent singers, and the songs they sang were melodious and romantic. I loved to hear them sing. All-male choirs, I thought, were especially thrilling to hear. And I never tired of hearing island songs sung to the accompaniment of *ukeleles*. Samoans also loved to dance, but I think they were better singers than dancers.

Samoans were dexterous with bush knives. They learned to use them at a young age, too. There were no lawn mowers of the mechanized variety in Samoa. Samoans kept their lawns (which grew naturally and prolifically) trimmed beautifully with bush knives. To see a young boy swinging a bush knife, trimming a half acre of lawn that already looked well-trimmed was a familiar sight.

Samoans also used bush knives to trim fence posts. If posts were not trimmed from time to time, they grew into bushes or trees. Seemingly dead twigs would grow in Samoa's climate, given sufficient time.

Finally, Samoans loved to dive for worms that lived in or near the reef. They ate these whole and raw. In fact, the worms were considered a delicacy. Gloria and I nearly gagged when we saw Emmie, our Samoan girl, eat these worms. But Emmie wasn't bothered. She seemed to enjoy the worms as much as we would enjoy eating salted cashews.

Gloria and I never learned the Samoan language. None of the *palagi* teachers in Pesega spoke the language, unless they had previously been on a proselyting mission to Samoa. We were discouraged from learning the language because Church leaders wanted Samoan students to learn English. So even the older students were forbidden to use their native language while at school.

We learned to speak a few phrases in Samoan and we learned the meaning of some Samoan words. We discovered that generally Samoan words were fairly easy to pronounce if a few rules were remembered. The Samoan alphabet has only fourteen letters in it. They are: a, e, i, o, u, f, g, l, m, n, p, s, t, v. Commonly, these letters, as used in the Samoan language, sound like the words listed next to them in the following pairings:

a	ā as in paw (Samoa)
e	ē as in pay (fale)
i	ī as in see (Savai'i)
o	ō as in oh (fono)
u	ū as in you (ukelele) or oo (Upolu) (Tutuila)
f	same as English
g	ng as in Pago (Pango)
l	same as English
m	same as English
n	same as English
p	same as English
s	same as English
t	same as English
v	same as English

A few Samoan words and their meanings that we learned as follows:

aiga family
alofa love
esi papaya
fa'afetai thank you
fa'alavelave trouble
fa'amanuia to bless
fa'amoemoe to hope
fa'a samoa the Samoan way
fafine a married woman
fa'i banana
faipule legislator

fale house
fiamoe sleepy
fono meeting
lavalava clothing
malae playground
manuia blessed, fortunate
mapusaga place of rest
matua mature
muli rear end
mumu elephantiasis
muumuu Hawaiian dress

musu obstinate
 niu new coconut
 palagi white person
 palusami taro leaves cooked
 with coconut cream
 pili lizard
 popo mature coconut
 pototo knowledge
 pule authority, power
 sami ocean, sea
 sasa to spank

siva to dance
 sole friendly call to a boy
 tama boy
 taupou high priest's
 virgin daughter
 teine girl
 tupu king
 ulu breadfruit
 umu oven
 vao brush

Many Samoan words are broken by a mark that looks like an apostrophe (‘). In pronouncing a word with such a mark, one breaks the word where the mark is placed.

Our Friends in Samoa

Well, with this information about Samoa as a background, I will now turn to friends Gloria and I made soon after we arrived there. These were the Larsons, Olers, Hanks, and Eyestones.

Don and Rayola Larson became good friends during our first few weeks in Samoa. We visited with them frequently and always enjoyed the visits. Even after returning home we got together with them occasionally in Salt Lake City. While in Samoa, a teenage boy named Aki Ili lived with the Larsons. He helped around the house for room and board. He was handsome with a pleasant personality, and, before long, he and Pam Harwood were “in love” with each other. I think this was a major reason for Madge Harwood’s decision to return home after only six months in Samoa. The Samoan and *palagi* (white) children got along very well with each other, so well that once in a while a relationship such as Aki and Pam’s would develop which concerned both Samoans and *palagis*.

The Larsons had a little boy named Randy whom we loved. He was a cute little fellow with a pleasant personality. He grew into a responsible young man, filled a mission, married, and is now raising a family. The Larsons acquired a daughter when they adopted a Polynesian baby named Turia. She was a full sister to a little boy we adopted and named Daniel.

Don Larson taught business classes at the school, and Rayola at first was the school secretary. The latter part of July (1959), only a month after our arrival, Rayola asked Gloria if she would like to be the school secretary. The school needed another teacher and wanted to hire Rayola. The Pacific Board of

Education approved, and Gloria then became secretary to Heber Barker, the principal, and brought into our bank account some additional needed money. She worked full time from then till retirement in 1997, with only one break, that was after we returned home and she enrolled in Ricks College for a semester.

Another couple who became close friends during the beginning of our Samoan adventure were Larry and Pat Oler. Larry had filled a proselyting mission to Samoa, spoke the language fluently and got along very well with the people. He taught math at the school and Pat tended Eric, their adopted baby boy. Eric was a cute little fellow who later became a playmate of our own adopted boy, Danny.

From Samoa, the Olers went to Hawaii where Larry became Dean of Students at BYU-Hawaii. They raised a large family, members of which have served missions, gone to college, and are now scattered. One of their children is an adopted Polynesian girl named Lani.

Pat Oler died of cancer in 1985. Her body was interred in the cemetery at Shelley, Idaho after a brief graveside service at which I was asked to speak. Among other things, I said on that occasion: "Pat was exemplary in so many ways. She was friendly, helpful, and always seemed to be in control of the situation. Gloria tells of a time in Samoa when she and Pat were visiting during which Eric threw a temper tantrum. Without missing a word in the conversation, Pat withdrew from the fridge a pitcher of cold water, emptying its contents on the recreant child. He gasped, blubbered and became well-behaved immediately. I have the impression that Pat was always helping others. I respected her for the ability to sacrifice her time and privacy for the comfort and welfare of others. The best evidence we have of this is her family. To bear and raise a large family in this day and age requires a generous and charitable woman. I think Pat had charity, and there is no finer compliment I could pay her than to say this." I felt privileged to speak at Pat's graveside service.

With Pat's passing, Larry was left alone with a large family. Most of his children were still at home. So Gloria and I were not surprised to learn, sometime after Pat's burial, that Larry would soon marry a Polynesian lady who was known to all her friends as Midge. Shortly after Midge and Larry were married, we met her and were charmed. She is a pretty lady with a pleasant personality. We thought she was just the right person to fill the void left by Pat's death. Today (March 2001), Larry and Midge live on the island of Hilo in the Hawaiian Islands. Larry is retired and serves as president of the temple there.

Shortly after our arrival in Samoa, we also befriended Phillip and Dawn Hanks. They truly were good people. Phil was from Teton Basin and a brother to Ted Hanks, Vida Hanks' divorced husband. Like Larry Oler, Phil had served a proselyting mission in Samoa, so he spoke the language fluently, understood

and loved the people, and they loved him. As a matter of fact, Phil became president of the Samoan Mission before we left Samoa for home. Both Phil and Dawn were soft-spoken, low-key people who should not have had an enemy in the world. They had a little girl named Kathryn and raised a Samoan girl name Marini.

After leaving Samoa, Phil taught institute classes at the College of Southern Utah in Cedar City. From there he transferred to the institute at the University of Utah. He has also organized yearly reunions and an occasional tour of the Samoan Islands for missionaries and teachers who served in Samoa.

Gloria and I have seen Phil only a couple of times since we were in Samoa. He has had a serious bout with cancer, but it is now in remission, and he is doing better. By now (March 2001), Phil should be retired professionally.

Finally, among our initial friends in Samoa were Bob and Virginia Eyestone. Gloria and I decided that Bob Eyestone met our criteria for the ideal man. He stood 6 feet 2 inches, weighted about 180 lbs., was a good administrator, possessed mechanical ability, and had an interest in sports, read good books, was friendly and liked to talk. He managed the church plantations in Samoa. His wife, Virginia, was bright, talkative, friendly, and interested in learning. When we knew the Eyestones, they had four energetic, lovable children. One year, Bob's Christmas gift to his children was to spend special time with each child helping that child develop a useful and interesting hobby. As a result, at one time the Eyestone children had become interested in collecting and classifying sea shells. We thought the Eyestones were a model family.

After Bob and Virginia left Samoa, they acquired their doctoral degrees and settled in Ogden, Utah. He became a professional counselor and she taught home economics. One of their boys, Eddy, attended BYU and achieved national acclaim as a track star in the distance races and Olympics.

Other good friends of ours while we were in Samoa came after we arrived there. They were Eldon and Pat Puckett, Reed and Dolly King, Rick and Sonia Johnson, Phil and Coy Harmon, and Ray and Gayle Brown. Eldon Puckett was an administrator at the school. Reed King taught woodworking. Rick Johnson was a school counselor and Sonia, his wife, taught English. Phil Harmon also taught English. And Ray Brown taught science.

Eldon Puckett eventually ended up at BYU as a teacher in the Education Department. Reed and Dolly King settled in Corvallis, Oregon. Rick and Sonia Johnson, after traveling around the world teaching and researching in various places, divorced.

Rick, after the divorce, was excommunicated from the Church. Eventually retired, professionally, and found a companion named Mary, a pleasant lady. They established residence in Jacksonville, Florida, but each summer traveled

about the country visiting family and friends. They have visited with us on two different occasions. Currently, they reside in South Africa while Rick works, temporarily, for the government there in its school systems.

After her divorce, Sonia established residency near Washington, D.C. She left the Church, was excommunicated, joined the Unitarian Faith, and became a lesbian. She then went to each of her four children and announced she was divorcing all of them. She said she had brought them into the world and that was enough. They could now fend for themselves. She was through with them. At this time (March 2001), Gloria and I do not know where Sonia lives. Though, Sonia has divorced her children, Rick has not. He and they enjoy family reunions and positive filial relationships.

Phil and Coy Harmon moved to Rexburg where Phil taught English at Ricks College. Coy served as a nurse in Madison Memorial Hospital. Today they are retired and have served two missions for the Church.

Ray and Gayle Brown also moved to Rexburg where Ray taught Botany for Ricks College. For a number of years, Gayle served as a librarian at the College. Today (March 2001), they are retired and live in Millville, Utah, near Logan.

There were other teachers, school administrators, and construction missionaries in Samoa whom we knew. And we considered these people to be our friends, but they were not as close to us as those I've written about. In fact, Heber Barker (the school principal) and his wife Corinne, we considered to be both friend and foe. I felt sorry for Heber. His position as school principal alienated him from the rest of us. His world was different from ours. He was an administrator. We were teachers and student counselors. Besides, decisions he made affected us directly, many times in ways in which we did not care to be affected, and at times, his decisions (we thought) were not very wise and that agitated us against him even more. Finally, he and Corinne lived apart from the rest of us. We lived in the teachers' village. They lived across the compound near the mission home. I think where they lived, more than any other factor, created and maintained a gulf between the Barkers and the rest of us at the school.

Eventually, feelings became so poignant against the Barkers, particularly Heber, that they spilled out in a special faculty testimony meeting on May 3, 1960. Gloria wrote about that meeting and its results: "The feelings of the group toward Brother Barker have become more hostile lately. Such a feeling of ill-will exists that no one is comfortable around anyone else. One evening Bob Eyestone walked from Johnsons' home to ours and said that in practically every house he passed they were criticizing Brother Barker. Everything he does and every word he utters is picked apart and twisted to meet our evil thoughts. Many of the things that he does are foolish and ill-thought-out, but it has come to such that

everything he does is wrong in our eyes. I have been as guilty of this as anyone. Anyway, this testimony meeting must have been inspired because we all came away feeling that we should rededicate ourselves to the work — as Alyn so aptly put it during the meeting: ‘I cannot condone your mistakes, but I can forgive you of them and I expect you to do the same for me.’ There has certainly been a better feeling in the office since I have seen my bigoted errors and am trying harder. There is also a better feeling in the home.”

Looking back on this situation, I now feel ashamed. I like to think that if I found myself in such a situation at this time in my life, given my older age and the experience that has come with it, I would behave more Christ-like.

The Teachers’ Village: Matagi’olo

I mentioned before that most of the *palagi* teachers lived in the teachers’ village, located across the compound from the mission home, principal’s home, and school. Some of the compound consisted mostly of about 200 yards of closely-cropped grass which served as a *malae* (play area) for the school children.

We called the village Matagi’olo which means “shelter against the wind.” When finished with construction, it consisted of a paved street running north and south between two rows of one-story houses, constructed of cinder block. As I recall, there were six houses on each side of the street. Some of these were duplexes. When fully occupied, these dwellings could accommodate about fifteen or sixteen families. The houses were modern and simple in design. About one-half of the wall on each side of the house was louvered glass which could be opened to admit cool ocean breezes, or closed against inclement weather. Each duplex consisted of a kitchen, family room, either one or two bedrooms, and a bathroom.

We were in Samoa from the last of June to the last of October before our house was finished and ready to move into. We were delighted, to say the least. Gloria wrote in our journal that when we moved in our happiness increased “ten fold.” She wrote: “Today we moved into our home . . . we do love every square inch. Gene and Penny Gough live in the other half of our duplex and we share the carport and wash house with another duplex in which Lowell and Marj Wilson and Carma Wright live. We each have our own trunk room . . . Goughs and we don’t even have to go to the door to talk to each other. These homes are so open that we can hear each word they say and vice versa. Very revealing at times; we do enjoy them. None of us . . . has children and we have very good times together. All in all we are very glad to be in our long awaited home and are snug as two bugs in a rug.”

All the teachers in Matagi'olo were compatible with each other. We had fun even in village meetings. From time to time, we elected a mayor and council members. In one of these meetings, I was elected mayor quite unexpectedly. It happened this way. I wrote up a very eloquent speech to nominate Don McCarty as mayor with Lowell Wilson and Pat Oler as council members. Gloria wrote in our journal that I delivered it "beautifully." The villagers liked it so well they elected me mayor, even over my protests. In Gloria's words: "It was all very amusing."

As a matter of fact, I enjoyed my stint as mayor. The villagers were very cooperative and I profited by the administrative responsibilities of the office. I also enjoyed my teaching assignments at the school.

My Teaching Assignments

Actually, my teaching assignments were in two parts. I taught English to the Samoan construction missionaries (young Samoan men who were called on local church construction projects for a period of two years), and I taught geography and history to regular daytime students at the junior high and senior high levels.

I did not enjoy teaching English to the Samoan construction missionaries. In the first place, this class was taught at 5:30 in the morning. At this hour, I was not ready to teach, and the missionaries were not ready to learn. All of us would rather have been in bed asleep. In the second place, I did not know how to teach English to those who did not understand it. I felt uncomfortable in this assignment. Nevertheless, my students and I struggled along until the whole program was changed and I was released. Whether those young men learned much English is doubtful, but many of them and I became good friends, which pleased me. They were handsome young men with their dark skin, black hair, and well-proportioned bodies. And they were superb singers. Each time they sang, and they always started their day with a hymn, they thrilled me. I have never heard the Church hymns sung so beautifully.

I thoroughly enjoyed teaching my regular daytime students. I taught two sections of elementary geography, two sections of world geography, one section of geography and history of the South Pacific, and one section of world history. All these courses, except world history, involved younger high-school age children. World history involved high school senior-age students. I learned geography and history right along with the students and had a good educational experience. They were happy and eager to learn and, generally, were very respectful to me as their teacher. I had no serious discipline problems, perhaps because I was able to establish and maintain a good relationship with most of them. Occasionally, of course, I would have to discipline a student, but was able to maintain good order in the classroom.

Not only did I teach classes at the school, but once in a while would somewhat reluctantly accept an extracurricular assignment. For example, Gloria wrote in our journal, dated March 18, 1960: "Yesterday a Mr. Mialu Ala'ilima called the office and asked if there was an American teacher who would be on his debate team. His team was opposing the topic 'Samoa should join the Commonwealth.' I asked every teacher I could think of and either they knew nothing about it or they were too busy. I felt from the very first that Alyn was the one that should do it and I finally got up courage to ask him. Just as I got to the door of his room, I met Aukuso being kicked out of class. I should have gracefully backed out and not said a word, but since that is not my method, I went on in. Naturally, he barked at me, told me to leave, that he would not do it. After class, he came to the office and I asked him again. This time he didn't say 'no' quite so firmly. He finally called the man and told him he would do it; he's been mad at me ever since. There was not another teacher, as I mentioned earlier, who would do it. I felt that someone should do it if only for the sake and reputation of the school and the Americans."

Again, during the last of January 1961, I was asked to participate in what Eldon Puckett called "Improvement Institute." This was, in his words, the equivalent of "Leadership Week" at the "Y." It was to stimulate and educate all who participated in the various courses that were offered. A number of week-long evening courses were offered and the participants were free to choose the courses they wanted to attend. I was asked to teach a social studies course, and after some consideration decided to call it "Changing Times in Africa." This was when European colonies in Africa were undergoing significant economic and political change. As a result of that change, many of them became sovereign states, and the political maps of Africa had to be almost entirely redrawn. Since this change was going on when Improvement Institute was offered, my class was quite a popular choice among participants. With regard to it, I quote from our journal: "I went to work gathering material. I got most of it from magazines and newspapers such as National Geographic, U.S. News and World Report, and Students Digest. I decided that the best way to give a lot of significant information in a short period of time (we had one week for instruction) was to write up my lectures and read them. I did, and this method proved to be very effective. I composed 4 lectures, each one averaging about 10 pages in length and requiring about 35 minutes to give. During the week of Improvement Institute, I had the blackboards covered with maps and charts relating to Africa. These were done in colored chalk and looked very attractive. I had two bulletin boards in my room and I had two very colorful displays on Africa posted on these boards. Each night during instruction, I would spend about 5 minutes introducing the topic for that night, then I'd give the lecture which would last

about 35 minutes. Following the lecture, I'd allow about 5 minutes for questions. Before class would be dismissed, I would pass out a dittoed summary of the lecture given that night, plus any dittoed maps and charts pertinent to the lecture. I taught two classes each night — one for *palagis* and one for Samoans. Both classes were very well attended. Each one averaged about 30 people per night. Everyone seemed to enjoy the class. I received many compliments and was told I ought to be in college giving lectures."

While I taught at the school, Gloria served as school secretary, and she was a good one. Everyone liked her and depended on her to run off their assignments and test papers. She wrote in our journal, dated August 14, 1959: "I am becoming more familiar with conditions in the office . . . My day consists of getting there at 7:30 a.m., and ringing the big bell to tell the compound what time it is. Then I sell supplies and do other miscellaneous work till 8:30 when I gather the absent slips from the teachers. I come back to the office and type these on stencil and run a copy for all the teachers. I then do all the other little jobs that need done (i.e.,) filing, letters, and bills. I go to lunch at 11:50 and return at 12:50. I get home about 15 minutes before the rest of the family does. (At the time we were living with Madge Harwood and her children.) So I have the soup on and the bread sliced for sandwiches. In the afternoons, more of the same till 2:30 when I gather the irregularity slips and get these typed and put in the teachers' boxes. My day ends officially at 3:45, but I have yet to leave that early."

Church Assignments and Activities

Not only were Gloria and I busy at school, we were also busy in the church. Not long after we arrived in Samoa, I was called to be the Mission Senior Aaronic Priesthood Supervisor. Shortly after this, I was asked to prepare Mission Topic Outlines. Both of these assignments took me out of Pesega each Sunday and into the bush, visiting branches of the Church.

Senior Aaronic Priesthood holders were older men who had not yet been given the Melchizedek Priesthood, likely because of inactivity or unworthiness. My responsibility was to visit with branch presidents and see that they were taking measures to activate and advance these men in the Priesthood.

Mission Topic Outlines were prepared for branch members to use in organizing talks to be given in sacrament service. Each Sunday, branch members were assigned to speak from a given topic outline. My job was to select the topics and outline them in such fashion that the speakers would have little difficulty in organizing and giving an informative talk on that topic. The branches, of course, had few resources from which to draw information for church talks. The mission, therefore, had to provide these resources

(appropriate information) and help the speakers organize their talks in such a way that they would be useful to branch members. The topics I selected related to basic principles of the Gospel such as faith, repentance, baptism, gift of the Holy Ghost, priesthood power and authority, revelation, and church organization. The outlines for these topics were sufficiently detailed that if a speaker had to, he or she could give a meaningful talk from the outline itself without doing any additional research. Each outline required three to four weeks to prepare. So this was a time-consuming assignment. I felt honored, though, that the mission president had enough confidence in me to give me the assignment.

Besides my mission assignments, I was the Activity Counselor in the Branch Young Mens' MIA Presidency. And from time to time was asked to teach Sunday School lessons and give fireside chats. Later, several months before Gloria and I came home, I was called to be first counselor in a branch presidency. A picture of the branch presidency appeared in the *Church News* for the week ending August 26, 1961, together with the following brief article: "Apia Samoa — A Campus Branch for students attending the Church College of Samoa has been organized to assist in their knowledge of Church doctrines.

"The branch was organized because of the increasing number of students arriving in the Pesega area from outlying districts of Samoa. These distances from home make it impossible for them to commute from school to attend their local branches.

"More than 150 students from out of town will be included in the branch and given opportunity to serve in branch offices. Faculty members of the Church College will function in supervisory positions developing students in Church procedure.

"Elder Don McCarty of Magna, Utah, who has been in Samoa for a year with his wife, Effie, and their three sons, will serve as Branch President.

"His counselors are Alyn Andrus of Ucon, Idaho, a graduate of BYU, and Iosefa To'ia, a Samoan student at the college who has a fine knowledge of the Gospel and an understanding of the Samoan people and customs. Reed King, college instructor, branch clerk, is from Darlington, Idaho. He will be assisted by Etuini Mose, a senior student at the college."

My church assignments gave me valuable experience, as well as letting me serve the Samoan people whom I loved. At times I felt overwhelmed with work, but for the most part, I served happily and with optimism. Looking back on my experiences, I would not now trade them for anything in the world. They constitute good and cherished memories.

Frequently, on visits into the bush, my companion and I would be called upon to speak in sacrament meeting with very little time to prepare. I recall one

such experience. Earl Brunner and I were visiting the Mackay Branch on the island of Savai'i. We were notified just before sacrament meeting started that we would be the speakers that day. I did not know what to speak on until the sacrament was being passed. The thought then came to me to talk on how precious life is. Accordingly, through an interpreter, I compared life to a pearl. (This was something Samoans could understand well because throughout the South Pacific men dive for pearls.) I then pointed out how pearls become beautiful after they have been removed from their protective shell, and have been cleaned and polished. I then talked about how precious our lives are and how we can polish our lives and make them more beautiful by living the Gospel. Each time we resist temptation, we add luster to our lives. Each time we yield to temptation, we scar them. I got through the talk O.K. and the congregation seemed to enjoy what I said.

Always after Sunday meetings in a remote village, my companion and I would be invited to eat dinner with the branch president and his family. These were feasts in the traditional Samoan fashion, and we were always treated like royalty. We sat cross-legged in a *fale* (a house with a thatched roof and no walls), on hand-woven mats, and ate a seven-course dinner while young girls waved palm leaves over our heads to keep flies away. The seven-course dinner usually consisted of taro (a bland tuber — a staple in the Samoan diet), corned beef (a *palagi* food much liked by the Samoans), fish (always good, except for octopus), pork, *pepé* (a rich coconut sauce), bananas, fried bread, and cocoa.

When we visited branches on islands other than Upolu, where the mission home, school and our homes were located, we would have to stay overnight. On these occasions, we slept in *fales*, on floor mats, and under mosquito netting. Since *fales* are not enclosed by walls, we bathed and changed clothes under *lavalavas*. These were colorful pieces of cloth we wrapped around ourselves from the waist down. For Samoans, they were standard wear.

On these island visits, crossing ocean channels could be scary at times. Once while crossing from Upolu to Savai'i in a little 35-passenger boat, the ocean became turbulent, tossing the boat about like a cork. The tiny craft would roll from side to side as though it were going to capsize. The waves were so large, they looked like mountains of water. One moment we might be on top of a mountain and the next in a deep canyon. I could understand very well, after that boat ride, how the Savior's disciples must have felt, when a storm arose while they were in a boat, and He slept: Remember their words: "Master! The tempest is raging!" They were frightened, indeed.

Gloria worked with the young women in MIA. She was very good with them and they liked her. She also worked in Relief Society and enjoyed that. Her assignments did not take her any further away than Apia, only a mile or two

from where we lived. She often remarked how fortunate she was because if she had gone into the bush, she would have come home hungry. She never developed a “Samoan stomach.” That is, she could not eat Samoan food and keep it down.

Our Health and the Food We Ate While in Samoa

Actually, Samoan food is very healthy. Samoans are healthy, happy people who generally live long lives. They seldom experience tooth decay because their diet does not include sugar. In fact, they have a positive antipathy for sugar. Their worst afflictions are sores that heal slowly in that wet climate, and boils that can be very painful. Gloria, as a matter of fact, had an unforgettable experience with a boil. She wrote in our journal: “I have been very uncomfortable lately. Just after school started again, I had a boil develop on the upper back part of my right thigh. It must have been right over a cord because to move my leg was extremely painful. Nor could I sit on that side. I spent an entire week home on the couch. Danny stayed with me and we were both very miserable about the entire affair. He was so demanding and I couldn’t or wouldn’t respond to his demands. Toasaga Brunt, the school nurse, came each day to dress it and change medication. Finally, Thursday evening I was standing at the sink bathing Danny when the boil burst; blood started flowing down my right leg, taking with it most of the accumulated pus. I just leaned out the back door and called for Carma. She came and finished bathing Danny while I cleaned up. It felt so much better with the pressure relieved. By Saturday, it was almost gone and I felt practically human, when Alyn started teasing me. I kicked at him and missed and hit the edge of the cabinet with my right-footed little toe. It has been sore ever since.”

Boils were not only painful, but could be death-threatening. While we were in Samoa, a proselyting missionary died of blood poisoning caused by a neglected boil.

Generally speaking, while Gloria and I lived in Samoa, we were healthy except for two occasions that I remember. One involved Gloria and the other myself.

About a year after we arrived in Samoa, Gloria developed a severe case of dysentery. I wrote about it in our journal: “After six weeks of trotting to the bathroom about 24 times a day, she convinced the people at the hospital that something was wrong. They put her in the hospital and gave her a series of shots which was supposed to kill the bug. Dr. Leleu, her physician, said that she had amoebic dysentery — the worst kind — undoubtedly picked up in Fiji. She was in the hospital 7 days, and during this time Emmie, Danny, and I really missed her. Emmie did a really nice job of taking over . . . Gloria had trained her well. She cooked the meals, cleaned the house, and took care of Danny just as well as Gloria could have done it. The shots worked and about a week after her return,

Gloria was almost back to normal, but not quite — ever since her shitty episode, she has been a loose woman . . . She must have been a very hard case, for only one day after her release from the hospital, Dr. Leleu died of a heart attack.”

My health problem began when I passed blood in my urine one morning. I went to the hospital very upset and was questioned closely about whether I had recently fallen on my back or suffered any blows to my kidneys. I couldn’t remember any instances where this had happened. So, the doctor decided to look inside my bladder. I was given a drug which immobilized me, but left me conscious enough that I knew what was going on. I was mortified when I was taken into the operating room and, there in my nudity, a great number of Samoan doctors and nurses were present to learn how to get into the bladder with a scope, and then, once inside, to see what a bladder looks like, either normal or not. My bladder was normal, and the doctor was at a loss to explain my problem, which incidentally went away shortly after it manifest itself. A few days following my return from the hospital, I remembered that Gloria, in a playful mood a few days earlier, had jumped from the sofa onto my back while I lay prone on the floor. We surmised that this blow to my kidneys had ruptured a blood vessel causing me to pass the blood in my urine. So my adventure in the hospital was all for nothing except that I served as a “guinea pig” for Samoan doctors and nurses as they advanced their understanding of a medical technique and the healthy appearance of a male urinary tract.

When Gloria and I arrived in Samoa she was slightly overweight. She had eaten well on the ship for ten days and, how well she had eaten was beginning to show. So, after we were settled in our own house, Gloria resolved to lose weight and get in shape. I wrote about her regimen and its results in our journal: “Gloria decided that she was overweight and that she should do something about it. She worked out a diet and an exercise routine that would make that of a Russian physical-culture student look silly. She was up every morning at 5:00 to undergo almost one hour of physical exercise. This was followed by an early breakfast of vitamin pills, one glass of water and an *esi* (papaya). Then she would flit around until noon with the energy of a very busy little bee. Her lunch consisted of a glass of water and a bowl of soup. For supper, she might have some carrots, cabbage, or lettuce, but never anything with a few calories in it. She went down from 135 lbs. to 113. She had to make herself a complete new wardrobe and had to wrap string around her rings to keep them on her fingers. She looked good and behaved energetically. Everyone complimented her on how well she looked. In fact, she looked so well that the other ladies in the village decided they were going to try a little of the same thing. They did, but didn’t stay with it long. In fact, some gave up exercising as soon as soreness set in.”

I certainly admired Gloria's resolve, and was proud of her. That was very characteristic of her, however. Whenever she made up her mind to accomplish something, she did it, regardless of how difficult it might have been. Today (March 2001), she is still the same. Her resolve and dedication to church assignments and personal projects are extraordinary.

While we were in Samoa, we both ate well. Samoan food was nutritious. Taro, breadfruit, bananas, coconuts, papaya, mangos, citrus and fish had all the vitamins and minerals necessary for good health. The physical condition of the Samoan people attested to this. Generally, they were a happy and healthy people. They ate little food with high concentrations of sugar in it. Consequently, they had excellent teeth. Their biggest health problems were boils and sores that healed with difficulty in that warm, moist climate.

Not only was Samoan food healthy, it was inexpensive. Eating well at cheap prices was not a problem if one enjoyed Samoan food. I liked it, but Gloria did not. She seldom ate it, except for the fruit. For example, one night at a school dance, dinner was served. Gloria wrote in our journal: "It consisted of chop suey and taro and a piece of chicken. I got the chicken and Alyn ate the other. I had decided I was going to eat some or die and I almost did. I broke off a chunk of taro and scooped up a bunch of chop suey and plopped it in my mouth. I thought I was going to throw up for sure, but I finally got it swallowed. Alyn says I need to get good and hungry and then I'll eat it. I hope I never get that hungry."

So most of the time, we bought and ate food brought in from New Zealand or the United States, which meant that we paid a relatively high price for what we ate. To give an example, I offer this quote by Gloria from our journal dated July 4, 1959: "How we missed good old America today. Surrounded by all these 'limeys' we did not have a chance to celebrate too vigorously. This morning we tramped the streets of Apia to shop for a few American goods which arrived by the *Thorsisle* (a Swedish ship). The prices are outrageous, but it certainly looks good. For example, a can of Shasta drink is 17 cents; it is less than 10 cents at home. Betty Crocker cake mixes are 60 cents. So we think we will go native and live on taro. The one good thing is that meat is quite inexpensive. It is about 50 cents per pound. Hamburger is the most expensive because they have to go to the bother of grinding it for us Americans. One day we spent a while just browsing and comparing clothes, hardware, etc. The things from the U.S. are much more expensive than those from Australia or England, mostly because of the 35% duty levied on the U.S. products and too because the merchants have found that we Americans will pay more to get our own products. They are catering to us, however, and ordering more goods. We understand that the Samoan government places a restriction on the amount each store can order

from the U.S. It varies in accordance with the size of the store. It is quite noticeable to us. We hope that they soon get the frozen fruit juices. We are starving for orange juice. No fresh oranges are available here right now. We can't afford the cans of juice from the states. We priced it and for 6 'tins' of the 24-oz size, they asked about \$3.00. That is almost 50 cents a can. Too much money."

For breakfast, we usually had a bowl of cold cereal or oatmeal. After we became proud parents of a little boy we adopted and named Daniel, we ate oatmeal most of the time. If he refused to eat his helping, or ate only part of it, we gave it to his baby-sitter with instructions that when he asked for a midmorning snack, he was to eat that first. Daniel actually learned to like oatmeal. As a teenager, he requested it for breakfast. And if we were not home to prepare it for him after school, he prepared it himself.

For lunch, we ate tuna fish sandwiches and Campbell's soup. This fare was easily prepared, and we enjoyed it.

For dinner, we usually had vegetables, meat or fish and rice. We didn't eat a lot of bread because all flour had so much weevil in it, one had the impression of eating more weevil than bread.

All dairy products that we bought came from New Zealand and were high quality especially the cheese and ice cream. The ice cream had a higher percentage of cream in it than that from the States.

Though we complained about the high prices of food from the States, we were always willing and able to afford whatever we wanted. In fact, I do not remember being seriously financially strapped while we lived in Samoa, regardless of the message to the contrary implied in our journal entries. My salary our first year in Samoa was \$4,250. In addition, Gloria earned \$11.20 per day as secretary to the school. That would be about \$2,010 per year. Before retirement (1997), we made more than twelve times what we made in Samoa, but what we made allowed us to live reasonably well.

Recreation, Fun Activities and Exciting Experiences

We never lacked for something fun to do while in Samoa. We lived only about two miles from the beach so frequently, after school, we would ride our bicycles to the beach and either swim or canoe. The water between the beach and reef was rather shallow — from three to six feet with an occasional deep hole where fish were copious and the water was a deep blue. Usually these holes were rimmed by beautiful coral formations. We purchased masks and flippers and loved to swim among the fish in these holes. Gloria wrote in our journal about what such an experience was like: "We were swimming along in shallow water then suddenly the ocean floor dropped off revealing schools of the most

beautiful, colorful tropical fish. They were overly friendly, coming to look in at us through our masks. The coral formations were exquisite; no man has touched and broken them; no moss has formed on them covering their true color and delicacy . . . From where I was, I could see the bottom, and the depth made the blue water almost ethereal.”

As indicated, another favorite fun activity was canoeing. We paid a canoe builder to hew us an outrigger canoe from a tree. It was a handsome craft, and we were told it was a good one. We painted it blue, outriggers and all, with shark’s teeth and eyes on each side in front. We spent hours paddling along the beach, into the lagoon and up fresh water streams. We kept it under the local banker’s house situated next to the beach. My maiden voyage in it was worth recording in our journal. I wrote: “This morning (January 9, 1960) we drove out to Lau’i to see our *paopao* (canoe) which had been reported to be finished. It was finished except for the paint and two paddles. We borrowed two paddles and tried it out. The boy of the man who made it took Gloria out. They returned without mishap. Then Eliu (a young Samoan friend) and I took our turn at seamanship. At Lau’i, the water comes rolling upon the beach in the form of breakers. Out beyond the beach, one rides big, gentle swells. Eliu and I pointed the canoe into the breakers and got past them alright, but not without shipping water. When we hit the swells, the canoe was so low in the water that we continued to take on water. I turned around to Eliu and asked how we were doing, to which he replied we were going to sink. I had only time to laugh at his remark when the canoe sank right out from under us. There we were treading water and trying to empty our partially submerged canoe of its aqueous contents. I had on my shirt and trousers. I had the keys to the car and house in one pocket, and in the other, I had £15 in the form of notes (\$45). Well, we managed to empty the canoe enough so as to enable me to get in and paddle to shore, with Eliu holding on behind.” We got better in learning how to handle the canoe. We never swamped it again.

On another occasion, Gloria and I went deep sea fishing with a happy crew of teachers from Pesega (the Church school in Western Samoa) and Mapusaga (the Church school in American Samoa). We were visiting friends, Gene and Penny Gough, at Mapusaga, and under their leadership a number of us hired a fishing boat with crew. I wrote in our journal about the experience: “As we entered the more boisterous water of the ocean, the waves became bigger and the boat pitched and rolled . . . Riding where I did (in the front of the boat) was fun. The prow of the boat would create a wave, pointing upwards above the horizon, then it would plunge downward slapping the water beneath and slicing through the oncoming wave, sending a heavy spray of water to each side . . . I got soaking wet and loved it. We had packed a lunch and when we were hungry, we

ate. We had been out 3 hours when we spotted a school of porpoises. They put on quite a show for us. They would make repeated jumps in the form of an arc out of the water and back into it. First one and then another and sometimes several at a time would break water. They were not big in size, but were extremely active . . . We returned to Pago harbor in the dark. The harbor lights shone a bright red; the lights of the town, more yellowish in color, put entrancing reflections upon the water; there was a cool breeze and all was quiet except for the steady purr of our diesel engine. It was all very satisfying, even romantic.”

Another fun time for Gloria and me was when we accompanied Rick and Sonia Johnson to Sliding Rock. Sliding Rock was the place shot in the movie “South Pacific.” It was located high in the hills behind Pesega (where we lived) and getting there required a hike of some distance and effort. But once there, we enjoyed a few slides down slick rock into cold, fresh water. Gloria wrote about Sliding Rock in our journal: “The entire surroundings matched my earlier mental picture exactly; icy river water, slick rocks, sun shining thru the trees overhead casting weird shadows everywhere, and the clear, clear pool at the bottom of the slide. If it weren’t for the climb in and out, I would love to go there often.”

On April 23, 1960, Gloria and I added to our fun times by purchasing a new BSA Sunbeam motor scooter for \$545. It was metallic green with a 175 c.c. engine. It was a handsome little machine and we liked it, but occasionally found it hard to start. Nevertheless, we rode it all over the islands of Upolu and Savai’i. Gloria learned to handle it as well as I. And when we adopted Daniel, he learned to ride with us. Standing up behind the handle bars, he was just tall enough to peer over them. We were the talk of the islanders when Daniel rode with us.

Rick and Sonia Johnson also bought a scooter (they bought theirs before we bought ours), and they went with us or we went with them on any trip long enough to take us out of Pesega. The scooter gave us a considerable degree of mobility and independence not enjoyed by many other faculty members. Whenever they wanted to travel, if they had no car, they were forced either to borrow one from someone else, or rent one from the school. But the scooters were more fun than cars. So, in a way, we were envied by most other faculty and staff members. I’m sure that without the motor scooter, our experiences in Samoa would not have been as interesting and memorable.

Remembering the scooter brings to mind a motorcycle we bought before we purchased the scooter. Bob Erikson, son of a *palagi* construction worker and a student at the college, owned a motorcycle that he wanted to sell. I had always wanted a motorcycle, so I talked Gloria into going along with the purchase. Buying it was the worst mistake we made while in Samoa. I’ll let Gloria tell why from our journal: “On the 3rd of February (1960) we purchased Bob Erickson’s

motorcycle. We gave \$224 for the blooming thing. I say 'blooming thing' because not 5 minutes after we bought it, we started home. Alyn didn't want to go around by the paved road cause there was all the gravel down the lane in Lotopa. The only other alternative was to go around in back of the school. Off we went. It started raining so I took my glasses off and held them. Alyn took his off and gave them to me, too. He started off with a lurch and after the first few bumps, I bumped right off. My full skirt caught on the seat and I was dragged away. My skirt gave way and tore, leaving me lying in a mud puddle. Alyn finally found the brakes and stopped the cycle. He didn't ask if I were dead or not. His first words were 'Get up before someone sees you.' Honestly, I could have rocked him. I limped on home and took a shower. I then discovered a huge gash in my knee. My skirt was torn beyond repair and my blouse stained so badly that the mud hasn't come out yet. Alyn finally became concerned about my knee and went to get Carma to fix me up. She cleaned it and sent for Corrine Barker who came and really scrubbed it out and pulled it together and taped it. I kept it clean and sterilized and had no trouble with infection. We have since sold the cycle to Bob Collins who is a translator in the legislature. He has yet to pay us anything thou' and nearly three weeks have gone by." I don't recall that we ever got a penny out of the cycle.

Perhaps one of the most frequent and satisfying forms of recreation for me while in Samoa was playing basketball with the faculty team against native teams from the various islands. We were good enough to make the all-island-tournaments, but not quite good enough ever to win one. Interestingly, the inter-island championship team was always from American Samoa. The boys over there were pretty fair ball players — much better than the teams from Western Samoa. The only explanation I have for this is the fact that basketball in American Samoa was emphasized and encouraged, just as it was in the states, much earlier and more than in Western Samoa.

I probably played better basketball in Samoa than at any other time in my life. I'd usually score from 10 to 15 points per game. The faculty team usually had a height advantage over the native teams, and this helped us with fast breaks. The fast breaks are where I got most of my points.

My only problem in playing basketball was not seeing well without my glasses. I always played without them. I was afraid of having them broken if I wore them. I remember once, when the referee blew the ball dead and the player with the ball threw it to the referee. Apparently, I had failed to hear the whistle, and started after the referee, thinking he was one of the opposing players. I was intent on stealing the ball from him. Everyone had a good laugh over that, including the referee, for a long time after. In fact, Gloria still delights in telling that story about me after these many years.

Occasionally, we enjoyed doing nothing more than riding down to Apia harbor and watching a big ship from the States or Australia and New Zealand unload its cargo. These ships were too big to come all the way into the wharf. They would anchor perhaps a half mile out in the harbor and liter their cargo into shore. That means they would send it to shore in small boats. They were usually several days unloading and loading cargo.

These ships always came into harbor under the experienced hands of the harbor pilot — a native sailor who was intimately familiar with the reef and its openings into the harbor. Once however, the captain of the *Waitomo*, a 10 thousand-ton ship from Australia and New Zealand, grew impatient waiting for the harbor pilot and attempted to bring the ship through the harbor entrance himself. He should have waited. He ran it onto the reef. Two other ships were sent for and after they arrived, four days and high tide were required to extricate the ship. Reportedly, the captain of the *Waitomo* was on his last voyage before retirement. Whether this was true or not is academic. This was indeed his last voyage before retirement after he ran aground the reef.

Another exciting experience involving Apia harbor occurred during the summer of 1960. Severe earthquakes shook Chile, causing tidal waves (*tsunamis*) to sweep across the Pacific. Normally, Samoa is protected against tidal waves by its reef. The waves expend their energy against the reef, leaving the water that washes across the harbor and onto shore not much more in volume and any more energetic than water at high tide. However, there is always the chance that a wave could be sufficiently energetic to send a sizeable amount of water over the reef and onto shore, causing flooding. We understood this, but were determined to see the tidal wave come in. So while most natives were making their way inland to higher ground, we scooted down to the harbor with the Johnsons to see the wave. What we saw was a strange rhythm where the harbor water would be sucked out to sea, revealing the harbor's bottom with wrecks of old ships, then water would come surging back, filling in the harbor and spilling over the retaining wall. This kept up for some time and kept us well entertained.

This particular tidal wave spread to Hawaii and Japan where it did considerable damage. Both of these island countries are not protected by coral reefs. Furthermore, their gradients through the sea to the ocean floor are so gradual that the energy in the tidal wave pushes right up the slope, causing extensive flooding along coastal areas.

Danny and His Adoption

Without a doubt, the greatest pleasure we had in Samoa came after we adopted a little boy we named Daniel. He not only helped us have fun, but provided us with joy and satisfaction that we could not have achieved in any

other way. His coming into our lives truly met a deep parental need that we both had. However, at the time, Gloria felt that need more keenly than I. In fact, she was the one primarily responsible for our adopting Daniel.

In a way, Daniel's adoption was something of a miracle. In fact, Gloria used to tell him as he grew into childhood that because she and I could not have children, and because he had been assigned to us for his care on Earth, he and we had agreed in the premortal world for him to be born into another family, then we would find and adopt him. And looking back on our whole Samoan experience, how we got there and how we got Daniel once we were there, I must admit that Gloria was more right than wrong. Daniel (and subsequently, Steve) was the reason we went to Samoa. I believe God led us there because that is where we would find him — that is where we would become parents. And becoming a parent not only fulfilled a promise in my patriarchal blessing, but the joy that has come to me as a result of that fulfillment, I could never express in words. The best I can do is thank God and a patient, persistent, loving wife who, after we adopted Daniel, became a loving, caring mother, and, in time, a charitable and beloved grandmother. But what is the story behind Daniel's adoption?

About the middle of November (1959), after we had been in Samoa about six months, we began looking for a baby boy to adopt. Gloria was the driving force in this search. She wanted a baby, more than I could understand at the time, but I said if we had to have a baby it had to be a boy. We finally discovered a little fellow, eight months old, with mixed blood lines. His father was a *palagi* from New Zealand. His mother was part Chinese and part Samoan, a pretty woman. He was a handsome baby, born out of wedlock, and his name was David.

David's father had returned to New Zealand, leaving his pregnant girl friend (David's mother) in Apia. The girl went to work for her aunt, Betty Moors, in the local ice cream parlor called the "Cool Spot." Eight months after David was born, his mother began living with another man, and so Mrs. Moors took David into her home and began to care for him. This is where we entered the story.

Mrs. Moors decided to get David into a *palagi* family, away from his mother and the Samoan way of life. We learned of her desire and visited with her about the possibility of adopting David. We took David into our home, bought clothing and a crib, and became closely attached to him. Then one Sunday, according to our journal, we "took the baby to Sunday School . . . Mrs. Moors sent word that the mother of the baby was after him, and if possible we were to resist all attempts on her part to get possession of the baby. Right after Sunday School, as we were preparing dinner, the mother, in company with her current man and his brother and two friends, came to the house with the intent of getting the baby. We talked, reasoned and argued with them, but to no avail. We finally

had to let the baby go. Since then we have not seen him and, from all appearances, the possibility of our adopting him is very remote. We have never been able to fathom the reasons of the mother for taking custody of the baby at the last minute. Before, she had given the impression that she wanted us to have the baby. We are certain that her family and her man's family have influenced her, but 'why', we do not know. Gloria had formed some very close attachments to the child and had an extremely difficult time recovering."

About two months after David's departure, Bob Eyestone came over from Pago Pago in American Samoa to conduct business on Upolu (Bob was plantation supervisor for the church in Samoa, and traveled from island to island in his work). He was on Upolu for two weeks during which time, he stayed with us. Just before he returned to Pago, he visited with the Gus Danielson family. Gus Danielson had worked for Bob, but had been killed in an accident about four months before the time I'm writing about. He left his wife, Aiga, and 12 children. The family was poor — just surviving. Aiga, in fact, had given one of the children to her mother and another to her sister so as not to have so many mouths to feed. In visiting with her, Bob said that the Andruses would like a baby. He advised her to think and pray about possibly giving up her youngest child, a boy 13 months old. His name was Pue'ata Cameron. I will let Gloria tell the rest of the story from our journal.

"That very evening, William (the oldest child in the Danielson family) came over and said that they had decided to let us have him and they would not change their minds like David's people had. So the family brought him over the next evening and left him. What a funny looking little 13-month-old boy he was. Blond hair about 2 inches flying in all directions. . . . We asked them if we could call him Danny and they seemed very pleased with that. Elizabeth stayed for 2 days, but we could see that he would never fully adjust to us as long as she was there to pick him up each time he cried. The family came to see us each night and that too made it difficult in getting him to adjust. The school gave us a high chair; we still had David's crib; and I bought him some clothes. We shaved his head and he turned into a darling boy. He and Alyn played by the hour; it was so cute.

"We had Bella Hunt come in and tend him while I worked. One night we came over to the school to walk home with Alyn from Samoan Elders (the local labor missionaries) and she was here talking to Brother Mulivai Purcell, her branch president. As I walked up, I could see her crying and first suspected that all was not going to go smoothly. Nothing was said at that time, but I cornered Brother Purcell the next day at school and asked him what was wrong. He said that Sister Danielson's mother was giving her trouble over it. The grandmother said that it would be better to kill the baby than to adopt him out of Samoa and

that she would place a curse upon the baby. She also objected to our changing the baby's name. The next day Brother Purcell talked to the grandparents and to Sister Danielson. He came back and said that things would be all right. Elizabeth came over and later said that the grandmother wanted to see the baby and me. I borrowed Larson's *loli* (pickup) and went to the Danielson *fale*. They sat on the floor and talked in Samoan, asking me occasional questions in English. I would have given a lot at that time to speak Samoan. I was so proud of Danny. He really put on a show for me. He would come over and lay his head on my knees and look up and laugh. We didn't stay long, but when I left, I felt sure that we would have no further trouble. It was a good thing I couldn't see into the future.

“On a Sunday evening, Pavitt came and said she was supposed to take him to church in their branch. I said ‘No!’ that he had to stay with us. I was not going to let a 9-year-old girl take him out. And besides, we felt that he had to be either all ours or all theirs and that he could not and should not become community property. The next day we had a school holiday for some reason or other so we asked her, Sister Danielson, if she would go with us to the lawyer, and she said, ‘Yes.’ I dressed Danny in a little white nylon jumper that Eric Oler had been sealed in. He was so pretty. After we got in Mr. Jackson's office and had chatted awhile, he asked her if she were ready to sign and she said ‘No.’ I was shocked speechless. She gave as her reason that we wouldn't let her take the baby. She said she would sign if we would agree to that, but we said we would not take Danny under such circumstances, so we all got in the car and came home. She said if we would just be patient and not rush her, that the baby would be ours. I went to work Tuesday morning feeling very apprehensive about the whole deal. Bella came crying to the office about 9:30 to report Sister Danielson had taken Danny while he was asleep. I comforted Bella and told her to go home. We have only seen the baby twice since then.

“About 3 nights later Sister Danielson and her mother, with Brother Brunner and Eliu, came to see us and again offer the baby. We refused to take him back, knowing that we would have the same problems as before, and we feel that she is not converted entirely to the idea of giving him up. She doesn't want him to be sealed to anyone but her and Gus. A couple of weeks after that she asked us to come to her *fale*, so we took Eliu and went there. She said she was ready to sign the adoption papers and that she would visit only once a week and that the family would not even add him to their genealogy. We still felt that she was being pressured into doing the deed, and her clinging to a visiting time proved to us that she still loved the boy enough that she wasn't giving him up readily. So we again declined. Of course, you can't tell their feelings, but we're sure she is happy. William was very mad at her and moved in with Brunners.

He will go to America with Brunners when they leave this December. We told them that we would set up a trust fund for him (Danny) at the mission to pay his way through school. We are also paying for the 5 (Danielson) school children's lunches at school although they don't know this. Brother Purcell is telling them that the Branch is doing it for them. They are a very nice family and we like to help them. At the time of this writing, Sister Danielson is at the hospital expecting her 13th child, which we were also offered that last time she saw us."

On June 20 (1960), Aiga Danielson asked Gloria and me once more if we would take Daniel and adopt him legally. I finally told her we would think about it and let William know. He could then let her know. But if we did decide to adopt him, he was not to come into our house until she had signed away all claim to him. She agreed to do this. The following day at school, Brother Purcell told Gloria we had better take Danny, as Aiga had also offered him to a New Zealand family for whom she sewed. So on June 28, we met with the lawyer, Mr. Jackson. He had the papers ready to sign and this time there were no hitches. He also made arrangements to have the adoption finalized by a judge.

So we took our little prize home again. Gloria again cut off his hair and wrote: "Danny once more merged to fill our lives and hearts. I never cease to be amazed at the results of giving Danny a haircut. Even his personality responds. He is walking quite well now, but the only words that are legible are 'momma', 'poppa' and *ako* (basket). He is extremely frightened of toys and is shy of everyone and everything. The school purchased another high chair for us. He has completely outgrown David's crib, so he is sleeping with us till other arrangements can be made. He refuses to have covers on him at night, so all three of us sleep lightly . . ."

On August 4, we went to court to have the adoption finalized. Gloria wrote in our journal: "Good old Sister Danielson never knows enough to be quiet at the right time. She asked the judge to put it into the adoption order that she could visit every day. She then changed it to once a week, but the judge, Eric Rothwell, declined to issue an order. He decreed that she should visit once a week for a month and once every two weeks the next month; we are to return on October 6. We are all upset with her. She has done much to make our life unhappy."

With reference to Gloria's last statement (made when she was 23 years old and frustrated), I might add that Sister Danielson also did much to make our life happy by allowing us to adopt her son. We'll never know what an ordeal she must have gone through to reach a point where she was willing to give Daniel up. But certainly we know now that was not easy. I have often thought that how profound her love was for Daniel (and later Steve) can be seen in her willingness to give him up, knowing that he would enjoy advantages she could never give. I have developed a lot of respect for her.

At the time we took Daniel back into our home, we did not know that during the weeks previous, Aiga had attempted to give him away to a number of families, either relatives or friends. Fortunately, none would accept him. Before we finally agreed to take him back, she must have been desperate. She was already struggling to feed her family, and now with one more to feed (a new baby girl), the struggle would be even more difficult. We were so fortunate that no one else would take Daniel. As I write this, I shudder to think how desert-like our life would have been without him. Surely God was watching over all of us.

When Daniel came back into our home, the whole place came to life again. Gloria wrote in our journal: "He is growing both out and up. Also, inside. He tries to say many words and the ones he does say are very plain. He has a very happy disposition and very seldom cries. I bought a dozen pairs of training pants so he immediately started telling us 'pat-pat.' His accidents are very seldom. We keep his hair cut right off short and is he loved. We take him out and everyone wants him to sit by them, especially the high school boys. They take him by the hours. He is game to do anything, and is not a momma's boy. He has repudiated his entire family with the exception of William, whom he calls 'Weimie.' The rest of them start to kiss him and he says 'Go way! Stop that!' His mother's visits have been few and spasmodic. I have taken him to Vaitaloa (where Aiga and family lived) a couple of times to see them when they have not come to see him. We do not foresee any more difficulty from that source."

As ordered by the judge, we returned to court on October 6. On that day, I wrote in our journal: "Gloria and I consummated what will be one of the most significant proceedings in our lives — we finalized the adoption of our Samoan son, Danny. We also had his named changed legally from Pue'ata Cameron Danielson to Daniel Pue'ata Andrus. To announce this event, we worked out a clever statement that said something like a new state was being added to the Andrus Republic and we wanted our friends to help us celebrate this new union.

Daniel completely changed our lives. From the moment the adoption was finalized, he was the center of family thought, planning, and activity. From then on, we lived for him. We took him on walks at night. He would ride on my shoulders and before long would point skyward and say, "moon, moon." He and I would wrestle on the family room floor. He would get on the couch and threaten to jump on me, saying: "go fa, go fa," meaning "gonna fall, gonna fall." Before long, he learned to think and talk in sentences. For example, one afternoon, he came running to meet me, as I came home from school, and said, "Dad, I woke up and thought, 'Dad where are you?' "

Daniel was bright and active. He loved books and would always prefer a book over a toy. Our first Christmas, after he came to live with us, demonstrated that. I wrote in our journal: "Christmas came and went with as

much enthusiasm and merriment as we were able to muster under tropical conditions. Without a doubt, it was Danny's presence that made Christmas as enjoyable as it was. On Christmas morning, he was simply awed by all the gifts. He received so many from grandparents, uncles, aunts, and Santa Claus that he did not know what to play with first. After considerable consideration, he finally picked up a set of books and went to looking at pictures . . ."

We bought Daniel a tricycle for his birthday preceding the Christmas I just wrote about. This would be his two-year-old birthday. He loved that tricycle, and spent hours peddling up and down the one street in our compound with a little friend, Eric Oler. Their legs were hard and sturdy. Later, another friend, Lonny McCulloch, joined Danny and Eric with his tricycle. Gloria referred to them as "Heck's Angels."

Daniel was healthy and got sick only occasionally. Once he had a fever that would not break. Gloria stayed home from school with him, and at night we were awake taking care of him until we were beginning to wear down ourselves. I decided the time had come for a priesthood blessing. I rebuked the fever, commanded Daniel to get well, and blessed him that he would not be sick again while in Samoa. The next day Daniel was well, and he did not get sick again until we left Samoa and came to the states.

Shortly after Daniel came to live with us, we had him dewormed (he did have intestinal worms as many children do in Samoa) and circumcised. The day of his circumcision, after he recovered from the anesthesia, his first words to us were, "Danny hurt." When he was released from the hospital, the doctor told us to take him swimming in the *sami* (the ocean) frequently. The salt water would help keep him free from infection. So we did. And at first, he fought the water passionately — the salt water would sting him. I have wondered if this initial bad experience with swimming created in him a dislike of it. When we came home, Daniel, after considerable persuading from us, took swimming lessons and learned to swim quite well. But today, swimming is not one of his favored sports.

Daniel was easily taught. As with most children, his inclination was to touch anything new to him, and to be noisy and roam at will while church was in session. We taught him not to touch anything unless invited to do so. We did this by telling him "No!" Frequently, we would have to convince him we were serious by slapping his hands. In church we taught him to sit quietly. He learned to do this by my taking him outside repeatedly and spanking him for misbehaving. After the initial training period, he was a well-behaved little gentleman. He was large for his age — bigger than most of his childhood associates. He could easily have dominated them physically. But we taught him to be considerate of others, and not to bully them by virtue of his size. This teaching and its resultant attitude have carried through into Daniel's adult life.

I could cite examples too numerous for this history to substantiate that statement. We have always referred to Daniel as the “Gentle Giant.”

Emmie Matua

During March 1960, we became acquainted with a pretty teenage girl living with Larry and Pat Oler. Her name was Emeline Matua. She was from the island of Savai'i and was staying with the Olers while attending school at Pesega. Before we met Emmie, we heard her sing. In the evening, she would strum her *ukelele* and sing Samoan love songs. Her voice was beautiful and carried all over the compound. Gloria and I decided we wanted to meet the young lady who sang like an angel. So the Olers introduced us to her and we became friends. Not long after that, Pat Oler's mother came from the States for an extended visit. The Olers needed a bedroom for her, so Emmie moved in with us. And that began a relationship that has lasted to the present time.

Emmie could not only sing beautifully, she was also pretty. She was a good student with well-defined goals. She was sociable, had solid values and a lot of common sense. When she went after something, she was not easily deterred or shunted in her pursuit. She was entirely responsible, especially with Daniel. And so she fit right in with us. Before long, she was, in some ways, more *palagi* than Samoan. When she went home for Christmas, for example, she wrote us a card saying she missed her vitamins.

As our time in Samoa began to run out, and we prepared to return home, we entertained few thoughts of taking Emmie with us. For some time previous to this, she had declared that she did not want to go to the States. We assumed she was serious. But then she began associating with a young man named Billy Wightman. For some reason I no longer remember, I did not particularly care for Billy Wightman. And the possible meaning of Emmie's developing a relationship with him came crashing down on me one evening at a student dance. As she danced with him, I turned to Gloria and announced that I was not going to leave Emmie in Samoa to marry the likes of Billy Wightman. After the dance that evening, Gloria and I asked Emmie if she would like to go to the States with us. She answered, “Yes!” We said, “Why, then, have you been saying you did not want to go?” And she responded, “Well, I was afraid you would not ask me, and I didn't want to be disappointed.” From that moment on, plans were made to take Emmie with us to the States.

As the situation turned out, we not only took Emmie, but her younger brother, Seti, as well. Seti was going to live with Elder Bruce Nelson's family in Green River, Utah. Elder Nelson had served a mission in Samoa and had become acquainted with the Matuas. After returning home he convinced his parents to send for Seti and provide a home for him while he went to school.

Today, Seti is married and has a family. He lives in Salt Lake, but reflects often, I'm sure, on boyhood days spent on a Green River farm.

Emmie lived with us until she graduated from Bonneville High School in Idaho Falls. She then enrolled at BYU, but was called to serve a proselyting mission to Samoa shortly after she commenced her schooling at the "Y." She was an outstanding missionary serving as an interpreter for church publications part of the time.

Following her mission, Emmie spent time at BYU-Hawaii, serving in the Missionary Training Center and becoming involved with the Polynesian Cultural Center. A diving accident in a swimming pool necessitated an operation during which a ruptured disk was removed from her back.

Emmie returned to Samoa where she taught school at Pesega. While there, she met and later married a young man named Fa'aleaga Toalepai. They moved to Compton, California where Emmie's father and mother lived. (Lauina, the father, and Mau, the mother, had migrated to California after their children left Samoa.) In time Emmie gave birth to a baby boy named Alyn, after me.

Through the years, Emmie has proven a respectful, dependable and responsible daughter. She and Fa'aleaga took her parents into their home and cared for them. Emmie's mother was bedridden for years with a dread tropical disease (elephantiasis) manifest in painful swelling of the limbs. She required constant attention, and Emmie gave this, sacrificing her time, money, and personal desires in the process. When her mother passed away, her father, now advanced in years, required special attention. Once again, Emmie sacrificed personal needs and desires to care for her father. Only since he passed away late in 1992 has Emmie been free from the demanding obligation she has felt toward her parents for the last 18 years. If people in this nation were as committed as she in caring for the needy, our national problems would be considerably fewer and much less difficult to solve. Finally, if I could choose one person to care for me in my advanced and feeble years, that person would be Emmie, for I know she would administer that care patiently, responsibly and treat me with genuine dignity.

Homesickness and the Death of Gloria's Father and My Grandfather

With Daniel and Emmie to care for and to keep us company, Gloria and I did not get as homesick as we would have otherwise, but we did suffer bouts of homesickness. I remember standing on the beach and looking northeast across the vastness of the Pacific Ocean thinking of home. On those occasions, home seemed so far away that I wondered if we would ever get back.

One day Gloria received a package from her mother. She wrote in our journal: "I came straight home and opened it. She sent 4 out-of-this-world

records, a bath mat set, material for me, 4 pkgs of Dream Whip, and 1 can of pepper. Everything was in perfect shape. I sat down and cried at having something my mother had so recently touched.”

Gloria was especially homesick and distraught the day she learned that her father had passed away as the result of a heart attack. This was in August 1961, six months before we returned home. By this time, we had decided to return home in December of 1961, so when word came that her father was dead, she wanted desperately to take Daniel and go home immediately. She would have missed the funeral, but would have been able to be with her mother until December when I would return. I thought she should not do this. And knowing her grief, I opposed her proposal with reluctance. But I truly felt that such an arrangement would not be in our interest. (“Our” in this case means Gloria, Alyn, Daniel, and Emmie.) And I could not see that her presence in Arizona was absolutely necessary. Gloria finally worked through her father’s death and came to the same conclusion, I think. At least, she didn’t go home. Today, as I write this, I believe our decision to remain intact as a family in Samoa, until the time we had previously decided to go home, was a wise decision. And yet, I have always felt bad that Gloria was not able to be with her family at such a traumatic time in her life. And I think she felt cheated. But in her time of trial and testing, she demonstrated her goodness by subordinating personal desires to the interests of her immediate family. And I have loved her for that.

Another honored member of the family passed away while we were in Samoa. On May 19, 1960, we received a telegram from my mother which said: “Grandfather died Wednesday. Funeral is Saturday.” This was Grandad Brown whom we both loved very much. He was 85 years old; mentally alert and physically active. He went to bed that night of his death and died in his sleep. He died the way he lived, quietly without being a problem to anyone. I have often told Gloria that’s the way I want to live and die.

Coming Home From Samoa

Coming home was a joyous experience for Gloria and me. I suppose it was a bittersweet experience for Emmie and Seti — they were eager to visit the United States, but did not want to leave their beautiful island-home behind.

We flew via the local airline from Upolu to Tutuila (American Samoa). We then flew via Pan American Airways from Tutuila to Los Angeles, stopping overnight in Honolulu. The flight from Honolulu to Los Angeles was by jet. The flight from Tutuila to Honolulu was by prop and was interesting to say the least.

About two hours from Tutuila, we encountered some rough weather. A neon sign, above the doorway separating passengers from the cockpit, came on instructing us to fasten our seat belts. At this moment, I looked out the window

and saw fire coming from the rear of the engine nearest the fuselage. I looked out the other side and saw fire coming from the same engine on that side of the plane. (The fire was only exhaust flames, which became evident as night came on, but I didn't know this.) I was certain that the turbulence we were encountering had somehow contributed to engine problems. Two engines were on fire and what might happen to the other two, I had no idea, but the situation did not look good at all because the pilot had instructed us to fasten our seat belts. This could only mean that we were preparing to ditch. But we flew on through the night. Soon the turbulence ceased and we were permitted to unfasten our seat belts. The flames of fire were still coming from the two engines I could see, but they had not burned up yet (in fact, they were still running) so I decided we might make Hawaii after all.

We landed in Honolulu about midnight (we had been in the air about 8 hours) and were taken by taxi to a hotel room, but not before Daniel met and talked with the captain of our flight. After leaving the airplane, Gloria and I missed Daniel as we walked across the tarmac. We hurried back to the plane and there he was entertaining the pilot and copilot. They seemed pleased with the entertainment. We kept our eyes on him pretty closely from that time forward.

The flight from Honolulu to Los Angeles took about 4 hours and was much smoother, quieter and less traumatic than the night before. We flew above white clouds and could occasionally see the seemingly limitless expanse of deep blue water below. The panorama was beautiful.

When we landed, we were met by Gloria's mother, by her brothers Kent and Grant, and their wives, Chon and Gayle. We all went to the beach where we bought hamburgers, hotdogs, and root beer, rode the roller coaster and had a fun time. We were happy to reunite with relatives and visit with them about our Samoa experience. But night came early (we lost time flying away from the sun) and we were ready for sleep when bedtime came. We were tired, but glad to be home.

A Summary of Our Samoa Experience

In summarizing our Samoa experience, to say that it profoundly influenced our lives might be an understatement. It certainly did that, but exactly how profound that influence has been may be more than I know, or if I do know, it may be more than I can express.

First, our experience in Samoa gave us an international point of view. Never again would we see things only in a narrow, provincial way. Never again would we consider the effects of phenomena only on a local, state, or national scale, but rather how phenomena may influence people and cultures worldwide. We

traveled just far enough around the Earth to know that there is much more to Earth than Idaho, Arizona, Utah, and California. And the world (life) which inhabits Earth truly is much more than we may have understood and certainly is more diverse than the tiny part of the world in which we had grown up.

Second, our experience in Samoa developed, even more than we already possessed, our appreciation of foreign cultures. Gloria had grown up among the Indians of Arizona. I had served a proselyting mission among the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico. We both understood and appreciated, to a degree, the Indian cultures with which we had been in contact. But after Samoa, we understood and appreciated not only Indians of the American Southwest, but Polynesians as well. I can truly say that I love Polynesians. They are a handsome, happy and friendly people. I think the world is better because they are a part of it. And if the world is better because of them, it must also be better because of other people and cultures about which I know little or nothing.

Third, our experience in Samoa enlarged our circle of friends. And the friends we made there, generally, were good friends — friends who were not only good people, but who have remained friends through the years. I think Gloria and I are better people because of the friends we made in Samoa.

Fourth, our experience in Samoa has provided us with opportunities for employment and service through the years that may not have come otherwise. I am confident that my applications for employment at educational institutions have had a positive influence on prospective employers because they knew I had taught in a foreign land. I am just as certain that Gloria's applications for employment had the same influence on her prospective employers for the same reason. I believe employers want employees with broad experience and tolerant attitudes. And, as already indicated, going to Samoa helped give these to us.

Finally, as a result of our experience in Samoa, we have our family. I have already attempted to express how much our family means to us. Our becoming acquainted with the Danielsons, and with Emmie, and our adopting Daniel and Steve have meant more to us in our life together than any other acquaintances and developments that I might mention. When measured against Daniel and Steve's adoption, anything we have done in our married life pales in significance. I have already written that we went to Samoa because I believe that is where God wanted us to go. And he wanted us there so we could adopt Daniel and Steve and become acquainted with Emmie. I thank God for our Samoa experience.

Now, before I finish with Samoa, I must answer the question: "Would I want to return and live in Samoa?" No, I would not. Gloria and I are happy in the American West. We were both born and raised in the West. This is our home. We love to visit and live temporarily in other parts of the world, but we always

love to return home. Frankly, I find as much beauty in Arizona's desolate Monument Valley, home of the Navajo Nation, as I do in lush green Samoa. It's just a different kind of beauty. I love both places, but if I were forced to choose between them, I would rather live in Monument Valley. Likewise, one might find my choice hard to understand, but if forced to choose between the Upper Snake River Valley of Eastern Idaho, bordered on the west by sage-covered lava beds and the Beaverhead, Lemhi and Lost River Mountains, and on the east by the towering Teton Mountains, and on the north by the snow-capped Centennial Mountains, I would choose the Upper Snake River Valley over Samoa — even with the valley's harsh winter climate. You see, this is home. The buffalo have gone, but the antelope still roam — those symbols of grace, beauty and freedom.

I would like to return to Samoa for a visit. But I'm reasonably confident that it would not be the Samoa I left 32 years ago. Since then, it has changed and I have changed. I would see it differently and I would undoubtedly enjoy what I might see, but I would not want to stay. Samoa has given Gloria and me what we went there to get, and it would be totally incapable of matching that gift today. So there is nothing there that I really miss because I have it right here in the American west — at 1417 East 900 South Springville, Utah, at 730 West 1400 North, Mapleton, Utah, at 535 West 7th South, Rexburg, Idaho, and at 4203 East Saunders, Compton, California. *Tofa Soifua!*

Part Three: From Marriage to Life in Rexburg (1955-1968)

Chapter 5

After Samoa: Readjusting to Life in the States

From Arizona to Idaho and Adjusting to Winter

After Gloria and I flew from Honolulu to Los Angeles on our return from Samoa, in December 1961, we went to St. Johns, Arizona to be with Gloria's mother, Ruth Goodman Rencher, for a few days. We had with us Daniel, Emmie, and Seti, Emmie's brother. We enjoyed once more being with Grandma Ruth and visiting Gloria's numerous relatives and friends in Eastern Arizona.

We hadn't been in Arizona's colder climate long till Daniel developed an upper respiratory infection. This was the first time he had gotten sick since I gave him a priesthood blessing many months before, promising him he would remain free from sickness until we left Samoa. Looking back on the blessing and how effective it was, I should have blessed him with freedom from illness throughout his lifetime. That would have made life considerably easier for both him and us.

After a few days in Arizona, I left Gloria, Emmie, and Danny to spend Christmas with Grandma Ruth; I left for Idaho to find us a place to live and possibly a job for me. I took Seti with me. We had made arrangements with Bruce Nelson to meet Seti and me in Salt Lake. As indicated previously, Bruce had served a mission in Samoa, had become acquainted with the Matua family and arranged to have Seti go to the States to live with the Nelson family in Green River, Utah.

Bruce, his parents, brothers, and sisters were at the Trailways Bus Depot across from Temple Square to meet us. I suppose Seti was nervous, though he appeared composed. The meeting was pleasant, and Seti not only came to love the Nelsons, but to be loved by them. He spent his teenage years in Green River, graduating from high school there.

After leaving Seti with the Nelsons, I came on to Idaho. The details of my reunion with loved ones are vague, but I remember feeling happy to be home. I was not happy about Idaho's cold December temperatures, however. They would prove to be a severe trial for Gloria, Daniel, Emmie and me — a trial I never want to go through again. That winter was the worst one in my life. I was

cold all winter long, and I know what I say about me would apply to Gloria as well. Emmie was so traumatized by the whole miserable climatic adjustment, that once Gloria found her looking out the window at a snow-covered landscape, crying bitter tears of homesickness.

Emmie's salvation that winter (1961-62) was a companionship with my sister, Mary Jean. Emmie was three years older than Jeanie, but they liked each other immediately. From then on, they were like sisters and have maintained a close relationship with each other to this day. My brother Rich, just one year younger than Emmie, also helped her ride out the storms of homesickness.

Daniel probably adjusted to the climate and weather faster, and with less trauma, than the rest of us. He loved the snow and would play in it not only with neighborhood friends, but was always after us to pull him on his sleigh. We did frequently, as we walked the mile from lower to upper Ucon to visit my parents.

Our Ucon House and Neighborhood

My first responsibility, after returning to Idaho, was to find a house for us to live in. I found one to rent, located in lower Ucon. It was owned by Alma and Amelia Peterson, an elderly couple who lived next door to the house I agreed to rent. The Petersons were friendly, agreeable people — good landlords and neighbors. The house they rented us was a white frame structure with back porch, kitchen, bathroom, living room, and two bedrooms. It had a half basement with a reliable oil furnace in it. It also had an unattached garage just big enough for one car. The house and garage were surrounded by a modest-sized lawn (snow-covered at the time) and out back was a big garden. Both house and garage were old structures, but were well-preserved and clean. I was pleased with the arrangement. Gloria, Emmie and Daniel liked the old place too. We varnished the hardwood floors, kept the buildings painted inside and out, constructed a wood fence around the back yard and fell in love with the place sufficiently that four years later we bought it.

We bought the Peterson house for \$8,000, with \$500 down and monthly payments of \$100. We deposited our monthly payments in an escrow account for the Petersons. Interest on the loan was 5%.

Our Ucon neighborhood was a quiet one. The Petersons were next to us on the west. Our house occupied a corner lot, so an east-west road ran in front of the house, and a north-south road ran to the east of the house. North of the house across the road lived Lillian Casper, an elderly lady. East of the house, across the road, lived Loy and Helen Prater, a couple whose family, except for a teenage boy, was raised. And just east of the intersection on the north side of the road were Darrell and Mary Jane Farnsworth. The Farnsworths became our good friends and tended Daniel for us while Gloria and I worked. They had

children who were either Daniel's age or near his age, and he adopted them as his family.

Clair E. Gale, Hal Johnson, and the Atomic Energy Commission

Both Gloria and I worked full time after returning from Samoa. My first job was teaching for School District #91 in the Idaho Falls Clair E. Gale Junior High School. I taught there from January through May of 1962. I taught social studies and English, and baby-sat a classroom of girls during the noon "study" period. I got along very well in all my classes except for that classroom of girls. They knew I would not use harsh disciplinary measures against them (what could I do to young ladies), so they pretty well did as they pleased. I was frustrated to say the least and wished many times they were boys so I could boot them in their bottoms. That was the only class in my entire teaching career that I did not have good control over, and, significantly, it is the only one I can remember that I have not enjoyed teaching.

One of my students at Clair E. Gale was Heber Andrus, son of Douglas Andrus, my father's cousin. Doug owned and operated a successful business involving a fleet of highway trucks. His trucks traveled all over the country hauling coal, grain, and other commodities. He was well-known and respected in and around the Idaho Falls area. His son, Heber, was a little fellow, but cute with a happy, pleasing personality. He was a conscientious student. I liked him then, and have ever since.

Vida Hanks, whom we knew in Samoa, was hired as the librarian in Clair E. Gale. She and I visited with each other frequently during that winter, remembering good times in sunbathed and sea-washed Samoa. Vida was good for me that winter and I think I was good for her. We helped each other adjust to new circumstances.

While I taught school at Clair E. Gale, Gloria worked for Hal Johnson Insurance for \$250 per month. Gloria had worked for Hal before we went to Samoa. She liked Hal and was happy to work for him again, but in late summer or early fall of '62, she landed a job with Argonne National Laboratory on the desert 50 miles west of Idaho Falls. Argonne was a contractor under the Atomic Energy Commission and paid higher wages than many Idaho Falls businesses, including Hal Johnson Insurance.

Gloria car-pooled with Vernon Hill and Don Storer from Ucon. They would drive to Idaho Falls then take one of the A.E.C. buses to Argonne. She would leave at 6:00 in the morning and not get home till 6:30 in the evening. Such long days were stressful and not conducive to good family life, but she was positive and made sure that what time she spent at home was quality time. She loved

Daniel, more than I can tell, and devoted nearly her full attention to him and his well-being.

While working at Argonne, Gloria worked with a Jewish engineer named Mel Feldman. His wife was a Christian so he and she compromised by attending the Unitarian Church. In fact, he taught an Old Testament Sunday School class for the Unitarians. Once, he boasted that his yearly monetary contribution to that Church for charitable purposes was \$60. Though she didn't tell him, Gloria's was many times that amount.

Once Mel invited Gloria to accompany him on a business trip to Chicago, giving her to understand that part of their business on the trip would be to get better acquainted. Gloria declined the invitation.

A Washing Machine and Our Post-Samoa Vehicles

One evening, Gloria came home from work and announced that we were buying an automatic washer. She said she was tired of driving to Idaho Falls with dirty laundry to use a laundromat. I protested because that meant spending a lot of money all at once instead of smaller amounts at a laundromat spread out over the weeks and months of a year (a philosophy that didn't make much sense to Gloria, or to anyone else I suppose). This was my conservative nature manifesting itself in matters of money. But I did not prevail. Fortunately, Gloria had her way and we bought a washer. Then some months later came a clothes dryer. We were making the transition from older to newer times.

The first car we bought when we returned from Samoa was an ugly Rambler station wagon. We hated this car from the moment we owned it, and never could figure out why we didn't buy a new Volkswagen "Beetle" instead. We owned a Volkswagen before we left for Samoa and loved it. We had the money to buy one when we got back, but bought the Rambler, thinking, I suppose, we could save a little money and have more room while traveling. Well, we did have more room, but didn't save money because the Rambler was second-hand and before long, the engine needed an overhaul. After several months of pride-shattering humiliation each time we drove the damned thing on a public road, and a gut-wrenching self-denigration for not buying the car we really wanted, we sold the Rambler to Vernon Hill who seemed perfectly happy with it. We then bought a new red Volkswagen which served us well and made us happy for about two years, at which time we sold it to my brother, Kendall, and bought a new blue Volkswagen. We drove "Blue" for another two years before trading it on a new Ford Mustang and a used Ford pickup. I'll have more to say about the Mustang and pickup later. The only car, during our married life, we have not liked was the Rambler. I was amazed that someone else could like it.

We loved our post-Samoan Volkswagens as much as we loved our first one, and for the same reasons. They were well-built, trouble-free and fun to drive. They were inexpensive (the price for a new one was about \$2,000 and they would go 50 to 60 miles on a gallon of gas). Their engines were air-cooled, so did not require winter maintenance. And the engine was mounted in the back, giving the car better traction on slick roads. Their only disadvantage was lack of room. They would not accommodate more than four adults. But at the time, we didn't need more room than that.

Boots, and Gloria's Trips to Arizona

Not long after we moved into the Peterson house, sometime during late spring of '62 as I recall, a kitten found his way to our residence. Daniel bought him from the neighbors for 10¢. He was shorthaired, tawny-colored, with white paws and a white spot between his ears. Daniel named him "Boots." He was beautiful, very friendly and playful. We loved him immediately, but in our early years did not understand cats very well. We made him stay outside, and didn't feed or water him regularly. He roamed the neighborhood and was a favorite of the children who lived there. But during the fall of that year, he came home sick one day and died soon after. We conjectured that he ate a poisoned mouse. Had we understood cats like we do now, we'd have given him access to our house, fed and watered him daily, made him a regular member of the family, and he probably would have lived about 15 years. Gloria and I have remarked to each other that we'll need to apologize to many pets in the next life for the way we treated them here.

While we rented the Peterson house, Gloria journeyed to Arizona twice to visit her mother and other relatives. The first time, she drove alone, leaving Daniel with me. She was gone for about a week, during which time Daniel and I ate a lot of fried eggs. We had eggs for breakfast, and egg sandwiches for dinner. We probably would have had them for lunch too had school not been in session. I ate lunch at school and Daniel ate it with Farnworths. We got along O.K. and were healthy enough when Gloria returned, but Daniel asked Gloria not to leave him with Dad anymore, because Dad didn't know how to cook, and Daniel was sick of eating eggs. However, over the years, he recovered from that sickness. When he was a teenager, moving sprinkler pipe for farmers on the Rexburg bench, he would come home in the morning and eat eight eggs for breakfast, along with matching quantities of toast, milk and yogurt.

The second time Gloria drove to Arizona, she took Daniel with her. This time as before, she attended a Goodman reunion. Again they were gone for about a week, and again I suppose I lived on eggs.

At the reunion, Daniel, who was about 5 years old, went fishing with Gloria's Aunt Evelyn, a non-Mormon who smoked cigarettes. She reported to Gloria that Daniel had lectured her in his small-boy talk about the evils of smoking. If he served as Aunt Evelyn's advocate for healthy living, he served as Gloria's conscience. On the way home, Gloria was stopped by a highway patrolman for speeding. She made Daniel promise he would not tell Dad. But when they pulled into the yard, Daniel jumped out of the car, ran to the house and his first words to me were: "Dad, guess what?" "What?" "Mom got stopped by a policeman." So Gloria confessed. She said she would not take Daniel with her again, but I proposed that he go with her all the time — he'd keep her honest.

Part Three: From Marriage to Life in Rexburg (1955-1968)

Chapter 6

Teaching at Bonneville High School

Gloria: A Student at Ricks College

As the summer of 1963 closed, Gloria quit work and enrolled at Ricks College, where she worked part-time for Dr. Lyle Lowder. She carried seventeen hours of credit, and achieved a grade point average of 3.78. Her classes were as follows:

History of the U.S. to 1865	B
Clothing: Selection and Care	A-
Intro to Food/Nutrition	A
English Comp & Reading	A
General Bacteriology	A
Personal Health	A
Book of Mormon	A

Gloria attended Ricks only one semester before our need for more money forced her back to work. When she returned to the work force, she was employed in Albertson's Bakery in Idaho Falls. Working in the bakery forced her to join a labor union for the first time in her life, though her brothers have been members of labor unions during their working lives.

Gloria eventually returned to Ricks College as a student and later as Registrar. From 1964 to 1991, she took classes at Ricks which met the requirements for the Associates Degree. Her cumulative grade point average was 3.89. She and I have joked that she is probably the only college registrar with no more than an Associates Degree. But we know she has determination and brains. Frankly, I'm proud of her.

Bonneville High School

While Gloria worked at Argonne National Laboratory and attended Ricks College during the Fall of '63, I taught geography, history, and sociology at Bonneville High School in School District #93. The High School was located

north and east of Idaho Falls on the Iona Road. At that time it was a new high school, consolidated from the older high schools of Ammon, Iona, and Ucon.

Bonneville was large enough to compete with the class “A” schools of Pocatello, Idaho Falls, Rigby, and Madison. Its student body numbered about 800. Its principal administrator was Karl Devenport who had been my high school principal at Ucon. He was wise, considerate, and helpful. He must have had a gambling streak running through his system, though, when he recommended my hire, for he undoubtedly remembered me as a “kid” who had, from time to time, been called into his office at Ucon for violating school rules. And my academic record wasn’t good enough to override any previously perceived negatives. But I came from a good, substantial, and well-known family. I’m sure my family associations are what he put his trust in. And I tried hard not to violate that trust.

District 93 hired me to teach for \$4,800 per school year. My check, then each month amounted to \$400 before deductions. I think my income with Gloria’s, after deductions, amounted to about \$500 per month. By today’s standards (2001) that was not much money, but at that time, it served us well.

The Students and I

I got along well with the students at Bonneville. I had no discipline problems. I tried hard to respect them as individuals. I remember a boy named Wendell Rushton from Iona. He was an excitable boy, short-tempered and, when angry, he tended to be violent. I thought he had serious emotional problems, but I never understood why. He had experienced negative encounters with school administrators and teachers, and was known as a difficult student to deal with. No one wanted him in class. Well, when I was hired, Wendell signed up for a couple of my classes. I didn’t know him, so treated him as I treated other students. Before long, a positive relationship had developed between us. In fact, I became Wendell’s confidant until he graduated. Even after he graduated, he sent me a letter telling me where he was, what he was doing, and thanked me for being his friend.

I had several members of the football team in my classes. They were big, tough fellows, but never gave me any problems. One, I remember, was a handsome boy with an outgoing personality. Everyone seemed to like him. I was shocked, however, to discover that he could not read. His past teachers had promoted him, from what I could gather, just because he was a likable boy. The quarterback, Dale Peterson, was a likable young man. He was an active member of the Church, a natural leader among his peers, a good student, and the grandson of Alma and Amelia Peterson from whom we rented and, later, bought our house.

The Assassination of President Kennedy

The most dramatic and memorable event in my life during the fall of '63 was the assassination of John F. Kennedy, President of the United States. About 10:45 a.m., on Friday, November 22, the school intercom broadcast a news flash, saying that President Kennedy had been shot to death in Dallas, Texas. We were all stunned. Not much school work was accomplished at Bonneville during the rest of that day, and the following Monday, as I recall, school was dismissed for the funeral. Gloria and I spent the day at home watching the funeral and burial services over television.

President Kennedy had gone to Dallas to patch up a quarrel between two notable Texas Democrats, Senator Ralph Yarborough and Governor John B. Connally, Jr. Most U.S. citizens didn't even know he was in Dallas. As he rode in an open car, part of a motorcade in downtown Dallas, he was shot twice in the head and died almost instantly. Jacqueline Kennedy, his wife, rode with him. Also shot, but not fatally, were Governor Connally and Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson. The official announcement of Kennedy's death was not given until Vice President Johnson had been released from the hospital about 11:30 a.m. Mountain Time. Johnson went immediately to the airport and aboard Air Force One, with Jacqueline by his side, he took the oath of office and became our next president.

President Kennedy was assassinated on Friday. For three days after that, national television carried nothing but the Kennedy story. That story was made even more dramatic by the arrest, a few hours after the assassination, of Lee Harvey Oswald, a 24-year-old ex-marine who worked in the Texas Book Depository, the building from which the shots were fired. (Oswald left his rifle beside the window through which he fired.) And an hour after shooting the President, Oswald, with a pistol, shot and killed a policeman who attempted to question him. He was arrested in a movie theater. Shortly after, he was imprisoned. But on Sunday, while he was being transferred from one jail to another, he was shot in the stomach and killed by Jack Ruby, a Dallas nightclub owner, who had some mafia connection with Oswald. Ruby's murder of Oswald was done before seventy Dallas policemen and a crowd of onlookers. The transfer was being televised, so for the first time in world history, television viewers witnessed an actual murder.

Kennedy's funeral was conducted on Monday. He was buried in Arlington Cemetery, and by Jacqueline's request, an "eternal flame" from natural gas was lighted, and burns at the head of his grave.

The entire nation was stunned by Kennedy's assassination. For three days most people sat glued to radio or television in shock and disbelief. On the day of the funeral, businesses and schools closed in honor of the dead President.

Gloria and I watched, with millions of others, most of the newscast over the weekend and the funeral on Monday. The whole episode was made more traumatic by the fact that Kennedy was a popular president. Part of that popularity had developed just one year before his assassination.

On October 22, 1962, Kennedy announced to U.S. citizens that missile bases had been constructed in Cuba by the Soviet Union, and missiles at those bases were being readied for launching into the U.S. He said he had sent word to Nikita Khrushchev, premier of the Soviet Union, to dismantle the bases or we would destroy them. For several tense days, the world expected that Kennedy would either back down or there would be a war. But Kennedy did not back down and, at the last moment, as Russian ships carrying more missiles approached the U.S. Navy, which had established a quarantine perimeter around Cuba, Premier Khrushchev commanded his ships to turn around and head for home. War was averted and Kennedy, at least in the U.S., emerged as a hero.

The Cuban missile crisis, just like the assassination, was carried over the high school intercom. My students and I received the news during class time. For the next several days, little was discussed either in or outside class other than the crisis. But as the crisis passed, students and teachers settled back into their routine. Fall passed into winter and winter into the Spring of 1963.

Daniel's Temple Sealing, and Receiving His Citizenship

The two most memorable developments in my life during the Spring of '64 involved Daniel's being awarded citizenship in the United States and my being awarded a research assistantship at Idaho State University. Both of these awards put Gloria and me on "Cloud Nine," so to speak.

So far as Daniel was concerned, we had taken him to the Idaho Falls Temple and had him sealed to us on January 17, 1962, shortly after we returned to Idaho from Samoa. That was a memorable day for us. As Gloria and I knelt at the altar in a sealing room, dressed in our temple clothing, a lady temple worker brought Daniel into the room. He was dressed in a little white jump suit. His hand was placed on our hands upon the altar, and he was sealed to us by the authority of the Priesthood. Our eternal family was growing. The whole experience was happy and emotional. It gave us a feeling of peace and well-being.

Now again in the Spring of 1964, we experienced feelings similar to those in the temple. On April 24, Daniel had his final hearing for citizenship and was sworn a citizen of the United States by Judge Henry S. Martin of the Ninth District Court in Idaho Falls. A write-up in the Post Register (the local newspaper) read: "A 5-1/2-year-old boy from Samoa led the Pledge of Allegiance of naturalization hearings in the Ninth District Court Friday. The boy and

eleven others were issued their naturalization papers and administered the oath of citizenship. The youngster was Daniel Pue'ata Andrus who has been adopted by the Allen Andrus family at Ucon." In leading the Pledge of Allegiance, Daniel never faltered. We were proud of him to say the least.

A month following Daniel's naturalization hearing, he received a letter from Idaho's Senator Len B. Jordan which read: "Dear Daniel, Mrs. Jordan and I want to send our congratulations and best wishes to you upon your naturalization as a United States citizen. We hope that you will enjoy attending our American schools, particularly those in our own State of Idaho. We believe we have one of the finest educational systems that can be found in our country. Wishing you a happy and busy summer, I am yours sincerely, Len B. Jordan, United States Senator."

My Assistantship at Idaho State University

Also during the Spring of '64, as indicated, Idaho State University informed me that I was being awarded a research assistantship in the amount of \$1,600, for which I had previously applied in the Department of Education at the University. This was good news because it would enable me to finance my education leading to a Master of Science Degree in education with a major in history. I had written to the Board of Education in School District 93, informing it that I might not be available to teach the 1964-65 school year. I now wrote the Board again and confirmed what I had written in my previous letter. Gloria and I then prepared to move to Pocatello.

Part Three: From Marriage to Life in Rexburg (1955-1968)

Chapter 7

Getting My Master's Degree at Idaho State University

Moving to Pocatello and Getting Settled

We moved to Pocatello as soon as Bonneville dismissed for the summer. We rented an upstairs apartment (Apt. 7-C) in Pocatello Heights, on the eastern outskirts of the city about five blocks north of campus. Pocatello Heights was a relatively new apartment complex with garages for autos. It had good sidewalks for roller skating and bicycle riding, and plenty of lawn on which children could frolic. East of the complex were foothills to a mountain range, ideal for children to hike over and spend many fun-filled hours.

We liked our two-bedroom apartment. It also had a kitchen, living room and bathroom. We stored suitcases, boxes and other stuff in a storage room downstairs. That was our home for the following year, and we were happy there, although an experience the first day we moved in caused us to wonder about the future.

Pocatello Heights was a place for young married people with children ranging from babies to young teenagers. I mean there were lots of children, many of them Daniel's age (from 5 to 6 years). We had unloaded our belongings, including Daniel's bicycle. I was in the apartment arranging things when a lady appeared in the doorway asking if I was Danny's dad. I said I was and asked why she needed to know. She said he had wrecked on his bicycle and hurt himself. I rushed downstairs and there was Daniel crying, with a circle of young sympathizers looking on. He had been showing off, coming down the sidewalk with his feet off the pedals. As he neared a sidewalk intersection next to the steps leading into the apartment building, he attempted to get his feet on the pedals to apply the brakes, but with the pedals whirling around so fast was unable to do so. He lost control of the bike and ran into the steps. When he was launched from the bike, he hit the brick side of the building face-first. He was cut, skinned, and bleeding. Besides, his pride had been deeply wounded, hopefully not irreparable, in front of his young onlookers. Gloria and I remarked later that if we could raise him intact to young manhood, we would be not only delighted, but surprised.

While I'm talking about Daniel, I might as well go on and cover his Pocatello adventures, as I remember them. Not long after we settled ourselves in Pocatello, we arranged for Daniel to spend much of the day with other preschoolers in Mrs. Sappington's kindergarten. Mrs. Sappington was a reputable lady, highly recommended to us whose home and kindergarten were a couple of blocks from our apartment. Daniel hadn't been enrolled there long till she told Gloria that he would be a good student during years ahead because his attention span was greater than that of the other youngsters. Her prediction proved to be true. Daniel, in grade school, read remarkably well.

Also while there, Daniel came home one evening asking if he could play with Johnny. Gloria asked who Johnny was and Daniel told her he was a Catholic. So Gloria and Daniel had a discussion about Catholics, Mormons, and religious tolerance. Daniel and Johnny became good friends. But in his prayers that night following the discussion, Daniel asked God to "bless everyone in the world with a righteous desire to join any church they wanted to."

Another time I remember was a family home evening in which we were talking about Christ's atonement. We had emphasized that because of the atonement, we could repent of our sins and be forgiven. To demonstrate that we had sins and needed to request forgiveness, Gloria and I each had written a sin we needed to repent of on a piece of paper and had pinned these on our persons. We then asked Daniel if he had any sins he needed to repent of, and he said, "No!" We asked him to think carefully back over his young life to identify even one sin. He said he couldn't think of any. But when we continued to press him, he said, "How do you spell 'lie?' "

There were few children at Pocatello Heights who were Latter-day Saints. Many came from families where coffee was drunk, cigarettes were smoked, and vulgar language and profanity were used. We worried about these negatives and the influence they might have on Daniel's life. One day those worries seemed justified when we discovered that he had stolen a package of candy cigarettes from a neighborhood store. We accompanied him to the store where he returned the candy cigarettes and apologized for taking them.

A number of children at Pocatello Heights belonged to single-parent families. The single parent was their mother who had divorced their father. Daniel developed a concern that Gloria and I would end up divorced because so many of the other children's parents were divorced. To him that was life's way for most families. And that reminds me of a movie he saw while in Pocatello.

We had hired a babysitter to take Daniel to a children's movie playing in a downtown theater. We didn't know that the theater had scheduled another movie that very afternoon featuring Peter Sellers in a story that was not "R" rated, but close to it. When we went to the theater to get him and the babysitter,

after the movie was over, we asked if he liked the movie and he said “Yes, especially where they were fighting on the bed.”

Well, summer passed and Thanksgiving came. We drove from Pocatello to Ucon to eat dinner with Dad, Mother and other brothers and sisters and their families. On the way, we passed a family in a car stopped alongside the highway. The husband and father had the hood up. Gloria and I surmised that they too were on their way to a Thanksgiving dinner and needed help to get where they were going before dinner turned cold. So we stopped and offered help. We were able to get the car going, but Daniel didn’t want us to stop and help. He scolded us royally for spending time helping those people when we should have been speeding up the highway to dinner before others ate it all gone.

But I would not be fair to Daniel if I did not add that this was not usually his nature. He was a little boy and, later on, a big boy who was always considerate of others, and helpful whether they were in need or not. He was so gentle with his friends even though he was much bigger than they that frequently we referred to him as the “gentle giant.” His concern for others and his gentleness will become evident throughout the rest of this history.

While we lived in Pocatello, Gloria worked for Melvin Schubert, Dean of Students at Idaho State University. She said he was a Quaker and was the kindest, most considerate and gentle man she had ever known. She loved working for Dean Schubert. And I loved having her on campus where I could conveniently drop in and visit with her from time to time. Actually, Gloria had landed her job with Dean Schubert a month before we moved to Pocatello. During that time, she had driven the 55 miles from Ucon to Pocatello each day.

Speaking of driving from Pocatello to Ucon, I had enrolled at ISU the summer before we moved to Pocatello. I drove to school and back each day during that summer. After we moved, I continued to attend summer school at the University. Then I was a full-time student Fall and Winter Semesters 1964-65, and finished my studies the summer of ‘65.

When my assistantship started, I was given so little to do that I felt guilty receiving my pay. I told Gloria I felt like backing up to the window to receive my paycheck each month. The assistantship was really more like a grant.

The Graduate Records Exam, Grades, and Grade point Average

Before I could enroll in graduate classes, I had to pass the Graduate Records Examination. This measured my performance in five areas of endeavor: Verbal, Quantitative, Social Science, Humanities and Natural Science. I scored highest in Social Science at the 84th percentile. I scored lowest in Quantitative at the 18th percentile. I’ve never been a whiz in math, but I thought I was better than my score on this test indicated. I’ve wondered if my need to go to the toilet while

I sat this part of the test had anything to do with my low score. The average of all my scores placed me at the 50.4 percentile. So for first year graduate students taking the exam, I was right in the middle.

The classes I enrolled in at ISU and the grades received in them are as follows:

- 1. Research and Writing in Education A
- 2. Foundations of Education A
- 3. Instructional Improvement for Teachers A
- 4. Organization and Administration of the
Guidance Programs B
- 5. Scope and Purpose of the Senior High School A
- 6. Twentieth Century America to 1929 B
- 7. Twentieth Century America to the Present A
- 8. American Diplomacy A
- 9. Idaho and the West A
- 10. Idaho Since Statehood A
- 11. Thesis P
- 12. Oral Exam P

My accumulated grade point average for all classes taken at ISU was 3.77. This was the best I ever did in college. I told Gloria, I didn't know whether that was because I learned how to study better and score higher on tests or whether graduate classes were easier and graduate students were treated more kindly by those who taught graduate courses. Seriously, I doubt that graduate courses were easier than undergraduate courses and that the teachers of graduate courses were easier on graduate students than on undergraduate students. In fact, one of the most intimidating and demanding teachers I've ever encountered was S. Samuel Shermis at ISU.

S. Samuel Shermis and I

Shermis was a little fellow who probably didn't stand taller than 5'2" on his tip toes. He smoked a cigar in class, almost as big as he was. His mind was brilliant and he was as well-read as any professor I had ever taken except for Hugh Nibley at BYU. He taught research and writing and educational philosophy. And I truly believe that the only reason he had any students in his classes at all was because they were required to take the classes he taught.

Shermis would come into the classroom smoking his cigar, carefully put it on the chalk tray, then sit cross-legged on his desk, and class would begin. For 45 minutes he would drill his students on assignments previously given and on philosophical problems, both theoretical and practical. He would ask a question

and if an answer to it was lacking in logical or reasonable insight, he would ask a multitude of other questions, each one following a response given by a student (usually an intimidated, humiliated and bewildered student). His questions were probing and merciless, designed to show his students how shallow and contradictory their thinking was. He was a modern Socrates and used the Socratic method of teaching superbly. And if students didn't volunteer answers to questions, he called on them by name. To have him do that was worse punishment than to volunteer an answer that was unacceptable. His name was well-known and was anathema among the entire studentbody.

I don't know how, but I not only survived my first class with Shermis, but received an "A" for my work. My next class from him was as demanding, but by this time a friendly relationship had begun to develop between us. He liked the way I wrote and told me so. He pointed out weaknesses in my written expressions, helped me organize my ideas in a paper, showed me how to justify those ideas, and to use an economy of words, selecting words carefully, so as to say, as exactly as possible, what I mean to say. By the end of my second class with Shermis, I knew he had to be my Thesis advisor. I knew if I could get my thesis by him, it would pass my examination committee with no problem. So, I made the request. I think Shermis was congratulated by that request. Because of his demanding and intimidating nature, very few students requested him as their Thesis Advisor. Selecting him was perhaps the wisest choice I ever made in graduate school.

As I worked on my thesis, I would submit each chapter to Shermis for his approval. He would go over the material carefully, then would call me in for a conference. These conferences were not pleasant experiences. He would challenge ideas and material used to support them, but always the changes in the material that resulted from the conferences made that particular part of my thesis leak proof, so to speak. When the last chapter had been scrutinized, mutilated, and all changes made, the completed thesis was submitted to my examination committee for approval. The Committee approved it without question and without change. This was significant because I knew other graduate students whose theses were turned down by their committees. Their work was shoddy and would not stand up under examination. They either had to revise their work extensively or start over. Some of them became so discouraged, they gave up the endeavor and never achieved their degree.

Researching and Writing My Thesis

The title of my thesis was "A History of Idaho's Public School Lands as a Source of Revenue for Public Education in Idaho." It had value for me both as a teacher and as a student of history. It was not suggested to me by Shermis. I

developed the idea and the title myself. Actually, my father, who was a state land agent for Eastern Idaho at the time, was responsible for my selection.

Dad had received his appointment as a state land agent in 1959. For the next ten years, he drove about 40,000 miles per year throughout Eastern Idaho, identifying land that belonged to the State, conducting hearings and auctions in which land was rented, leased, or sold to farmers, ranchers, and others. Dad loved his work and was scrupulously honest in dealing with lessees, renters and buyers. I accompanied him many times on his business trips and witnessed first hand his thoroughness, wisdom, and commitment, not only to the law but to his ethical and moral principles as well.

Dad's work as a land agent interested me sufficiently that when I was faced with having to design a research problem to satisfy a thesis requirement, I decided the problem should relate to state lands. So I worked out the title to what later became my thesis, organized some ideas under that title into chapters and asked Dad what he thought. He liked my idea. He promised to help me by making available information I might need and by letting me continue to accompany him on business trips. Consequently, I was able to acquire valuable information from a primary source, and to see for myself the operations of Idaho's Land Department through its agent in the eastern part of the State. Also, before the material in my thesis was presented to my examination committee, Dad read it and approved its accuracy so far as my interpretation of his operations and transactions were concerned.

In doing my thesis research, I not only accompanied Dad, but spent some time in Boise at the Land Office. I must admit, though, that the information I got there from minute books of the Land Department was minuscule in amount, and not nearly as important, as information I got from Dad and from the Idaho State University Library. I spent an enormous amount of time in the Library reading official yearly reports of the Land Department, and other material. Reading, interpreting and writing this information so it would fit into the thesis in meaningful form was my task.

I have never regretted the thesis I developed. When I finished, it not only helped satisfy graduation requirements for me but was a useful source of information for state legislators. For example, in April 1969, I received a letter from George L. Bousliman, Assistant Director of the Idaho Legislative Council, complimenting me on my thesis. He wrote: "Dear Mr. Andrus: you may be aware that the Fortieth Idaho Legislature has directed the Legislative Council to conduct a study of the management, leasing, sale and control of state lands. I recently had the pleasure of reading the thesis you authored in 1965 for an M.A. in Education at Idaho State University. You are to be congratulated for the excellent and thorough manner in which this subject was presented. Copies

of your thesis are being reproduced and will be sent to the Legislative Committee charged with the conduct of the interim study. Be assured that your efforts will aid the Committee immeasurably in its deliberations.”

Others, too, expressed their appreciation for the thesis and indicated its usefulness to them in their work. One of these was F.M. Bistline, an attorney in Pocatello. Mr. Bistline wrote: “Dear Mr. Andrus: I am in receipt of your letter of October 31 and the copy of your thesis entitled ‘A History of Idaho’s Public School Lands as a Source of Revenue for Public Education Idaho.’ I am enclosing herewith a copy of an article which I have written for the Idaho Daily Statesman which should appear on November 3rd. I know you will recognize the material in this as having come from your thesis. Your thesis came just in time as I had been giving consideration to writing this and needed material. I find the thesis exceedingly interesting and wish I had had it earlier in my campaign for Attorney General. I appreciate this very, very much and I want to thank your father, the Honorable S. Reed Andrus, State Land Agent, for suggesting that you send it to me and also to give him my very best regards.”

I worked on my thesis throughout the winter, spring, and summer of 1965. Gloria, God bless her, typed what I wrote, then retyped it after Shermis had scrutinized it. And since the thesis was 165 pages long, this means Gloria typed 330 pages of material (6 copies using black carbon paper – no Xerox machines in those days), while holding down a full-time job. Her typing was near-perfect. There were no errors that were noticed in the final draft. I could not have gotten my degree without her help. As she was typing the final draft, she, Daniel, and I ate off paper plates and drank from paper cups to save time washing and drying dishes. We put so many paper plates and cups in the garbage that Daniel said, “I’ll bet Brother Ricks (Kimber Ricks, a neighbor, fellow ISU student, and garbage collector) thinks we have a picnic every day.” Well, researching, writing, and typing that thesis was certainly no picnic. Neither was passing my oral examination.

My Oral Examination

My examination committee consisted of faculty from the Education Department, History Department, and Department of Graduate Studies. Members of the Committee were as follows:

Samuel Shermis	Major Advisor
Clarence Moore	Department of Education
Donald Orlich	Department of Education
Merrill Beal	Department of History
A.E. Taylor	Department of Graduate Studies

The examination lasted about two hours. During this time, I was questioned about my thesis and a host of other matters that had no relationship to the thesis at all. The Committee's acceptance of my thesis was apparent almost from the beginning of the exam. Most of the questions were meant to test my general knowledge. I felt I got along reasonably well during the exam. One question I'll never forget was "Who is the present Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare?" I identified this person without difficulty, though I do not now recall his name. But the only reason I was able to do this was because the night before the exam, as Gloria and I climbed the stairs to our apartment door, I noticed a newspaper lying open on a neighbor's door step. The headlines named a new presidential cabinet appointee as the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. The next day, when asked the question, the name, as I had read it in the newspaper headlines, came to mind. Another question, which I do not remember (probably because I did not know the answer to it), brought Shermis to his feet in a spirited response to the questioner. Apparently, Shermis felt the question was not pertinent and told the questioner so. They had a little confrontation right there during the exam about what questions were appropriate. Shermis must have prevailed because I was not required to answer the question. I learned then the true value of a good graduate advisor. I felt there was no way, within reasonable bounds, that Shermis was going to let me fail the exam.

After the exam, I was dismissed and told to wait in the lobby. After a few minutes' members of the examination committee came out and shook my hand. Each one congratulated me on a fine defense. Merrill Beal asked me if I had nerves of steel. I assured him I did not and inquired why he asked. He said he had never examined a candidate who had appeared so cool, relaxed, and in control. That may be the way I appeared, but inside I was in turmoil, anxious, and apprehensive.

That evening, Gloria, her sister Rita (who was visiting us), Daniel and I celebrated my achievement by going out to dinner. I can hardly describe the relief and ecstasy I felt in getting the exam successfully behind me. It was sufficient, apparently, that I was willing to spend money on dinner in a restaurant, and Gloria felt the same way.

Both Shermis and Orlich encouraged me to publish my thesis and get my doctoral degree. I made an attempt to publish the thesis, but its public appeal was so narrow, that no publisher was very enthusiastic about publishing it. As for going after a doctoral degree, I thought about it a lot, but finally decided not to do it. I was tired of school. I wanted to get back to teaching. And I wasn't sure the investment in time, energy, and money would be worth the title and increased salary. Over the years, I have not regretted that decision.

Church Meetings and Activities at ISU

While going to school in Pocatello, Gloria, Daniel, and I attended church in a campus ward. Our first bishop was Cornelius Hofman, a young economics professor at ISU. He was friendly and easy to know. We liked him. I remember one Sunday morning when the sacrament was passed, the bread was buttered. Bishop had picked up a few slices from the table before leaving home for church and didn't notice they had been buttered. Not until those who presided at the sacrament table began breaking the bread was the fact known. By then, of course, the time was past for getting more bread. The whole ward, for a long time after, teased Bishop about trying to butter up to his ward members. And we wanted to know when he planned to serve sacrament bread with butter and jam.

Before we left the ward, Bishop Hofman was released and Harris Craig became the new bishop. He, too, was friendly and likable. But we had a hard time remembering whether his name was Harris Craig or Craig Harris. In fact, soon after he moved into the ward, the clerk read his name to ward members, asking them to accept him as a member of the ward. The clerk read his name as Craig Harris and asked him to stand. No one stood. After an embarrassing interlude, Bishop Craig realized he was the one whose name had been read (last name first), so he stood and corrected that error for all of us.

I played softball with other brethren in the ward. And Gloria and I made a number of friends whom we've wondered about since. Two of these friends were Heber and Jesse Barzee who established a home in Terreton, about 30 miles west of Rexburg. Heber has taught school and farmed there since leaving ISU.

Robert and I at ISU

While I attended ISU, my brother Robert and his family lived in Pocatello. Bob graduated from ISU in 1965 with a Bachelor's Degree in Speech. Gloria tended his children while he and Jean (his wife) participated in graduation ceremonies. Frequently, while we attended the University, Bob and I would write notes to each other. These were held against the windshields of our cars by the wipers. To have Bob there was fun for me.

ISU History and Studentbody

I need to tell one more story involving ISU. When I first enrolled, the University was known as ISC (Idaho State College). Its name and status were changed shortly after I started school there.

ISU, in fact, has a rather interesting history. It was first established in 1901 as the Academy of Idaho. At that time, it was nothing more than a high school. In 1915, it was renamed the Idaho Technical Institute. Under this name, it was

“authorized to provide two years of college work,” plus courses to prepare students in the “technical and vocational fields.” In 1927, its name was changed again. This time, it was known as the Southern Branch of the University of Idaho. As the Southern Branch, it was administered by the university as a fully-accredited two-year junior college. In 1947, the Idaho Legislature turned the Southern Branch into Idaho State College, a four-year degree-granting institution. Finally, on July 1, 1963, Idaho State College became Idaho State University, authorized to grant advanced degrees in arts, philosophy and education.

I don’t know exactly what the student body numbered at ISU during the school year 1964-65 while I attended full time. But it was about 5,000. In the 1968 Idaho Blue Book, ISU student body numbered 5,300. At graduation exercises in which I participated on June 5, 1966, thirty-seven graduates received degrees from the Graduate School.

Part Three: From Marriage to Life in Rexburg (1955-1968)

Chapter 8

Reestablishing Ucon as Our Home

After ISU: Emmie, Bonneville High School, Gloria's Employment

During the summer of 1965, while Gloria and I were finishing at ISU, Emmie Matua, the young lady who came with us from Samoa, left for the mission field. Emmie was attending school at BYU when her mission call came. She was called to serve in the Samoan Mission. Of course, she was excited to return home. And we were excited to have her go back to Samoa as a missionary. Gloria and I both spoke in her farewell service.

I finished my thesis and passed my exam during the summer of 1965. As the summer drew to an end and high schools began preparing for another school year, Gloria, Daniel, and I left Pocatello and moved back to Ucon. During the Spring of '65, I had written to School District 93 and had asked for a teaching position at Bonneville High School. I was hired. I received a letter from Margie Smith, secretary to the Board of Trustees, in which she wrote: "Dear Mr. Andrus: It is indeed wonderful to know that you have decided to return to Bonneville. As you know, there are a lot of us who feel this is truly the best district in the west, and we know the value of a good teacher. Enclosed is your copy of the teacher's contract." The contract was in the amount of \$6,100 (\$501 per month).

Gloria went to work for Kenneth Thatcher from Rexburg who headed the BYU-Ricks Center for Continuing Education in Idaho Falls. She worked there until Hal Johnson lured her away to work for him in a new insurance center he had just constructed. She had worked for Hal twice before, and he knew her value. He offered her more money than Thatcher was willing to pay.

Our Ford Mustang and Pickup

When we returned to Ucon, we bought the house we had previously rented from Alma and Amelia Peterson. We also bought a new Ford Mustang and a used ½ ton Ford pickup. The total price for car and pickup was \$4,966. We traded in our Volkswagen and received a trade-in value of \$1,510. This left an unpaid balance of \$3,456. After the title fee and interest were added to the balance, we owed \$4,193. We paid this off in monthly installments of \$116.

The Mustang was brand new. In fact, we special-ordered it. It was candy-apple red with white stripes along the body under the doors. It had fog lights in the grill. It had a V-8, 289 cubic inch engine, with four-on-the-floor (4 speed manual shift transmission). It had a limited-slip differential, and front disk brakes (a new innovation in auto braking systems). We thought we were first class. So did others, especially students I taught, and young people in Ucon Second Ward. The Ford Mustang was a new concept in light-weight, powerful automobiles. It was destined to become a classic.

We all enjoyed the Mustang. Gloria said she felt “first class” when she drove it. I loved its acceleration and speed. So did Daniel (and Steve, who, by this time, lived with us). Once when we drove it to Arizona, somewhere in Southern Utah, a woman driving a car in front of us apparently did not want us to pass her. The highway was only two-lane and whenever the left-hand lane was clear for passing, I would start to pass, and she would speed up. Then when on-coming traffic made passing impossible, she would slow down. Finally, I became frustrated and threw safe driving to the wind. The next chance I got to pass, I shifted down, floor-boarded the gas pedal and shot around her, but I did not slow down. To be rid of her once and for all, I continued to accelerate until I was doing 125 miles per hour. The hood was beginning to tug against its latch. Daniel and Steve were in the back seat yelling, “Go faster, Dad! Go faster!” Gloria was in the seat next to me yelling, “Alyn, slow down!” Regardless of Gloria’s urging restraint, I may have gone faster had the hood movement not made me nervous. What I didn’t want was the hood blown back into the windshield. This was the fastest I have ever gone in an automobile. I have always been curious, though, to know how fast the Mustang would have gone.

We kept the Mustang until we moved to Rexburg in 1968 and the boys (Daniel and Steve) were approaching driving age. We then sold it and bought a Ford Maverick. The Maverick was not as sleek and fast as the Mustang, but it was just right for two teenage boys.

The pickup we bought with the Mustang was a two-tone blue and cream. It was in excellent condition and served us well while we owned it. It relieved a transportation problem for us when Gloria needed a car at the same time I did. However, it was expensive to operate, and after about 2 years, we sold it and became a one-car family again.

Daniel and the Farnsworths

After we moved back into the Peterson house in Ucon, Daniel picked up where he had left off with neighborhood friends. They all seemed happy to have him back. Again, Mary Jane Farnsworth tended him for us while Gloria and I worked. He fit right in with her children who were many. Sue was the oldest.

Then came Peggy. These girls were considerably older than Daniel. They were like big sisters to him. Douglas was one year older than Daniel, and Brian was one year younger, so they became his best friends. Janeal was the youngest girl. She was about eight years younger than Daniel. Then there was Craig. He was the youngest of the Farnsworth children.

The Farnsworths all accepted Daniel as a member of the family and treated him so. One day Daniel came to Gloria and asked her what “period” meant. For an instant she panicked. She thought he had heard the word used in connection with a girl’s monthly extrusion. But she decided to ask him how he had heard it used before she answered his question. His response was, “Well, Mary Jane said, ‘I’ve just waxed this floor and by darn you kids had better stay off it. Period!’” Needless to say, Gloria gave a sigh of relief.

Another time, Daniel was playing with the Farnsworth children and with another neighborhood boy named Ricky Linville. Daniel was on his bike and the other children were chasing him. He came speeding out of an alley behind the Farnsworth house and ran right into the side of a passing automobile. He was knocked off his bike and, as I recall, the bike was banged up a bit, but there was no serious injury to either boy or bike. The driver of the car, however, was deeply concerned. He thought, I suppose, that we might sue him for negligent driving. We tried to assure him that Daniel was alright, that the accident, so far as we were concerned, was Daniel’s fault, and he needn’t worry about a lawsuit.

One evening, Gloria and Daniel were saying their prayers together (I was the bishop and not home at the time). Gloria was upset with me, probably because I was not at home, and in her prayer she asked God to give her patience. After prayer, Daniel wanted to know if she planned to start a hospital. She said she didn’t, but why did he want to know. He asked her why else she would pray for “patients.”

We never ceased to be amazed at how gentle and tender-hearted Daniel was. One day, he went up to my Uncle Tom and Aunt Garda’s farm to play with their boy, Kay LeGrande. They also had a daughter named Julie who was a Downs Syndrome child. When Daniel got home that evening, he wanted to know what was wrong with Julie. When Gloria explained her condition to him, he said he hoped she never had to go to school because the kids would be mean to her. We loved Daniel for his sensitivity to others.

Daniel came in one morning and asked if we knew we could order him a brother from Washington D.C. I said I didn’t know we could do that and asked him how he found out about it. He said he had heard it on the radio. We asked him what he would do if we ordered him a brother and he didn’t like him. He said we could just send him back and get another.

Steve Danielson: Daniel's Brother and Our Second Son

Daniel's asking for a brother got us thinking seriously about adopting another baby. We finally decided to ask Aiga Danielson if Daniel's older brother, Pu'ela (Steve), could come live with us so the two boys could grow up together (Steve is just 2½ years older than Daniel). Aiga consented to let Steve come, provided we made no attempts to adopt him. We consented, and arrangements were made for Steve to come from Samoa to the States with a group of Samoans coming to the October conference sessions of the church. When Daniel understood that his real brother was coming to live with us, he was so excited he could hardly contain himself. He declared right off that Steve could have his (Daniel's) new coat.

When Steve came to live with us, he was ten and a half years old. At the time, we thought he would be accompanied from Samoa to Salt Lake by conference-going adults, relatives, and friends. Had we known what was going on in his life while he journeyed from Samoa to Idaho Falls, we would have worried ourselves sick over him.

Steve flew from Western Samoa to American Samoa where he stayed with an uncle for a week waiting for his sister, Elizabeth. She came, but for reasons now forgotten, flew on to Hawaii without him. When he flew into Hawaii alone, Elizabeth met him at the airport and put him on a flight to Los Angeles with the Ernie Mann family. In Los Angeles, he was alone, but the Immigration Service found a group of Polynesians who were coming to Salt Lake for October conference by bus. However, they were not scheduled to leave for about a week. So during that time, Steve stayed with a *palagi* family. During this time, Immigration called and talked with Gloria about Steve. They wanted us to know that he had arrived, but would not be coming on for several days.

The trip from Los Angeles to Salt Lake was by bus. In Salt Lake, Steve stayed in Hotel Utah during conference weekend and for several days following. He did not know who paid for his room during this time. William, his brother, who was attending BYU, finally came to Salt Lake and took Steve to stay with him and his wife, Nancy, for a couple of weeks. Finally, after about five weeks out of Samoa, William put Steve on a plane to Idaho Falls. Gloria, Daniel, and I met the plane, along with other Andruses, and the Farnsworths.

When Steve walked down the stairs from the plane to the tarmac, he looked to me like the loneliest little boy I had ever seen. He had a big sign hanging around his neck with read *Idaho Falls*. Though he could speak little English and understood it not much better than he could speak it, he marched right up to us, and we became acquainted. We were his future. He knew there was no going back. Whether he liked his situation or not, he had to make the most of it. I thought then, and have thought since, how courageous he was to make so much

of that long journey alone, and then make adjustments to a way of life completely alien to him, knowing there would be no turning back.

The kids in Ucon Elementary School had been told Steve was coming. They were excited to meet him. He was in the fourth grade, and Ucon Elementary had two fourth grades, so they had a contest to see which fourth grade would get Steve. He was popular with the kids from the moment he arrived in school. However, he had to learn American etiquette the hard way.

One day, the girls were chasing the boys and Steve got a little rough. He pushed one of the girls. She fell and broke her arm. We tried to use this experience to teach him that boys don't play with girls as roughly as they do when playing with other boys.

Not long after Steve arrived, he took in after Daniel one day. He was smaller than Daniel, but two and a half years older (Daniel was eight and Steve ten and a half). They were in their bedroom when I heard the fight. I dashed into the bedroom, put each boy in turn over my knee and spanked him. I told them that as long as they lived in my house, there would be no more fighting. To my knowledge, they did not fight each other again.

When Steve came to live with us, the Ucon Second Ward was involved in potato harvest. The ward had rented some potato ground from Robert Hill east of Ucon and was digging, picking, and hauling the spuds to a cellar nearby. The weather was bleak, cold and snowy. The harvest was an absolutely miserable experience. Many of the potatoes had frozen and ultimately the whole crop had to be sold as culls at a considerable financial loss to the ward.

Neither Steve nor Daniel wanted to pick potatoes, but the whole ward was involved, so I told them they should work with the rest of us and do their share. However, after a little while Steve quit and went to the car to rest and get warm. I decided he had not been out long enough to get tired and cold. I felt he had chosen this time to assert his independence. After all, he was not in Samoa. We were not his parents. Why should he do what he didn't want to do? I knew the time had come for a showdown. So I went to the car, booted him in the pants, and told him that now he must account to Gloria and me — he could not always do what he chose to do, not until he became old enough to move away from us. I think he got the message, because from that time on, he was generally fairly obedient until his later teen years, when, as most teenagers do, he began to assert his independence.

One time when Steve was not obedient was when Gloria asked him not to bounce the basketball in our living room where the piano was. On the piano was a Westminster chime clock that had belonged to Gloria's father and was very special to her. Steve disregarded Gloria's request and inadvertently succeeded in knocking the clock off the piano, breaking it. We scolded him, and he

threatened to leave home. We called his bluff and told him he could go. Daniel then piped up and said if his brother left, he would leave too. So we told him to go as well. We helped the boys pack a few things in two small bundles, and they set off on their bikes, heading east on Broadway toward upper Ucon. We decided to follow from a safe distance and along a parallel road (the cemetery road) about a half mile south of the road they were taking. We watched them turn into an abandoned homestead about a half mile east of where we lived. They took refuge in the garage. We then reported where they were to the village marshal and asked him to confront them. He did, and they soon returned home repentant boys. After that, we never had anymore trouble with their wanting to run away from home.

Academically, Steve got along O.K. in school except he always had to work hard at his studies. The American culture was so different from the Samoan culture, he had a difficult time understanding our concepts and way of life. He learned the language fairly quickly, but always had a hard time pronouncing some words. For instance, at the dinner table one evening, he asked for some “chews” on his “pitches.” He meant juice on his peaches. He called helicopters “holly cotchers.” And one day he told Gloria that he had a “bitcher” in his “bocket” for her. She had no idea what he was talking about until she asked him to show her. He then pulled a picture from his pocket. Over the years, we’ve teased Steve about how he pronounced some English words, but he has taken our teasing in good spirits and has laughed with us. Finally, one day, he threw back his head and laughed, and we noticed a tooth growing down from the roof of his mouth; needless to say, we had it pulled immediately and his speech improved from that time on.

I used to take Steve and Daniel with me to work on Dad’s farm between lower and upper Ucon. One day, I put the boys to work harrowing ploughed ground with an intermediate-size tractor called a Farmall C. Daniel was driving the tractor and, against my better judgment, I let Steve ride on the drawbar behind the tractor seat. About half way up the land, I saw him fall from the drawbar and go under the harrow. The harrow rolled right over him. Fortunately, the teeth were slanted slightly toward the rear. Daniel finally got the tractor stopped. I ran as hard as I could to the boys, picked up Steve, and we all ran to the car about a quarter mile away — Daniel and I ran (I was carrying Steve). I drove home, filled the tub with hot water, and I gave Steve a bath. After he was cleaned off, Daniel and I checked him for cuts, bruises, and broken bones. Fortunately, he was O.K., but he certainly gave me a scare.

Daniel's Broken Leg and the Measles

Writing about broken bones reminds me that Daniel was not as fortunate as Steve. Before Steve came to live with us, Gloria and I asked my parents to tend Daniel while we went to Salt Lake to get contact lenses for me from Daynes Optical. While there, we received a phone call telling us that Daniel had broken his leg. We went right home and found he had broken his left leg; it was in a cast extending to his knee. He had been chasing my brother Rich through the house. Mother had just waxed the kitchen floor, so it was slick. Daniel slipped, fell and crashed into the refrigerator.

The break required about six weeks to heal. In the meantime, we rented a wheel chair and a little crutch for Daniel. Relatives and friends signed their names on his cast. It was really quite colorful. I felt sorry for my parents having to go through a mini-crisis such as this. Children, using parents as baby sitters, put them through a lot of hassle and stress that I would not now do as a more mature adult — too bad that children in their young adult years can't be as considerate of their parents as they would be in their older more mature years. But they seem to think that parents are as energetic and physically fit as the children.

Writing of Daniel's broken leg reminds me of the time he came down with measles. We allowed him to stay with Larry and Pat Oler in Salt Lake for a few days so he and their son, Eric, could play together before the Olers left for New Zealand where Larry was going to teach a few years for the Church. Unknown by us, Daniel had been exposed to the measles before he stayed with the Olers. So while he was there, he broke out with the disease. The Olers called and we went down immediately and brought Daniel home, but not before he communicated his disease to the Oler children. Shortly after we got Daniel home, the Olers left for the South Pacific. At Nandi, Fiji, the Oler children came down with measles, and Pat had to stay there with them while Larry went on to New Zealand alone. We felt terrible about the whole experience.

Incidentally, Daniel suffered through the other childhood diseases — chicken-pox and mumps — later while we lived in Pocatello.

Recreating With the Boys

After Steve came to live with us, frequently Gloria and I would take the boys to a little park in upper Ucon (across the street from where I grew up) and play soccer. We'd divide up two on two and run until we were exhausted. In fact, Steve would run so hard during those matches that he would collapse from exhaustion. At times, he would be so tired that we wondered if he had heart disease. We had him examined by a physician and his heart was proclaimed healthy. So we decided that he was tired simply because he was running so hard.

He was a great little competitor. We suspected then, but did not know, that he would become a fine athlete. I'll tell that story later on in this history.

Part Three: From Marriage to Life in Rexburg (1955-1968)

Chapter 9

Teaching at Bonneville High School Again

My Classroom

I returned to Bonneville High School in the Fall of 1965 where I taught American history to members of the junior class. I was assigned a classroom on the second floor of a new addition connected to the north end of the building. My office was near an exit. I had a book case and a table for magazines brought in. Blackboards covered the north and east walls, so I arranged the desks diagonally, enabling the students to see both blackboards easily. My desk, then, was in the northeast corner of the room facing the students and a bank of windows on the west side of the room. The room was carpeted and Gloria made me a little curtain which covered the window in the classroom door. The room was a pleasant teaching station and a favorite gathering place for students. They would come to read magazines, visit with each other and with me. I enjoyed a positive relationship with the students from that time till I left the high school three years later. I had virtually no discipline problems. I thoroughly enjoyed my experience at Bonneville during those days.

Robert and I

My brother, Robert, taught government to high school seniors at Bonneville while I taught there. His room was at the same end of the building as mine, but on the first floor. We were close enough to each other that we visited frequently. I enjoyed being able to visit with Bob. At the end of a school day, he and I would get together either in his room or mine and spend a little time reviewing the day's activities or discussing some current issue. Bob was an excellent teacher, liked by his students, and respected by faculty and administrators. He had an aptitude for understanding government processes, political theory and issues. I respected his insights and commentaries then, and still do. I have found that his political analyses are correct most of the time. When I left Bonneville for Ricks College in the Fall of 1968, Robert stayed at the high school, remaining there till retiring in 1998. In fact, he was there long enough that he was known by everyone (faculty and administrators as well as students) as "Uncle Bob."

My Teaching Approach

While I taught at Bonneville, I used the blackboards all the time. Putting information, maps and diagrams on the blackboards to reinforce what we talked about in class was standard procedure for me. I also read each day (from 15 to 30 minutes) to my students from an interesting biography or historical novel. My primary goal in teaching was to create in students an interest in history, an interest that would carry over into their post high school experiences and hopefully help them to be more productive citizens. And I think I did this. They and I became absorbed in the stories I read. These stories provided subject matter for many interesting classroom discussions and served as incentives for at least some of my students to investigate further an idea born in these discussions. Even now when I meet a student of mine in that long-ago time, frequently he or she mentions the stories I read them. Perhaps teachers should do this more often as classroom procedure. Reading to each other and with each other, I think, can produce powerful bonds between those involved.

Another fun and productive classroom experience at Bonneville was conducting mock constitutional convention or legislative assemblies. We did a lot of role playing. And the students not only seemed to enjoy this, but I think they learned problems encountered by the founders of this nation in developing the U.S. Constitution, or problems encountered by law-makers today. I have kept copies of the class constitutions hammered out by the students in each of the six classes I taught. They are jewels to read. For example, the preamble of the Second Period class constitution read: "Whereas, recognizing history as one of the oldest and most important studies developed by civilized man, that studies of history have existed and flourished ever since the founding of knowledge among men, that through history we may learn from the experiences of men in distant and not so distant antiquity, that we may learn the basis for cultural and social understanding, to promote the highest plane of historical study in Bonneville High School, and foster the interests of those who seek knowledge and citizenship, We, the members of Alyn Andrus' second period American History class, do hereby ordain and establish this constitution."

Scholastic Tournament

I was asked by the high school principal to coach Bonneville's Scholastic Tournament teams. The Scholastic Tournament was an annual meeting of the minds involving high school students throughout Eastern Idaho. The sharpest students in each high school would study and practice throughout the school year until March and April, and then would participate in a tournament conducted over the airwaves by KID Radio. Tournament winners would receive a set of encyclopedia for their high school library.

The tournament was quite exciting, especially for those participating. On a given day, students representing two schools would meet in a room at the radio station. They would sit around a table facing each other. Each student would have access to a buzzer. Mel Richardson of KID (organizer of the tournament) would ask a question. As soon as one of the students dared venture an answer, the buzzer was sounded. If the answer was correct, a point was scored for that team. If incorrect, the other side was given a chance to answer. The key to winning the tournament was to have sharp students who were quick on the buzzer.

All year long, the students I invited to be on the scholastic team would come to my room after school for an hour and we would practice. We rigged a buzzer system of our own, and we solicited questions from teachers in the various departments through the school. We ended up with hundreds of questions. I'd ask the questions, and team members would answer. They became very fast on the buzzer, and over the school year they became very knowledgeable over a whole range of subjects. My last year at Bonneville, we won the Scholastic Tournament and brought to the high school a handsome set of *Encyclopedia Americana*. That was a fun experience for me and the students who made up the team.

Evening Classes

While I taught at Bonneville, I also taught night classes for BYU-Ricks Continuing Education. I taught one night a week for three hours throughout the semester. Classes were held in high school classrooms, and my average net pay for a semester's work was \$310. From what I can determine, I graded about as generously then as I did before retirement. For example, in the Fall of 1966, out of 23 students, I gave 5 students an "A," 13 students a "B," and 5 students a "C." I gave no "Ds" or "Fs." More recently (1995), by contrast, in an evening class of 23 students, I gave 15 "Bs," 6 "Cs," 1 "D," and 1 "F." This class was unusual in that no "A" grades were given.

I enjoyed teaching evening classes. The older students in these classes were more motivated than my high school students, and getting to know them broadened my contacts throughout the Valley. In fact, today occasionally a person will introduce himself or herself to me and announce that they were one of my evening-class students years ago. Just recently, Connie Stoneberg from Osgood saw me on campus, hugged me, and asked if I remembered that she had taken an evening class from me about 30 years ago. I did remember her face. Today, she is the principal of an elementary school in Idaho Falls.

One of my evening class students, whose name I do not remember, worked for KID Television. She conducted a morning talk show in which she would

interview various people in the community on various subjects of interest. She talked me into appearing on her show on two different occasions. The first time, she interviewed me about George Washington. The second time, we discussed Benedict Arnold. After each interview, on the morning scheduled for that interview, I had a television set brought into my classroom at the high school, and my students and I watched me perform in front of the television cameras. After watching those television interviews, I understood very well why I would never become a television star.

Driving School Bus

I drove school bus much better than I interviewed over television. In August 1967, I signed a contract with School District #93 to drive bus during that school year. My pay was \$140 per month. My route was along the Ammon Road going south of the high school to First Street. I then turned east up into the foothills to Iona and then drove west to the high school. I got along fine with the students and enjoyed the job. I also enjoyed the additional money.

Student Fights

I have no idea how many student fights there were while I taught at Bonneville. I suppose there were more of those than I knew about, but I remember one very well. I looked out the door window in the north end of the building one afternoon and saw students congregated near the seminary building about 25 yards away. I guessed that students were fighting, and I didn't like to see that sort of thing going on, so I walked over. Sure enough, there was a fight, and one of the boys was a student of mine. I didn't hesitate. Though both boys were much bigger than I, I pushed my way through the crowd, and walked into the arena, told them to stop fighting, and got between them. Much to my surprise, they stopped. I don't remember exactly what I said, but I remember giving a short lecture about the evils of fighting. I don't know how the students there regarded me and what they thought about what I had done, but I believe my courage won respect from the student body generally.

Student Ratings and Comments

My student ratings were positive. I was consistently rated high (between 4.5 and 4.9 on a scale of 1 to 5) according to the following criteria: 1) How clearly were course objectives stated? 2) Was work expected too heavy, too light, or just right? 3) Was my perceived attitude toward the subject matter positive or negative? 4) Was my preparation adequate? 5) Was I able to hold student interest? 6) Was I able to stimulate thinking? 7) Was I tolerant toward differing view points? 8) How effective was I compared to other teachers? And

9) would students recommend my class to others? I was rated from 3.3 to 4.0 (by the same scale) on 1) how fairly I graded, and 2) personal help given to students. An example of the positive comments I received from students is the following quote: "I never have liked any kind of history at all. Up till now I thought it was all a real drag, but Mr. Andrus makes it so interesting, I have taken another outlook on the subject. I don't really care for history, but I now appreciate it and have learned a lot. One thing I like especially is, you don't have to stick straight to the book. You allow different opinions and discussion on other things." Negative comments of my teaching is exemplified by the following quote: "I have enjoyed the class. I feel you are one of the best teachers I have ever had. You make the lessons quite interesting. The copying off the blackboard is boring sometimes, but it helps me on the tests. I would like to have more class discussions especially on current events. I have only one additional suggestion. I feel, and many others feel, that you play favorites with some kids. These people seem to be the brains, and you pay more attention to what they say than to us. I'm not exactly dumb, but I would like to know if I am a part of your class or not. I think you should speak to everyone and give everyone the same opportunities. I hope you'll take this as a helper, not a bitter criticism." I found this criticism to be interesting. I certainly had favorites, but in the classroom, I tried not to show that. One's bias, apparently, shows regardless of what precautions might be exercised.

My Memories of Bonneville High School

My memories of Bonneville High School and the students I taught there are all positive. My experience at Bonneville, in its totality, is remembered as a very good experience. If I could relive those days, knowing what I know now, I'm not sure that I would do anything much differently. I liked the students, and they seemed to like me. I was young enough that I could identify with them and their problems quite easily, and they would take me into their confidence. At times the girls would flirt with me, and this bothered me a little — I didn't quite know how to handle that in a professional way without offending them. But with the passage of time, that problem corrected itself.

Part Three: From Marriage to Life in Rexburg (1955-1968)

Chapter 10

Serving as Bishop in the Ucon Second Ward

A Stressed Marriage

After returning to Bonneville High School from Idaho State University, I was called to be the Bishop of Ucon Second Ward, and by accepting this call, Gloria and I entered into the most difficult and trying time of our entire married life. I grew up thinking that serving the Lord as a bishop in the church should be a happy time, a time of unmatched blessings. And maybe for some it was and is, but for us, during the three years I served in Ucon, it was not. Our marriage, as a matter of fact, was stressed to the breaking point during that time. And I must bear primary responsibility for the situation, because when I was issued the call, President Wirkus cautioned me not to divulge ward business, especially that which should be kept confidential, to anyone. I understood this to include Gloria, as well as others, so I attempted to follow his counsel literally. Consequently, I refused to talk with Gloria about ward business. Communication between us practically ceased. In fact, for the first six weeks following the call, I had very little to do with her, not because I didn't love her and didn't want to have anything to do with her, but because I was so absorbed in ward business I couldn't focus my mind on anything else, and I thought I should not include her in ward problems with which I was preoccupied. Actually, had I confided in her, she could have helped me simply by understanding my problems and giving encouragement.

As I recall, matters came to a head one Saturday morning. I said something that caused Gloria to cry. When I asked her what the problem was, she unloaded, and before she was through, I understood very clearly what her frustrations were, but I was so locked into the idea that I shouldn't share with her what I was doing or dealing with in the ward that I didn't know what to do to help reduce her frustrations and improve our relationship. Our relationship did not begin to improve substantially until I was released as bishop and we moved to Rexburg where I joined the faculty at Ricks College.

My call to serve as a bishop in the Church completely changed our lives. Without that call, I have no idea exactly how our life together would have turned

out — where we would have gone and what we would have done, but I'm sure we would have returned to the South Pacific.

The Call to Serve

Shortly after returning to Bonneville from ISU, Gloria and I began talking about returning to the South Pacific to teach school for the Church. We had not been to New Zealand, so decided to apply for a teaching position at the Church College of New Zealand, situated in Hamilton on New Zealand's North Island. Ever since returning home from Samoa, we had been discontent — unable to put the South Pacific behind us and face the future without thinking about returning to that part of the world. So we indicated to the Pacific Board of Education what we were thinking of doing, and asked if there might be an opening at CCNZ. We were told there was an opening and that our experience in Samoa would qualify us. The Board sent us documents and a contract to fill out and sign, which we did. We filled out the documents and signed the contract on a Saturday in September and planned to mail them the following Monday. Had we mailed them, as planned, we would have been hired to teach and would have been on our way to New Zealand after completing our contract with School District #93 for that school year. But the Lord had something else in mind for us, something that changed the whole course of our lives, undoubtedly for the better.

On Sunday morning, following the Saturday when we signed our contract with the Board, we received a telephone call asking us to meet with the Stake Presidency that morning. We both thought that the interview would be for Gloria — perhaps they would call her to a stake position in the Relief Society, Young Women, or Primary organizations. Neither of us thought the interview would be for me. So we were both shocked to hear President Erwin Wirkus call me to be the Bishop of the Ucon Second Ward. He said that Bishop William Hill was due to be released, and as he (President Wirkus) and his counselors, Carl Day and Riley Westergard, had considered names of persons to succeed Bishop Hill, each one without communicating with the other two, had written on a piece of paper my name. They felt, then, that I was being called under God's inspiration. They cautioned us, however, that we were to tell no one of the call because Bishop Hill would not be released for another six to eight weeks.

The time between when I received my call and the Sacrament Meeting when Bishop Hill was released and I was sustained was a difficult time for both Gloria and me. We told no one. Yet everyone in the ward knew that Bishop Hill would be released soon, and, of course, speculation was rampant on who would be the next bishop. When Gloria and I were asked what we thought, we just answered that we were willing to leave that up to the Lord. We didn't even tell my parents until the Saturday before I was to be sustained in Sacrament Meeting. When I

told Dad, he was so surprised that one of his children, coming from a family of Democrats, would be recommended by three Republicans (the Stake Presidency) to be a bishop in the Church, he said, “Hell! They must have been drunk when they submitted the recommendation.”

My Counselors, Clerks, High Priest Group Leader and Families

I chose Darrell Farnsworth as my first counselor, and Duane Burtenshaw as my second counselor. Jess Humphries was my ward clerk and Monte Piquet was my clerk in charge of finances. At that time, bishops did not call executive secretaries. All these men served faithfully and well during the three years I served as bishop.

Darrell Farnsworth and his wife Mary Jane were our neighbors. They helped us raise Daniel. He stayed with them while we worked. He and their children became good friends. They had seven children, four girls and three boys. The girls from oldest to youngest were Sue, Peggy, Cindy, and Janeal. The boys were Douglas, Brian, and Craig. Daniel’s buddies were Douglas and Brian. Doug was a year older than Daniel, and Brian a year younger. Janeal was born the night of the Sunday I was sustained as bishop. That day, consequently, was a big one for Darrell and Mary Jane.

Darrell was a faithful counselor. He discharged all ecclesiastical assignments in a responsible manner, and related well with ward members. He was a friendly fellow and everyone seemed to like him. He had not served a proselyting mission for the Church, but he had served honorably in the U.S. Army. After his discharge, he became a mail carrier for the Postal Department.

Duane, too, was a faithful and responsible counselor. He was very folksy in his speech, a little abrupt with people, but got along with ward members well. He had served a proselyting mission in South Africa, and after returning home became the manager of Pillsbury Grain Elevators in Idaho Falls. Duane married Enid Black from Ammon and they had five children — four girls and one boy. The girls oldest to youngest were Julie, Anne, Paula, and Rebecca. The boy was Jess.

Jess Humphries was my ward clerk. He was a pleasant young man, personable, cooperative, and responsible. He married Verna Larsen, a school mate of mine at Ucon High School. He and Verna raised a family of five girls and one boy — Dilleen, Deon, Darlene, Danese, Debra, and D.J. Jess served faithfully and well until I was released.

Verna was as happy and pleasant to be around as was Jess. She came from a family of good people. In fact, people do not come better than her mother.

Verna’s mother, Elsie Larsen, was both loving and lovable. She was kind, charitable and full of gratitude even for little blessings. While I served as bishop,

she was in her middle seventies. One day I felt impressed to recommend her as a full-time proselyting missionary. I recommended her. She was called and served a very successful mission in Texas. At the time, she was the oldest full-time proselyting missionary in the Church. She was acknowledged as such in the Church News and in the Snake River Valley's Post Register. For the rest of her life, she never stopped talking about her mission. She thanked me with tears in her eyes every time she saw me for recommending her as a missionary.

My other clerk, the one in charge of finances, was Monte Piquet. Monte married Eileen Douglas, and they raised five children — Richard "Rick", Betty, Karla, Kolleen, and Shane. I formed a particularly close association with Rick because I taught him in high school and he was one of my priests while I served as bishop. He was a bright boy, a good boy, and a credit to his parents.

After Rick graduated, he asked me to help him get into West Point. He thought he wanted to become a military officer. I was able to have one of our elected representatives recommend him, and his grades were high enough that he was admitted. However, he was not there long till he called me one evening and said, "Bishop, I've got to get out of here. This is no place for me." So, he left and came home. The regimentation and filthy language to which he was subject constantly made his brief encounter with West Point a negative experience in his life. After returning home, Rick was called to serve a proselyting mission for the church. He made a much better missionary than a prospective military officer.

Monte was certainly a wise choice as finance clerk. He was intelligent and had an aptitude for dealing with finances. His reports were accurate and always made the Bishopric appear better than we would have appeared without him. Because of the work that Jess and Monte did, I decided that clerks serving a bishopric were as valuable as counselors — maybe more valuable. I know I could not have gotten along without competent, dedicated clerks.

Monte's brother, Newel Piquet, served as a high priest group leader in the Ucon Second Ward during my stint as bishop. Newel was as faithful, dedicated and true to the Gospel as a person can be. He married Madonna Weeks, and they raised a large family of eleven children — Sharon, Joann, Idonna, Cherrie, Nola, Roger, Marilyn, Carol, Darlene, Vernon, and Spencer. I taught three of those children — Cherrie, Nola, and Roger — in junior high and high school. They were conscientious students, but I was especially impressed by their goodness of character, and by their pleasant personalities. They were well-adjusted children — children who obviously came from a close-knit, stable family where family members were taught to work, to love, and support each other.

Though I didn't teach Idonna, I had a special experience with her that I must mention. Idonna had graduated from high school and was working west

of Idaho Falls for the Atomic Energy Commission. She liked her work, was making good money, and had no immediate prospects for marriage. So I recommended her for a full-time proselyting mission. She seemed amenable to the prospect of serving a mission for the Church, but her mother, Madonna, did not like the idea at all. She came to me and complained aggressively. She wanted to know why her daughter should suddenly be taken from a good job (one that paid well) and put into the mission field. I don't remember all that I said to her in response to her question, but I remember promising her that if she would support Idonna on a mission, she would not regret having done so after the mission was over. Well, Idonna served an honorable mission, and not long before she was released, she met a young missionary who later became her husband. After they were married, Madonna came to me and apologized. She thanked me for recommending her daughter to serve a mission. In fact, during years that followed she thanked me often.

I also enjoyed a special association with Roger Piquet. I taught Roger and he was one of my priests. He was as fine a boy as parents could want. A few years after my release, he was killed in a motorcycle accident, leaving a wife and child. The Piquet family honored me by requesting that I speak at his funeral.

Today, Newel Piquet lives alone in a big house on the Piquet farm east and south of Ucon. His wife, Madonna, passed away from cancer on September 4, 1995. I have cherished my relationship with the Piquet family and must remember to visit Newel during years ahead.

My Ordination and Setting Apart

I have already indicated that I was called to be bishop of the Ucon Second Ward in September 1965. I was sustained on November 28 in sacrament meeting, conducted by Idaho Falls East Stake President Erwin Wirkus. I was ordained a high priest and bishop, and was set apart as bishop of the Ucon Second Ward by Delbert L. Stapley of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles on January 8, 1966. Elder Stapley had come to Idaho Falls to preside over a stake conference, and arrangements were made with him to take care of these ordinations while he was in the area. He also ordained Darrell Farnsworth and Duane Burtenshaw high priests and set them apart as my counselors.

Gloria and Daniel were with me when I was ordained. I remember Elder Stapley asking Daniel how old he was. Daniel said he was eight years old (he had turned eight on December 16). Elder Stapley asked him what was so important about being eight years old. Both Gloria and I held our breath till Daniel answered that he had been baptized and received the Gift of the Holy Ghost. Elder Stapley congratulated him and we all felt better.

Serving in the Shadow of Grandpa Andrus

When I began to serve as bishop, I was 34 years old. To many in the ward, I was only a kid. They had known me as a baby and had watched me grow up. A few of the older ward members, such as Ed Phillips, Jack Phillips, Byrum Hill and Robert Hill had served with my Grandfather Robert Andrus while he presided as bishop of the Ucon Ward for 18 years. I know these people had a hard time accepting me as their spiritual leader and presiding officer in the church. But if the situation was difficult for them, it was also difficult for me. I felt that I was moving in the shadow of Grandpa Andrus — that I was being scrutinized and judged, by those who knew him, according to his standard and method of operation. Time, of course, helped both ward members and me to overcome those feelings.

The Geography of Ucon Second Ward

Ucon Second Ward, while I served as bishop, was a large one geographically. The northern boundary was the Ucon-Milo Highway. The southern boundary was the Ririe Highway. The eastern boundary was the road on which Alvin Steltzer, Lawrence Campbell, Andrew Barrie, Robert Hill, Newel Piquet and Burton Johnson lived. The western boundary was the Hitt Road on which Elsie Larsen, Jess and Verna Humphries lived. This made the ward three miles from west to east and four miles from north to south, for an area of twelve square miles. When I visited ward members in their homes, this meant a lot of driving, but I didn't mind that. And I did visit ward members in their homes.

During the three years I served as bishop, I visited the home of every family in the ward. I felt that I had a good relationship with ward members. Attendance at ward meetings was high, and ward members responded positively to calls to serve. But the closest and most meaningful relationship I had was with my priests.

My Priests and I

While I served as bishop of Ucon Second Ward, the church recommended that bishops help their priest quorums organize and conduct cottage meetings. A cottage meeting was held at the home of a quorum member. The bishop was responsible for clearing the meeting with the priest's parents. The priest who served as host was responsible for planning the meeting, plus the refreshments and recreation that followed. Usually, the meeting consisted of an opening and closing prayer, singing hymns, and listening to a speaker or speakers. The speakers were customarily the priests. In addition, the bishop usually was asked to say something worthwhile. Following the meeting, refreshments were served, and in warm weather, quorum members might enjoy a game of volleyball.

Cottage meetings were intended to help young, prospective missionaries learn how to organize meetings and take charge. I was converted to the idea of these meetings. I think they accomplished their goal very well. Most quorum members with whom I associated served honorable proselyting missions for the Church, and after returning home continued to serve in responsible Church positions. Howard Randall, a cousin to the Piquet children, in fact, eventually became a bishop. But that would have happened without the cottage meetings. Howard was a capable young man of commendable character. I always thought, as his bishop, that he was destined for leadership positions in the church.

At any rate, I never attended a cottage meeting that I didn't like. But another benefit of these meetings, and one that may have been the most important, was they helped quorum members bond to each other. Quorum meetings were always well attended and the boys experienced a positive relationship with each other and with me.

As a matter of fact, my relationship with the boys was good enough that when Gloria and I bought a new Ford Mustang shortly after I became bishop, quorum members joked about where I got the money for the car. They claimed I was pilfering tithing funds. Nevertheless, they liked the car and thought, I suppose, that only a young, flashy bishop would buy a car like that. Perhaps the Mustang, more than anything else, helped the boys identify with me.

The boys identified with me well enough (they had sufficient confidence in me) that they frequently came to me with personal problems and asked me for advice. I remember one night, about 2:00 a.m., Rick Piquet knocked on the door which awoke both Gloria and me. He was returning from a date with a young lady and was frightened as I never thought a young man could be. He and his girl friend were sitting in the car when a large man approached from the front of the car. Rick claimed he was either Satan himself or an evil spirit. I asked him how he knew this, and he said he didn't know exactly, but he felt it strongly, and he knew he must leave immediately. He couldn't shake the feeling of gloom and fright that he experienced when he saw this person. I don't remember whether I gave Rick a blessing or not, but we talked about evil spirits for a long time in those early morning hours.

Marriages and Funerals

Two responsibilities that bishops must shoulder intimidated me. They were marriages and funerals. I conducted plenty of both.

Most marriages I conducted were held either in a home or in the Relief Society Room of the ward building. Only one was held in the chapel. It was my first one, and the service was the shortest I ever conducted. The persons involved had committed fornication. The girl was pregnant and insisted that the

boy marry her. I think he loved the girl, and was willing to do this. But she also insisted on wearing the long white wedding gown and being married in the chapel. I tried to persuade her to be married in the recreation hall, but she would not allow it. I suppose I could have had my way, but did not want to make a bad situation worse. At any rate, I was so disturbed when the time came to conduct the marriage, that I walked into the chapel, which was full of people, and asked them to stand while the couple marched up the aisle. I then married them, which took about three minutes. I didn't even tell the congregation to be seated while I conducted the marriage — I left them standing. After I pronounced the couple to be husband and wife, I walked out and that was the end of it. I didn't mean for it to be that way, but given the situation and the disturbed state of mind I was in, I forgot to do things that would have enhanced the ceremony and made it more memorable in a positive way.

The young man who was involved in the marriage just described, took his place at the sacrament table on a Sunday morning right after he left my office in which he had confessed his sin (getting his girlfriend pregnant). When I walked into meeting, the chapel was full of ward members waiting for Sunday School services to begin, and there was this young man, one of my priests, with two other priests, ready to administer at the sacrament table. I couldn't believe my eyes. I walked over to the sacrament table and asked him not to participate with the other priests at the sacrament table until he had repented and gotten his life straightened out. He got up and left, and to my knowledge did not attempt to exercise his priesthood publicly again until after his marriage and sufficient time for repentance to work in his life.

Most of the marriages I conducted were pleasant experiences. Usually, those who attended were few in number, and I always enjoyed the congeniality that marked such occasions. But I was always aware that this was not the way God intended marriage to be done, and for me this subtracted from the spirit of the experience.

Funerals were another matter. Everyone deserves a decent funeral. I think the way in which we treat those who die indicates much about us, the living. It reveals how sensitive or insensitive we might be toward others. It may show what we believe about an after life, and this life as a preparation for an after life. A funeral can certainly bring together people who otherwise might not see each other in this life. Funerals are a time of parting, but they are also a time of reuniting, and this can be good for people. I suppose in the last analysis, funerals are really for the living. They can help lift us at a time when we are down. They can give us hope; reinvigorate our faith; and help us resolve to live better. So I think how funerals are conducted is important. I suppose this was one reason why funerals intimidated me. Another was the necessity of giving spiritual

reassurance and support to the bereaved. I never felt adequate to this important task.

Yet, I conducted thirteen funerals during the three years I served as bishop of the Ucon Second Ward. Most of these involved older people in the ward — people I had known all my life. These funerals were not as hard, emotionally, as those involving children and young people whose deaths I always regarded as premature. The hardest funeral I ever conducted involved a little girl named Carrie Harris. Carrie was the daughter of Wanda and Bud Harris. She was in the first grade at school and rode the school bus each day. The Harrises lived on Highway 20 about three miles south of lower Ucon. One morning as Carrie crossed the highway to get on the bus, a drunk driver ignored the flashing red lights, as well as the extended stop arm on the bus, and hit Carrie. She was taken to the Idaho Falls hospital, but died on the way. She was a beautiful little girl, and her parents were devastated by her death. I hardly knew how to comfort them. The funeral was a hard one for me to conduct. I'll never forget that mother, sitting there on the front row, next to the casket, with tears in her eyes looking at me, pleading in her look for me to say something to ease her emotional burden. I cannot write this without feeling some of what I felt then, and the tears come as easily now as they did then.

Another sad funeral I conducted involved a teenager named Lane Wadsworth. Lane was the errant son of Bernice and Weldon Wadsworth. I had a fair relationship with him, but he was a real trial to his parents. In fact, he ended up in the Youth Rehabilitation Center in St. Anthony for a time. After he was released from the Center, he returned to his old ways, and attempted to drive home one cold night while under the influence of alcohol. He drove his car off the highway and into a canal about two miles south of lower Ucon. He was severely injured and lay in the snow undiscovered for some time before taken to the hospital. When I went to the hospital the next morning to see him, his faithful mother was there, but Lane was using vulgar language and speaking as though he did not understand what had happened and what was going on about him. His mother was embarrassed. Shortly after I saw him, he passed away. I was hard pressed to know what to say to give comfort to Lane's parents. My remarks in the funeral service were even harder to give in view of the circumstances. I tried to convey the message as gently as I knew how that we must live each day as though it were our last, so we may be prepared to pass from this life into the next without fear or regret.

Daniel's Truancy and Lane Wadsworth

Writing about Lane's being incarcerated in the Youth Rehabilitation Center reminds me of a time when Daniel sluffed school. He was in the first grade and

experienced a misunderstanding with the teacher, so he did not return to the classroom following afternoon recess. Instead, he and a friend spent the afternoon in a borrow pit. The weather was cold, but that did not deter the boys. Each time a car would pass, they would duck down. That evening, the teacher called Gloria and wanted to know what had happened to Daniel because he had not returned to class after recess. Gloria, of course, knew nothing about it. So she went into Daniel's room and said, "Daniel, do you have something to tell me?" Daniel said, "I think you already know." Well, Gloria assured him she didn't know all there was to know about where he had spent the afternoon and why he had not returned to the classroom. So Daniel told his story. When he told her about ducking down each time a car passed, he said he and his friend were afraid the teacher was coming to find them. Gloria said that the teacher didn't have time to go looking for students who were sluffing school, that is what truant officers were for. Of course, Daniel wanted to know all about truant officers.

Well, not long after Daniel's truancy, I went to visit Lane Wadsworth in the Youth Center in St. Anthony. I took Gloria and Daniel with me. Daniel was fascinated by the Youth Center, and was very interested in what might transpire in a young man's life to cause him to be incarcerated in such a place. We had a long talk about truancy, wayward people and youth centers. Daniel, I believe, made the connection very clearly between truancy and youth centers. For the most part, he was a good and dependable student from that time forward. At least, Gloria and I never worried about him as a student.

Preparing and Delivering Speeches

Before I go on to discuss other facets of being bishop of the Ucon Second Ward, I want to describe how I prepared and delivered speeches I gave at funerals and other meetings. I was always somewhat nervous about speaking before audiences, even after I had prepared well for speeches I gave. I never regarded myself as a fluent and influential speaker. But I didn't want to be remembered as a speaker who wasted people's time by speaking superficially, or by verbally jumping about from one idea to another without connecting them in some meaningful way. I had heard so many local church speakers who gave absolutely lousy speeches (superficial and unorganized) that I determined I would not be like them if at all possible. So after I became a bishop and was called upon to speak frequently at weddings, funerals, or other church services or meetings, I adopted the policy of writing out my speeches, then going over them several times so as to be sufficiently familiar with them that I could give them essentially as prepared and still maintain good eye contact with my audience. Besides, writing out my speeches gave me a record of every major

speech I've given over the past 30 years. Today I have several binders full of speeches I've prepared and delivered. And some of these I've given more than once.

At first, as I wrote out and went over a speech several times and then presented it as a written speech, I felt uncomfortable. I had grown up with the notion that one should speak by the Spirit of the Lord, and somehow this meant that a speech should not be prepared in detail — certainly it should never be written out, otherwise, what latitude was there in which the Spirit could work? But I soon overcame that feeling, and dealt reasonably with that false notion. I reasoned that one could be directed as well by the Holy Spirit while preparing and writing out a speech as one might be while standing blank-mindedly before a congregation of people, praying desperately for inspiration. For me, my approach has worked well through the years. Having a written speech in front of me has not limited me in what I've said. If I have felt the need to amplify what I've written, I've done that. On the other hand, if I've felt the need to leave out some of what I've written, I've also done that. But I've never felt that my written speeches have been prepared without direction from the Holy Spirit. Neither have I felt that they have been delivered without the Spirit's associated testimony. And finally, writing out my speeches has helped me stay within appropriate time limits.

My Relationship with Ward Members

While I served as bishop of the Ucon Second Ward, I felt that my relationship with ward members was a warm, trusting one. An exception to this, that I remember, involved Wendell Harmon, a custodian in the church house. One evening while I was working in the bishop's office, Wendell came to me, requesting higher pay. To have his pay increased meant that I would have to submit a recommendation to Church headquarters in Salt Lake. This, in turn, meant that I would have to justify, in whatever ways I could, the recommended increase. I felt that Wendell did his work reasonably well, but that he was not sufficiently outstanding to merit his request. So I indicated that as delicately as I could, and refused to recommend him for a pay increase. He was furious with me. He told me I couldn't identify with working people because I had been born with a silver spoon in my mouth. Till then I had maintained control of myself, but when he said that, I nearly lost my discipline. In fact, I was so emotionally and physically upset, I began to tremble. I arose, leaned over the desk, and shook my finger in Wendell's face. I told him in a voice I was barely able to control that I had been born into a poor family, and that I had worked hard for everything I had received. I told him he should know that because he knew my father, mother, and their family well. Our meeting ended on that sour note.

A day or two after I had cooled off, I told Wendell I was sorry we had permitted ill-feelings to develop between us. I told him that I could not be his bishop and maintain hostile feelings toward him, and I hoped that he could develop more friendly feelings toward me. Months later, Wendell came to me and apologized for the bitter words he had spoken during that awful meeting between us. Not long after that, he passed away. I was relieved that we had been able to restore good feelings between us before his passing. To leave this life with bitter feelings and a negative attitude, I think, is to condemn ourselves before God. At any rate, following this experience with Wendell, I promised myself that never again would I allow emotions to override discipline as they had done in this case. With few exceptions, I have kept that promise.

Financing the Ward

Financing the ward was always a difficult and frustrating problem for me and my counselors during my three years as bishop of the Ucon Second Ward. At that time, each stake in the church, and each ward within each stake, was expected to be financially self-sustaining, except for custodial services and certain costs associated with building maintenance. Ward members consequently paid tithing, fast offerings, missionary expenses, stake welfare assessments, stake budget assessments, Boy Scout assessments, and maintained a ward budget. The Stake assessments for Ucon Second Ward in 1966 amounted to \$3,400. In addition to this, the ward budget totaled \$2,000. So in 1966, the Ward had to raise \$5,400. In 1967, that figure raised to \$6,500, and in 1968, it went up to \$7,000. Meeting that obligation was a never-ending headache — a constant source of stress.

The way in which wards raised their budgets was left to their bishoprics. I assume most bishoprics simply assessed ward families certain amounts of money based on their assumed ability to pay. My counselors and I were offended by the idea that we could determine what individual families should be able to afford. So, following what we read in the General Handbook of Instructions, we decided to let ward members pledge the amount of money they would pay into the ward budget. Well, the pledges usually did not total enough to meet our budget requirements. So, in addition to the pledges, we rented a farm, within ward boundaries, and tried to make up the difference by raising potatoes, hay, and calves.

A letter to ward members dated June 30, 1968 read: "Dear Ward Members, During 1968, Ucon Second Ward has rented 84 acres of farmland in an attempt to meet its welfare obligations which total approximately \$3,500. This farmland is in three parts. Four acres next to the cemetery are planted in Gaines Wheat, fifty acres of Reed Andrus's are planted to Gaines Wheat, barley and alfalfa.

Thirty acres of Duane Burtenshaw's are planted to alfalfa, and pasture. All totaled, the ward has about 20 acres of grain, 12 acres of pasture and 52 acres of hay. In addition, ward members have donated calves to the ward. Currently, a number of these animals are feeding on the pasture. We intend to keep some of the hay we harvest to feed the calves this winter until they are ready to be sold.

"First crop hay is now ready to be harvested. We must impose on men with machinery to cut and bale the hay, but we ask these men to keep a record of the time they spend or the acres they work so that the Bishopric can credit them with a definite and proper money contribution in the record of the church.

"Within a few days the hay will be ready to haul. Therefore, we ask all ward members who do not have farm machinery and who will not have contributed to the harvest to come out and haul hay. You will be contacted by your priesthood quorum group leader or president when you are needed. With a favorable turnout in ward members, we should be able to harvest hay without prolongation or hardship. We also request that each priesthood member keep a record of time spent in the harvest, and report this to his quorum secretary so that he may receive money credit on the basis of \$1.50 per hour.

"We thank all of you for your support in our undertakings. Especially, we appreciate those of you who make your expensive farm machinery available to us. Sincerely yours. . ."

We also organized ward budget dinners. The idea was for ward families to pay their pledges at these dinners. Ward members would furnish food such as potatoes, rolls, salads, and desserts. The ward would provide the meat. Our dinners generally were quite successful in terms of getting budget money and bringing ward members together for an evening of social interchange. The farming operation, on the other hand, generally was a major source of income, but occasionally was nothing more than a melancholy failure.

I remember one year we attempted to raise several acres of potatoes on land owned by Robert Hill. All summer the crop looked good. The price was high enough that we figured we could meet most of our budget requirements with the potato crop. But just before harvest, a severe frost penetrated the soil and nipped the spuds. The entire crop was lost except for a few culls we were able to sell for a tiny fraction of the money needed. All that hard work and sacrifice in time and energy expended by ward members was lost, and there was nothing the bishopric could do, but ask members for more money with which to meet budget obligations. That was hard to do.

I learned a valuable lesson during my service as bishop of the Ucon Second Ward. The bishop is the one in charge of the ward. He is the judge of ward members. If he does not take charge and see that the work is done, it will not get

done. If he does not assign ward members an amount of money to meet budget obligations and then see that this money is collected, the budget will go wanting. Neither God nor ward members will see that the work is done or the money raised. The bishop is responsible for whatever the ward does or does not do. And in meeting this responsibility, he must use the General Handbook of Instructions only as a guide. If he must deviate from the instructions here and there to see that the work gets done, then that is what he should do. And I don't think God will condemn him for doing it.

Later, as bishop of the Rexburg Fifteenth Ward, I put into practice the lessons learned in Ucon, and the results were gratifying. The Rexburg Fifteenth Ward not only met its budget obligations each year, but built up a savings account at Church Headquarters worth \$12,000 to see the ward through lean times. Financially, the Rexburg Fifteenth Ward was known as the most successful ward in the Rexburg East Stake. It was used as an example in stake high council meetings for other wards to follow in meeting their budget obligations.

Issuing Temple Recommends

Issuing temple recommends, at times, could also be an onerous duty while I served as bishop of the Ucon Second Ward. Temple recommends in that day and age were issued in April of each year. So I would set up temple recommend interviews for all recommend holders who wanted to renew their recommends. These interviews were scheduled in much the same way as tithing interviews. Ward members would come to the church house on a Sunday afternoon and evening, according to schedule, and would wait their turn in the foyer while I conducted the interviews in the bishop's office. I would prepare beforehand a one-page list of qualifications for temple recommend holders, and make this available to those who had signed the interview schedule sheet. This was done to make interviewing easier for me. The assumption was that after reading the material I had prepared, if a ward member felt that he or she did not qualify, then that person would not carry through with the interview. Nevertheless, once in a while, one would request an interview even though the qualifications could not be met.

I remember one lady whose daughter was scheduled to be married in the temple. The lady was not a full tithe payer and consequently did not qualify to go through the temple. But the desire to be with her daughter in the temple on this important occasion was so impelling that she requested a recommend on her promise to pay a full tithing thereafter. I knew at the time I should not issue her the recommend, but felt sorry for her and accepted her promise. I issued the recommend. She went to the temple. But she did not keep her promise. As a

result, she avoided me by not coming to church meetings, and she became inactive. Sometimes, the price we pay for privileges in the church and kingdom can be very severe indeed. The lesson I learned by this experience was that the salvation of individuals does not necessarily result from their promises, but from the lives they live.

After the experience with this lady, I became more committed to going by the rules in the General Handbook of Instructions. This sometimes offended ward members. For example, a ward priesthood holder asked permission to baptize his child, but was not worthy to do so. I refused permission, and his child was baptized by someone else. He then became so angry with me, that he and his wife began circulating rumors intended to question my integrity and worthiness to be bishop of the ward. Fortunately, no one believed the rumors.

Tithing Settlement

Tithing settlement was always a trial for me. Fortunately, my finance clerk, Monte Piquet, was competent and dependable, otherwise the whole experience would have been a disaster. The only aspect of tithing settlement that I enjoyed was meeting ward members, and talking with them personally in the privacy of my office. Probably two-thirds of the ward members attended tithing settlement. Most of those who did not attend were non-tithe payers or elderly people who were home bound. For those who did not come, I had to say on a written report, which was sent to Church headquarters in Salt Lake, whether they were full, part-time, or non-tithe payers. The only way for a bishop to do this and be accurate is for him to know ward members well enough to make a valid judgment.

In Ucon Second Ward, at the time I served as bishop, only about one-third of the adult members of the ward were full-tithe payers. Another third were part-tithe payers. All of the children were full-tithe payers.

Tithing settlement could be frustrating at times. There was in the ward a rich farmer. His farm looked well-cared for. He owned and maintained good farm machinery. He drove new pickups and cars. He worked hard and prospered. However, he would come to tithing settlement and declare a full tithing which was considerably less than widows in the ward would pay on social security income. I knew while he sat there declaring his tithing to be full, that he was not being honest. He was subtracting from his gross income a lot of money to cover depreciation in farm equipment, and other farm expenses. I understood this and felt it was acceptable, but not to the extent that he went. Yet, there was nothing I could say or do. I was bound to accept his word that his tithing was full.

I was always happy to see tithing settlement end. It would go on every Sunday afternoon and evening through the month of December, and sometimes I was forced to schedule evenings on other days during the week to accommodate everyone. I was home so little during this time of year, that I disliked being bishop. I wanted to be home with Gloria and Danny. And I know she felt estranged from me and resentful. All the time I was away from home, she spent alone with Danny. The situation was a trial for both of us — a test for both. And I can look back on the experience now with gratification that both passed the test. That is, I shouldered my responsibilities as best as I knew how, and she stayed with me in our marriage.

Sunday's Schedule

During the time I served as Ucon Second Ward bishop, Sunday's schedule was different from what it is now in 2001. Today, Sacrament service, Sunday School, priesthood meeting and primary are all held within a three-hour block of time. But thirty-five years ago, they were strung out over Sunday from 8:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. First came priesthood meeting. Sunday School followed at ten o'clock. Sacrament service usually began at seven in the evening and went on for 1.5 to 2.0 hours. During Sunday afternoon, there were either stake meetings or special ward meetings. And in between meetings, I always had interviews. The bishopric held its regular weekly meetings at 7:00 a.m. on Sunday and at 7:00 p.m. on Tuesday, during MIA (Mutual Improvement Association), or youth meetings and activities. Primary was held during the week. On Sunday, I'd leave the house at 6:30 in the morning and, except for a quick lunch, I would not return until 10:00 in the evening. So far as Gloria and I were concerned, the whole schedule was not only demanding, but almost intolerable.

Staffing the Ward

Staffing the ward with officers and teachers, of course, was always a problem. That is, it was a problem that was never solved because the ward organization was constantly changing. The trick in this constantly changing organization was to get the right people in positions that had to be filled. For example, not just anyone could serve as an effective auxiliary teacher.

Now, there was at the time a Sunday School class of young teenagers that ran one teacher after another out of the classroom. My counselors and I were frustrated because we couldn't find anyone who could control this class. Finally, we decided to ask William "Bill" Phillips to teach the class. Bill Phillips was about six feet tall and weighed probably 300 lbs. He was outspoken, with a voice that boomed when he spoke. He seemed incapable of speaking softly. He had an

aggressive personality, and consequently, tended to be intimidating to associates. The bishopric decided he would be perfect for this problem class.

Well, we called Bill to teach the class. He wasn't exactly thrilled with the call, but promised us he would give it a try. For six weeks everything seemed to be going well, and we thought we had solved the problem. But then Bill came to us and asked to be released. He complained that he couldn't control the class. We encouraged him to continue to try, but he was adamant, so we released him. In a way I was amused by the whole experience. I never expected to see big Bill humbled to the point that he admitted defeat, but here he was admitting defeat and his conquerors were young teenagers.

Our problem now, of course, was to find another teacher for the class. In desperation, I finally asked Gloria to meet the challenge. I didn't want to saddle her with such an onerous responsibility, but I was certain she could get the job done. I knew if she could not, no one in the ward could do it. Gloria reluctantly accepted the call. It proved to be one of the best calls I ever made. Gloria not only controlled the class, but before long, her students, mostly young men, were coming to the house to visit with her. This happened throughout the week. Somehow she earned their respect which they seemed to maintain into adulthood. I know their respect was not earned easily. After Sunday School Gloria would come home and cry because she was so frustrated. She visited with parents, trying to solicit their help. She visited with each problem student in class, I suppose with some more than once. And she spent a lot of time preparing lessons that would be interesting to listen to. Her example demonstrated to me that physical size and an intimidating personality are not the keys to controlling a class of students. Rather love, charity, preparation, and persistence are what a successful teacher needs. Physical force and intimidation are tools used by Satan and his minions. Love and charity are Gospel underpinnings, and should be what life is all about.

My Concept of Church Callings

As a result of my bishop's experience in Ucon Second Ward, my concept of Church callings underwent a significant change. Before becoming bishop, I felt that every calling was inspired by God and consequently it would work regardless of what problems might be encountered. If it did not work, that was because the person called was not sufficiently responsible and would have to answer to God for failure in the calling. Today, I know that many callings are not inspired. Nevertheless, they are still callings because the bishop represents the Lord in that particular ward. So there is a degree of Divine Accountability that goes with every calling in a ward or stake. But sometimes a person who is called to a ward or stake position simply does not work out very well in that

position. And that fact may have little or nothing to do with attitude, hard work, and responsibility in the calling. The calling, in such a case, may mean nothing more than an unwise choice by the presiding authority. Certainly, in such a situation, God would not punish the person who tried, but was not effective in his or her calling. On the contrary, I think God would bless that individual for a willingness to try and for effort given.

Was I Inspired While Serving as Bishop?

Discussing “callings” brings up the question: Was I inspired while serving as bishop of the Ucon Second Ward? And in answer I must say, unequivocally and without hesitation, that I was. I could never have run the ward without the Lord’s help. I was not competent enough. In fact, at the time I frequently marveled at what I was doing. And today I look back and still marvel that I was able to do what I did. Now, saying this doesn’t mean that everything I did was inspired. I made mistakes as a bishop, lots of them, but for the most part they were minor and procedural in nature. They were mistakes that in the total picture do not count for much. In my major endeavor, to help ward members live Gospel principles and maintain some degree of human dignity in their lives, I believe I made few mistakes because God was with me through His Spirit. At the time, while I was wrestling with ward problems (finding my way through the forest), I was not particularly aware that God was with me. In fact, many times I felt that He expected me to solve these problems without His help. So, lost in detail, we sometimes lose perspective. But looking back at the whole experience (looking down on the forest in which I had wandered and struggled to find my way) I can see clearly that God was with me, and that what I did, generally, was inspired. I believe that God will always help us if we ask for it. That help may not be obvious to us at the time, but our lives are blest in ways that become obvious to us only with the passage of time, as our perspective comes more in line with God’s purposes.

Learning Patience and Humility from Mother

One mistake I made while I served as bishop involved Mother. One morning, Gloria and I were going to Idaho Falls in our Mustang. This was before the four-lane highway was constructed. So the only highway to town was a two-lane road. And I was not the most patient person among God’s creations, especially when I sat behind the wheel of our Mustang. It was a light car with substantial power, and I liked to use about every horse under the hood whenever I could. Well, at the outskirts of Ucon, we got behind a long line of cars moving south about 30 mph. As soon as the oncoming lane cleared, I shifted into 3rd gear and floor-boarded the gas feed. At the same time, I cussed the person who

was holding up traffic by driving so slowly. We zoomed around the lead car only to discover that the person I had been cussing was Mother in her little pink “pumpkin” (her Studebaker). I never felt so ashamed in my life. I repented of my sin. And my repentance has been genuine — I have never repeated the mistake. Gloria, of course, has helped me remember by reminding me, from time to time, with great relish, of this experience.

Seeking a Teaching Position at Ricks College

I don’t know whether being bishop caused me to think about moving from Ucon or if I was genuinely interested in teaching at the college level. But during the Fall of 1967, Gloria and I wrote letters to several junior colleges applying for a teaching position. Significantly, the institutions to which we addressed my applications were situated in a warm climate such as southern Utah, Arizona, and Hawaii. The response in each case was negative. So in December, I decided to apply in person to be a history teacher at Ricks College.

Accordingly, I drove to Rexburg one Sunday afternoon and knocked on the door of Norman Ricks’ residence. Norman was head of the History Department at Ricks College (the college, incidentally, was named after Norman’s ancestor, Thomas E. Ricks). Norman came to the door and I introduced myself to him. I told him I would like to teach history at Ricks College and would appreciate his recommending me to John L. Clarke, president of the college. I had a pleasant interview with Norman and felt encouraged by it as I drove home that afternoon. I don’t know what Norman said or did in my behalf, but shortly after that Sunday afternoon, I was summoned to Ricks College for an interview with Hugh Bennion, Dean of Faculty.

By March 1968, negotiations had proceeded to the point that I received the following letter from President Clarke: “Dear Brother Andrus, I am very pleased to tell you that we have received approval of you from the Church School System Administration for a position on the Ricks College faculty.” President Clarke told me I’d have to be interviewed by a member of the Church Board of Education (a General Authority of the Church). I was interviewed by A. Theodore Tuttle, one of the presidents of the Seventy, and on March 27, President Clarke wrote me: “Dear Brother Andrus, I am very pleased to tell you that I have received word back of your interview with President A. Theodore Tuttle and that he has approved of our offering you a contract to become a member of the Ricks College faculty commencing next fall. I am very happy that the matter of employing you has gone this far and I am pleased to enclose a contract with this letter which I hope you will find acceptable. . .”

The contract, which I found acceptable, was for \$7,400. It extended from August 19, 1968 to May 15, 1969 and was paid twice a month. Each pay check

was \$308. Gloria and I were pleased. We would have preferred a warmer climate, but we had a comfortable feeling about my teaching at Ricks College. Besides, an ancillary benefit would be to get out of having to serve as bishop. Little did I know that after only three years at Ricks, I would become a counselor in the Rexburg Fourth Ward bishopric for eight years, and then bishop of the Rexburg Fifteenth Ward for nearly seven years.

Like Jonah of old, I thought I could run away from my ecclesiastical responsibilities. But like Jonah of old, I found that I could not do this. One cannot hide from God. One cannot shirk one's divine assignments without serious consequences. Jonah finally did go to Nineveh to preach repentance to the Assyrians. And when my turn came again to serve as bishop, I accepted the call, and this time settled into my responsibilities with a determination to "endure to the end," that is, till I received an honorable release, not according to my schedule, but according to God's.

Most of the communicating associated with my being hired to teach at Ricks College was done by letter. However, a time or two I drove to Rexburg to conduct business. On one of these trips, I watched a plane crash.

An inexperienced pilot took a small aircraft from the Rexburg airport without being authorized to do so. As he neared Rigby, for one reason or another, he decided to put down on a runway one mile south of Rigby, right along the highway. I was passing the Rigby airport as this plane made its landing approach. I could tell that all was not right. The plane would dip from one side to another. At the same time, the tail end would switch from side to side. I decided the controls were either malfunctioning or the pilot was inexperienced. He skimmed over the runway, but didn't touch down. Then about half way along, he pulled up and banked left away from the highway. As the plane rose, it stalled then crashed nose down into the ground. It fell about 40 feet. I stopped the car and ran across the airport to the wrecked plane. By this time, a couple of other cars had stopped and people from them were running to the rescue. We got the cockpit door open and the pilot out. He was bleeding around the face, but not seriously. He did not seem to be hurt except for his facial wounds. The plane, however, seemed to me to be pretty badly damaged. I thought the pilot was fortunate to escape without serious injury. I have no idea whatever happened to him for flying a plane without authorization, but I suppose his penalty was severe.

Concluding My Service as Bishop in the Ucon Second Ward

I continued to serve as bishop of the Ucon Second Ward till the second week in August. I am not certain of the exact date I was released, but I shall quote from a letter I wrote to ward missionaries dated August 12, 1968.

“This is a short note from Sister Andrus and me to advise you that I am no longer serving as Bishop of the Ucon Second Ward. Your new bishopric is comprised of Bishop C.A. “Bud” Harris, Dale Clayton, and Lowell Jensen, with LeGrande Hunt serving in the capacity of ward clerk. You should be hearing from Bishop Harris before too long.

“I have certainly enjoyed serving as your bishop and have appreciated your attitudes and willingness to serve . . . As each of you returns home and prepares to report your mission, please let us know the date as we would like very much to be with you on that evening. May God bless you in all your ennobling efforts. . . .”

I was not sorry to be released as bishop. I felt no emptiness. Yet, since then I have come to regard my bishop’s experience in the Ucon Second Ward as a positive growing and rewarding experience. I would not want to go through it again, but I would not trade it for anything I can think of in this world.



Above: Our 1952 Chevy — Provo, Utah (1957)

Below: Gloria/Alyn with their bicycles — Provo, Utah (1957)





Above left: Gloria and our Oldsmobile — Provo, Utah (1956)

Above right: Gloria and her graduate — Provo, Utah (1958)

Below: Alyn and our first Volkswagen — Ucon, Idaho (1958)





Church College of Western Samoa faculty — Pesega; (l-r) Front row: Margaret Peters, Pat Oler, Phyllis Hall, Mariha Peters, Gloria Andrus, Sonia Johnson, Ann Rogers, Corinne Barker; Second row: Tunu Malietoa, Rayola Larson, Elaine Patton, Heber Barker, Judy Burns, Carma Wright, Marjorie Wilson; Third row (standing): Vida Hanks, Edwin Rogers, Robert McKenzie, Phillip Hanks, Don Larson, Richard Johnson, Aimeamiti Tilialo, Larry Oler, Elisaia Reupena, Willard Shingleton, Don McCarty, Lowell Wilson, Eldon Puckett, Muliwai Purcell, Roger Gull, Reed King, Fou Frost, Earl Brunner, Alyn Andrus



Above: Main Street, Pago Pago, Tutuila (American Samoa)

Below: Mapusaga High School, Tutuila (American Samoa)

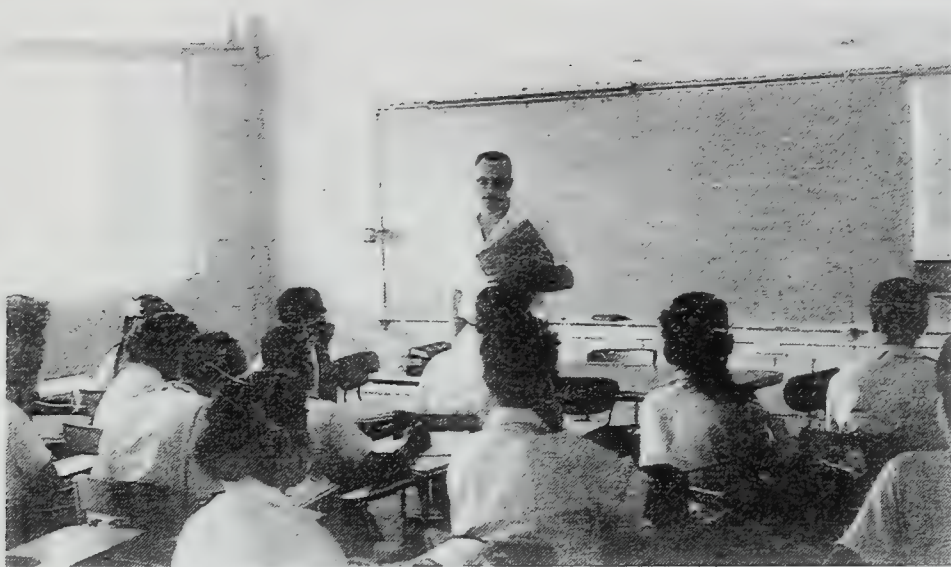




*Above left: Gloria/Danny/Alyn on our B.S.A. motor scooter
Above right: Roger/Eileen Gull on their scooter; Alyn/Danny/Gloria on our scooter — Mulifanua, Upolu, Western Samoa*

*Below left: Aiga Danielson family: (l-r) First row: Atiga, Pasi, Pu'ela; Second row: Pavitt, Grandma Nu'u holding Danny, Aiga holding Turia, Elizabeth; Back row: George, Joseph — Pesega, Upolu, Western Samoa
Below right: Emmeline Matua "Emmie" dancing the "dream scene in Oklahoma" — Pesega*





Alyn in front of his class — CCWS — Pesega



Apia Branch basketball team: (l-r) Front row: Peniamina Brown, Eliu, Alyn Back row: Ed Rogers, Willard Shingleton, Lowell Wilson, Don Larson



CCWS Student Branch: (l-r) Front row: Alyn, 1st counselor; Don McCarty, branch president; Iosefa To'ia, 2nd counselor; Back row: Reed King, Etuini Masoe, clerks.



Danny/Alyn/Emmie/Gloria — Apia, Upolu (1960)



Above: Danny/Gloria/Emmie/Seti — somewhere on Upolu (1961)

Below left: Alyn/Danny — Pago Pago Harbor, Tutuila (American Samoa)

*Below right: Gloria/Danny/Seti/Emmie — airport in Honolulu
on our way home from Samoa (November 1961)*





Reed Andrus family: (l-r) First row: Gloria (Goodman), Mother, Dad, Jeanie

Second row: Alyn, Portia, Jean (McBride), Geniece, Millie (Hart), Linda (Bjornstad), Thelma, Brad Strom

*Third row: Ron Morgan, Robert, David Smith, Rich, Kendall, Merlin Frei
(early 1970's)*



Above top: Ucon Second Ward Bishopric: (l-r) Darrell Farnsworth, 1st Counselor; Alyn, Bishop; Duane Burtenshaw, 2nd Counselor (1965)

Above center: Ucon First/Second Ward Building — Ucon, Idaho

Below: Gloria and our 1966 Mustang — Southern Utah (1969)





Above left: Danny — Pocatello, Idaho (1965)
Above right: (l-r) Steve/Danny/Emmie/Gloria/Alyn
Salt Lake City (late 1960's)

Below: Alyn/Gloria's house — Ucon
with Nash Rambler in garage (1962)



Part Four:

***My Married Years at Ricks College
(1968-1997)***

Part Four: My Married Years at Ricks College (1968-1997)

Chapter 1

Establishing Rexburg as Our Home

Moving to Rexburg

We moved to Rexburg in August 1968. Rick Piquet, a student of mine at Bonneville High School, and a member of the Priest's Quorum in Ucon Second Ward, helped us move. Rick was a good boy and a good friend. After the move, I'm sure I paid Rick a few dollars, but we all celebrated with a box of Kentucky Fried Chicken.

In Rexburg, we rented a house owned by Reed Moss, an attorney in Idaho Falls for whom Gloria worked at the time. The house was located on the north side of West Second South right next to the railroad track. In fact, it was so close that when the evening train came rumbling down the track, with its horn blasting for all Rexburg to hear, we thought it was coming right through the house. After a while, though, we got used to it, and could sleep while it passed by.

The house was only half a block from Porter Park where the football field, baseball diamonds, swimming pool and merry-go-round were located. During warm weather, the Park was always busy. We could hear the merry-go-round music, and the pep bands at football games. The boys didn't have far to go to spend time in the park.

The house had a garage attached to it through which we entered the house into the kitchen. The other entrance led directly into the living room. In addition to the kitchen and living room, it had two bedrooms and a bathroom. It had a full basement without partitions. The stairs leading down to the basement were in the garage. The basement was clean and warm. The boys slept there by choice. We were comfortable in this house and the rent was cheap (about \$50 per month). We think Reed was delighted to have someone live in the house. It was surrounded by a large yard, with space for a big garden. I put a swing in a large tree out front, and the boys spent time in both the tree and swing. Also, west of the tracks was a canal. In the wintertime what water was in the canal became ice. The boys and their friends would ice skate up the canal about a mile to the Teton River. The boys' memories of this house are pleasant ones. The house, incidently, was destroyed during the 1976 Teton Dam Flood.

When we moved to Rexburg, the weather was hot and sunny. Harvest was in full swing. Not long after the move, however, clouds rolled in and rain descended almost steadily for several days, delaying harvest and causing some concern among farmers. I know I grew weary of walking to school and back holding an umbrella over my head. I walked to school every day. We had only one car which Gloria drove to Idaho Falls where she continued to work for Reed Moss until August 1969.

Our car was a 1966 candy-apple red Ford Mustang. It was a classy car that we enjoyed driving and showing off. Gloria claimed she felt first-class driving to Idaho Falls and back. But as Steve neared the age when he would start driving, we decided the Mustang was a little much for him, so we sold it and bought a new Ford Maverick. The difference between the two cars was like day and night. The Mustang not only looked classy, but had a 289-V-8 engine and drove like a sports car. The Maverick had a straight six engine, with the gear shift on the steering column, and drove like an “old-man’s car.” The boys were disappointed when we sold the Mustang and bought the Maverick. When we rode in the Maverick, they were embarrassed. Nevertheless, we were wise to make the trade. Steve drove the Maverick throughout his high school years, and because it was an “old-man’s car,” he was never tempted to show off in it. Daniel, soon after he was old enough to drive, with our permission, bought a blue used 1966 Mustang which had been wrecked, but repaired. It served him well through high school and after he returned from the mission field.

When we moved to Rexburg, we lived in Fifth Ward. Mark Siepert was bishop, but soon after we moved into the Ward, he was released and Kent Jolley, a local attorney for whom Gloria eventually worked, served as bishop. Kent later served as a Ricks College Campus stake president, as a mission president in southern Texas and finally as a member of the Second Quorum of Seventy in the Church. As a Seventy, he served in an area presidency in Brazil. He has been a good friend to us through the years.

As members of the Rexburg Fifth Ward, I was called to be a home teacher. Gloria taught Junior Sunday School. Steve passed the sacrament as a Deacon. And Daniel just went to church. He was ten years old at that time.

In Fifth Ward, we made friends with Bill and Marilyn Hansen. We and the Hansens were not close friends. Their lifestyle was too different from ours to allow for that. They (especially Bill) drank liquor, smoked, played cards and generally participated in activities contrary to those in which active members of the Church normally participate. Gloria and Marilyn’s association with each other was relatively close because they worked for the Peterson, Moss, and Olsen Law Office in Idaho Falls and frequently rode with each other to work and back. As time passed, the relationship between Marilyn and Bill deteriorated,

becoming stormy and, for her, frightening. She probably would have left him, but he threatened to kill her if she did. She would like to have killed him, but was too decent for that. Eventually, Bill developed a brain tumor which, after two years of suffering, resulted in death. I think almost everyone who knew Bill, but especially Marilyn, was happy to see him go. With Bill gone, Marilyn now felt free of a burden that at times had nearly crushed her spirit. Her three girls, Cindy, Linda, and Angela are good girls, thanks to their mother's influence and that of their friends.

Following Bill's death, Marilyn gradually and generally withdrew from old friends and began attending church regularly. Her circle of friends enlarged, many of whom were active church members, and this undoubtedly had a positive influence on her change in life style. She, Gloria and I became closer and she began asking questions about the Gospel and Church. Frequently, she called Gloria for counsel and support during personal crises, and occasionally, she asked me for priesthood blessings. A few weeks before Gloria and I left for the mission field in November 1997, we invited Marilyn to our home each Monday evening for six weeks where she, Eileen Peck, and we listened to sister missionaries give the six discussions. We kept in touch with Marilyn during our mission, and after returning home she requested that we accompany her through the temple for her own endowment on August 31, 1999. She loves going to the temple. Today, she is in the Rexburg Fifth Ward Relief Society Presidency. She has a dynamic faith in God, in His power to forgive and direct one for good through the turmoils and uncertainties of life. Marilyn Hansen is an excellent example of how one can change for the better under the influence and tutelage of good friends and the Church.

We made many friends in Rexburg Fifth Ward, but two others, in addition to Marilyn Hansen, with whom we maintained contact through the years, were Dr. Lester J. Petersen and his wife, Lola. Lester became our primary physician, checking our state of health from time to time and administering medicine when necessary to cover maladies from hyperthyroidism to the common cold. I even worked part-time for him during summer months, taking scouts to Boy Scout camp at Treasure Mountain in the Teton Range east of Driggs, and caring for his lawns and shrubs around his place of business.

Nearly one year after we moved to Rexburg, Dr. Petersen gave me \$50 to be scoutmaster to six scouts at Treasure Mountain. Our son, Steve, was one of the six. I don't remember the names of the other boys, except for Steve's friend, Lydel Wylie. We were at Treasure Mountain for a week, and we got along okay, but had a very memorable experience on Table Rock.

Table Rock is the crest of Altar Mountain at the foot of the Grand Teton. The Rock is 11,000 feet high and gives a spectacular view of the Tetons and

surrounding mountains, canyons and snow fields. From scout camp to the Rock is seven miles. Up and back is fourteen miles, a full day's hike because much of it is steep climbing. I suppose every Boy Scout at Treasure Mountain takes this hike every year he is in camp — to do so is a "given" among Boy Scouts.

Well, on a beautiful cloudless morning, the boys and I decided to ascend Altar Mountain to Table Rock. The hike to the Rock was delightful. The day was a perfect summer's day. On the Rock, I noticed a few clouds gathering, but paid little attention to them. After a few minutes, I heard thunder. I began to pay more attention to the sky. Then I felt a pinging on my head and heard a faint buzzing. Shortly before going to Treasure Mountain, Gloria and I had taken Daniel and Steve to a lecture and demonstration in the planetarium of the Romney Science Building on campus. There I had learned about static electricity. What I felt and heard on the Rock was the operation of electricity upon my person. I was not a tall man at 5' 8" but I was the tallest object on the Rock and thus I was acting as a lightning rod. If I didn't get off the Rock immediately, I would probably draw a bolt of lightning which would not only fry me, but bake the boys as well. I hurried them off the Rock, and we slid down shale to the meadow below. Then all hell broke loose. Lightning flashed, thunder crashed, and the clouds which had become dark and ugly by now opened up and pelted us with hail. I had the boys lie face down on the scanty meadow grass till the storm passed. Then we made our way to camp, wet and beaten, but thankful to be alive. Probably three minutes had not intervened between the time we left the Rock and when the storm broke. Had I acted slower than I did, I dread thinking of the consequences.

On the way down, we dried off quickly. As soon as the storm passed, the sun shone again and the temperature rose. I learned how quickly storms in the mountains can develop. The boys seemed to be unaware of how grave our situation had been. In fact, they ran and frolicked as we descended the Mountain. I even had to kick Lydel Wylie in the pants to keep him under control. We returned to camp tired, hungry and much more experienced in the ways of the high country.

While we lived in the house by the railroad tracks, Gloria's sister, Rita, lived with us while she attended Ricks College. We enjoyed having her stay with us, and I think she enjoyed the advantage of rent-free lodging. She took an American Heritage class from me and helped me understand myself and the class from the students' point-of-view. For instance, Rita reported that one day, soon after Fall semester had started, she sat in the back of the room (it was a large room accommodating 125 students, and it was always full). A girl next to her said of me, "Let's move up front so we can see the funny little man better." I'm not sure whether Rita enjoyed remarks like this too much to admit that I was her

brother-in-law or whether she was too embarrassed to admit it. All I know is, she laughed more than I thought necessary when she told me.

While Rita went to Ricks, she also went with a boy she called "Flash." Flash owned a two-door sports car in which the passenger's door, once closed, could be opened only by a switch on the driver's side. There could be no exit from this potential passion pit except by will of the driver. Also, according to Rita, when Flash would meet her in a hallway at school, he would pin her to the wall by putting both his hands against the wall, one on her right side and the other on her left. Then with faces only inches apart, they would converse.

One day I walked home from school and arrived at the house about the time Flash roared up in his sports car. He jumped out and asked if Rita was home. I told him I didn't know, but would find out. I invited him into the living room. Then I proceeded to look through the house, calling "Rita," "Gloria," supposing if Rita were not there, Gloria perhaps could tell me where she might be. I looked in the kitchen, the bathroom, Rita's bedroom and our bedroom. Then I opened the door to the closet in our bedroom, and there was Gloria, stark naked, cowering amidst the shoes and wearing apparel. She had taken a shower. Flash and I entered about the time she was making her way to the bedroom. She took refuge in the closet. Of course, I didn't know that, so I blurted out loud enough for anyone in the house to hear, "Gloria! What are you doing in the closet?" I was amazed. She was humiliated. And I suppose Flash was amused. At any rate, Rita was not home, so Flash left, empty-handed (without Rita), but not without his reward (he undoubtedly entertained himself for sometime wondering what Gloria was doing in the closet. Was she hiding from him?) I don't think Gloria and I saw him again after that.

Rita met another young man at Ricks College who would change her life profoundly in almost every way. His name was David Garner. He was a returned missionary. His home was in Ashton, just 30 miles north of Rexburg. They sat next to each other alphabetically in a biology lab and were assigned to be lab partners. Two weeks later, David told his mother he was "afraid he had met his future wife." He proved to be a prophet, because on August 26, 1969, one year following the day they met in lab, they were married.

Rita's marriage was a happy occasion for the Goodmans. They needed this because on June 5, 1969, Rhonda Goodman (Gloria and Rita's sister) had died of leukemia. That was a sad time for all who knew Rhonda. She was a beautiful girl, sociable and friendly. She was 16 years old and a cheerleader for St. Johns High School the year she died. I felt especially sorry for her mother, Grandma Ruth, who struggled with Rhonda through the ordeal of dying for a year and a half. The two were alone in a hospital room when Rhonda died. How very alone and helpless that faithful and long-suffering mother must have felt after

watching her daughter waste away, and then announce early one morning that this was her day to pass on. No one in the family could possibly understand her pathos. Gloria helped dress Rhonda's body in preparation for the funeral, and that experience for Gloria was heart-wrenching. Today (1999) Rhonda would have lived due to advances in medical science which have brought leukemia under control.

Randy, Gloria's younger brother, found a personal reason for happiness due to Rita's wedding. He met David's little sister, Ellen, who attracted his attention, and they were married several years later. Little did I realize when I married Gloria that I would be responsible, indirectly, for a Goodman migration from Arizona to Idaho. Even Gloria's mother eventually met and married (January 22, 1973) Floyd Stohl from Ashton. She and Floyd spent eight months of each year in the foothills of the Teton Range where Floyd and his boy, Brent, owned and operated several hundred acres of farmland. After harvest, Floyd and Ruth would head south to spend four months in Mesa. At present (November 1999) both Floyd and Grandma Ruth have passed into eternity. More will be written about Grandma Ruth at another place in this history.

At present, David and Rita live in Olathe, Kansas. Randy and Ellen live in Rexburg.

When we moved to Rexburg, Daniel and Steve attended Kennedy Elementary School, about three blocks west and north of the house. Before long, they made friends, some of whom would be loyal for a long time. For instance, Steve's friend, Todd Cook, kept in touch with Steve and us for years following graduation from high school. While Steve lived with us, Todd was in our home frequently, and we enjoyed having him there. The two boys played football together and double-dated from time to time. Another friend was Richard Evans, with whom Steve still maintains a relationship. And there was Lydel Wylie whom I've already mentioned. Finally, Steve had numerous girl friends, but one in particular I need to identify. Her name was Monet Ard. One day he and Monet were sitting on the front step talking. The kitchen window was open, so Gloria could hear at least some of what was said. She heard Monet say, "Go ask your mother if you can take me to the movie." Steve responded, but Gloria could not hear what he said. He then came in the house and asked if he might take Monet to the movie. Gloria said, "Steve, of course you can't take Monet to the movie. You're only 13 years old." Steve grinned and whispered, "Thanks, Mom."

Daniel's close friend when we lived by the tracks was Grant Nelson, a good boy who came from a good family. Later, after we moved to another location in Rexburg, Daniel's close friends were Brian Burns and Scott Hyde. Daniel and Scott were particularly close. They played high school football and basketball

together. After graduation from high school, they continued to keep in touch. Even now they visit with each other from time to time.

On July 16, 1969 (while we lived in the house by the tracks) NASA (National Aeronautics and Space Administration) fired a 36-story high Saturn 5 Rocket from its pad at the Kennedy Space Center in Florida. The rocket put three astronauts into orbit, 118 miles above earth, in their space capsule Apollo 11. The three astronauts were Neil Armstrong, Edwin “Buzz” Aldrin, and Michael Collins. After two and one-half hours in orbit, they fired a third stage rocket which gave them sufficient velocity to put them beyond earth’s gravity, as they headed for the moon, a quarter-million miles distant. On Sunday July 20, Armstrong and Aldrin landed a fragile spider-like lunar vehicle, named the “Eagle,” on the moon and romped about in moon dust for a little while. Armstrong remarked: “That’s one small step for man; one giant leap for mankind.” They planted a U. S. flag, and some technical instruments on the moonscape, then re-entered the lunar vehicle and blasted off. They reconnected with Apollo 11, piloted by Collins, discarded the Eagle, and headed for home. They splashed down in the Pacific Ocean about 14 miles from the aircraft carrier “Hornet” which was to pick them and their space craft from the ocean. They returned to earth international heroes. This achievement, of course, was a triumph for U.S. space exploration. Gloria and I sat glued before our TV set for as long as various stages of the lunar journey were televised. The whole episode was exciting and entrancing.

Our Home on 64 South 3rd East

We lived in the house by the tracks for about a year before moving into an older house located at 64 South 3rd East. We called this house the Peterson House because it was owned by Edith Peterson. Edith was married first to “Pump” Thompson who owned and operated Thompson Plumbing and Heating on Main Street in Rexburg. After “Pump” died, Edith married Ralph Peterson and moved into a new house about 25 yards south up the street from the house in which she had lived and the one we bought. When she moved, she first rented the house to Cal and Elda Boren, and subsequently sold the house to Robert and Pandora Oliphant.

Robert Oliphant taught dance classes at Ricks College. One year after we moved to Rexburg, the Oliphants decided to sell the house and move to Sugar City, six miles north of Rexburg. We learned that the house was for sale, and though we weren’t much impressed by its appearance, we liked the price and the terms under which we would be able to buy it. So, we bought the house for \$17,000 at 6% interest with monthly payments of \$100. We gave the Oliphants

\$3000 for their equity in the house and paid this off at \$50 per month. So our monthly payments did not exceed \$150 per month.

Within about five years we paid off the Oliphants. We paid off Edith Peterson in about 15 years, but in 1975, Gloria borrowed \$10,000 against the house to fund an addition of two large rooms on the back. We did not pay off our mortgage against the house until the year before we retired from Ricks College in 1998.

The Peterson House was made of brick. It covered about 1600 square feet and had no front porch. A driveway ran along the north side of the house into a single car garage. One entered the garage from the boiler room downstairs. The main floor of the house was level with the street in front. The downstairs part of the house was level with the backyard. Upstairs were an enclosed entrance, living room, bedroom, bathroom, and kitchen. Downstairs were two small bedrooms, a half-bath, laundry room, and boiler room.

At the time we bought the house, it was probably 50 years old. When it was built, it was one of the fine houses in Rexburg, situated on a modest hill about 30 feet above the flood plain where most of Rexburg was built. Because the house was built by a plumber, no water pipes ran along outside walls. Therefore, during 32 years of living in this house, no pipes have ever frozen even in -40 degree temperatures. Also, the bathtub was, for its day, exclusive. It was a large tub, almost square — the kind only a plumber with a bent for the best would install. And the plumber was no less particular about his heating system. The house was heated by steam, with a coal-fired boiler. A stoker fed coal to the boiler. During sub-zero nights the stoker would have to be filled each night, but otherwise about every other night would do. The boiler never gave us a problem, and always provided comfortable heat even on the coldest nights. Nevertheless, one year before we retired from Ricks College, we replaced the coal-fired boiler with a natural gas-fired boiler. This did away with the need to shovel coal, a welcome relief for me.

When Gloria and I had Harry Sutherland build two large rooms onto the house in 1975, we increased floor space by about seven hundred square feet, bringing the total square footage to 2300. The room we added onto the upstairs became our Family Room where we ate our meals and watched television. We built book cases and storage shelves for toys along two walls. These were all enclosed by doors. Today the Family Room is a pleasant room — the most popular room in the house. It has a sliding glass door which opens onto a deck. Because it faces west, it is very warm in the summertime.

The room downstairs initially was intended to be a practice room for Daniel and his friends who organized themselves into a rock band called “Whitewater.” They were quite popular with high school students in the Upper Snake River

Valley and needed a place to practice their dance music. We allowed them to use the new downstairs room until the band disbanded after Daniel and friends graduated from high school in 1977. Till then, they provided rock and roll music for the whole neighborhood whether it was liked or not. Since its rock and roll days, the new downstairs room has been used as a bedroom, with two double beds, a television, sewing machine, and plenty of enclosed storage space around two walls. This room and the one above it are heated with electricity.

We also designed and added to the front part of the house a large deck stretching from one side to the other and extending out about six feet. This is made of Redwood and is stained with a clear stain. It is attractive and has drawn many compliments.

The two new rooms and front deck added enormously to the value of the house. Today, the house is valued at about \$100,000. Gloria pressed for the addition. I didn't want it, because I didn't want to pay for it. Nevertheless, it was not only necessary to provide more needed space, but it also provided us with a quality of life that the original house could not provide.

Since we bought the house, we have painted it outside and inside about three times. We've also stripped off wall paper and covered walls with "drywall." We installed a gas log in the fireplace, and put down new carpet. The house is still old, but it is friendly and comfortable. In fact, most people who enter our house for the first time remark what a "lovely" home we have. They seem to be impressed.

Shortly after we moved into the Peterson House, I undertook to change the backyard. Initially, the backyard consisted of a lawn, garden, lilac bushes lining a white wooden picket fence, clotheslines, and a chicken coop. I tore down the chicken coop and made, where it once stood, a part of the garden. In fact, that became our raspberry patch. And for a few years, the berries were very thick, very large and very tasty. I removed most of the lilac bushes and the white wooden picket fence. I also removed the clothesline. This left only the grass and garden area. Removing the fence opened up our backyard into the neighbors' backyards, giving the children in the neighborhood more room in which to play. I have never liked fences, even those that are kept up well. To me a fence symbolizes selfishness and mistrust. Good neighbors, generally, should need no fences. I told Gloria, I doubt there are fences in the Celestial Kingdom. The neighborhood in which we live has gotten by without fences for the last 32 years, since I removed our fence, without quarrels and with no bad feelings surfacing.

Eventually, Gloria and I designed and had Ken Waldron build three large swings and a playhouse in our backyard. Also, we planted grass in the garden area after Daniel and Steve left home. So today (1999) we have a large backyard, all covered with grass, which joins our neighbor's backyard on the north which

is also covered with grass. This makes a large play area for neighborhood children. And during warm summer months, the children frequently congregate in our backyard to swing, play in the playhouse and throw baseballs. We thoroughly enjoy the happy chatter of children at play even well into the night. They can play after dark because we installed a powerful spot light high on the west end of the house. When it is on, it covers the whole backyard well enough that young men can play catch with a baseball. In all of this activity, we do not tolerate bad language or quarreling. Occasionally, Gloria and I have had to ask children to not quarrel and to clean up their language. But over the years, they have learned what we expect, and, generally, they are well-behaved.

We've poured new sidewalks and the driveway leading into the garage. Moreover, the City recently poured new curbs and concrete aprons extending to the street from our driveway. We've also removed two large trees growing close to the house, and planted two smaller trees on our front lawn. The old house looks reasonably attractive. But I don't suppose that matters much. What matters is we love our house. We try to live so God's spirit can always be there. Perhaps that's why people are impressed by it.

Our neighborhood has always been composed of good people. Edith Peterson lived two houses south up the street at the intersection of First South and Third East. She moved there after her first husband, "Pump" Thompson passed away. She sold the house they had built and lived in (the one we live in now) to Robert and Pandra Oliphant. She married Ralph Peterson. Today, he too is dead and she lives alone. She's 92 years old, rides a three-wheeled bike around town, spends her winters in southern Arizona, and can account for all her money at any time a report may be requested.

Preston and Mary Haley have lived in Edith Peterson's house, on the northwest corner of First South and Third East, longer than anyone else. The Haley's have been good neighbors. They have raised Matthew, Sarah, Ellen, Margaret, and Vince. Today (January 2000) only Margee and Vince are home with their parents. The others are married and raising families of their own. When the Haleys moved into the neighborhood, Preston was the Madison High School football coach. He was very successful, winning the state championship two years and going undefeated for two seasons. He was so successful that he was offered a job at Ricks College in their football program. After several years at Ricks College, Preston developed Multiple Sclerosis. He had to quit football, but was well enough to teach in the P. E. program. That's what he does today. He has served several years on the Rexburg East Stake High Council. Mary meanwhile earned her Bachelor's Degree in Education and teaches in the Rigby School System.

The house north of the Haleys and next to us on the south, when we moved into the neighborhood, was owned and lived in by Virgie Topham. Virgie was a nice friendly lady who viewed us and our boys with trepidation. She thought we would shatter the peace and tranquility of her beloved neighborhood. She changed her mind about me and the boys the first winter we spent next to her. We kept her sidewalks and driveway free from snow, and she liked that. Eventually, Virgie married Milton Hamilton and, when he passed away a few years later, she married his brother Ken Hamilton, who also died before Virgie did. Virgie was an excellent housekeeper and her husbands kept neat backyards. But when Ken became ill, she and he moved into a rest home in Pocatello. She sold the house to Cameron and Margie Brown.

The Browns were friendly people with four girls — Anna, Clarissa, Natalie and Elizabeth. They were good neighbors who blessed our lives with Remington, our pet cat about whom more will be said later in this history. The Browns lived next to us for two years. When they moved, they rented the house to Russell and Arlene Thurston.

Russell Thurston was hired to teach biology at Ricks College. He and Arlene lived next to us for one year before they moved into a new home.

Jerry and Donna Schlegelmilch were our neighbors after the Thurstons. They had three children — Julie, James and Johnny. They too were friendly neighbors who introduced into our lives another cat called Laddie. I'll tell Laddie's story later in this history. Donna and I were related to each other through her grandmother, Donna, who was a daughter of Ophelia Bawden Burton, a sister to my grandmother Lovenia Bawden Andrus. After a couple of years, the Schlegelmilchs moved into a new house in Moody. They rented their house in Rexburg to Ron and Dee Lindsay (Donna's mother) who had a boy named Brady and Dee's mother, Grandma Donna.

The Lindsays have lived next to us for about five years. They are good people. Ron teaches math in the Rigby Junior High. Dee works for Financial Aid on campus and is the Relief Society president in Rexburg Fifteenth Ward. Brady is a bright boy who attends school at Sugar City. I teach him in Sunday School.

The house next to us on the north was owned by Agnes Bird when we moved into the neighborhood. Her husband was dead and she lived alone most of the time. Occasionally, her son, Ronald, would come home and stay with her for a time. Ron was single and a traveling salesman.

Agnes was a good lady, quiet, friendly and accommodating. She had been Madison County Treasurer for a number of years, but had retired before we moved into the neighborhood. We mowed her lawn, cultivated her garden, shoveled snow off her driveway and sidewalks, filled her coal stoker and did

anything else she might need done at the time. Agnes was good for us. Our boys learned how to serve neighbors.

When Agnes died January 5, 1987 her son, Ronald, moved into her house. Ron never married. He is intelligent and well-read, but is opinionated and a little abrasive. He is friendly and loves to talk. He was kind to his mother and always took care of her first class. For the last 15 years, he has worked in various construction projects through the labor union.

When Ron came to live in his mother's house, he brought with him a little dog named Opey. He had rescued Opey from neighbors in Ogden, Utah who had abused her. Shortly after she came to live with Ron next to us, she gave birth to pups. She was very protective of them, and would hardly let me come around. However, patient persistence paid off and eventually she and I became close friends. In fact, I used to care for her from time to time in Ron's absence. Today she is 16 years old. She has arthritis, walks with difficulty and does not exhibit the energy characteristic of her through the years. She and Ron now live in Seattle, Washington. Their house stands vacant. We and the neighbors look after it. Occasionally, Ron and Opey will return for a visit. We saw them recently (December 1999), but I'm not sure Opey is up to another visit. I may not see her alive again.

The house next to Ron Bird's on the north is owned by Tony and Rita McCulloch. Tony is the son of Orene and Marvin McCulloch who live next to him and Rita. The house into which Tony and Rita moved belonged to Marvin's father, Eddie, and his mother, Emma. Their daughter, Myra, an older lady who had never married, lived with them till her death. Shortly after Grandpa and Grandma McCulloch died, Tony and Rita married and moved into the house. They are young, but quiet neighbors. Tony works for High Country Potato, and Rita works for Artco, a printing establishment north of Rexburg. They have an adopted girl named Crystal who is 13 years old at present.

Orene and Marvin McCulloch are my age, or near it. Marvin used to own and operate a dry farm in the hills east of Rexburg. He also flew a spray plane for years. When he wasn't flying, he was on his motorcycle. Today, he has given up all three endeavors. His health is failing and he spends most of his time inside his house. He is a very private person, so neighbors hardly know how he is. Orene gets out and about. Presently, she works in collections at Madison Memorial Hospital. She too is very private. When one asks how she and Marvin are, she might say, "Not very well." But she seldom elaborates. So, one leaves as ignorant about their health as before the question was asked.

The house next to Marvin and Orene's on the north was unoccupied when we moved into the neighborhood. Soon after, however, my brother Rich and his wife, Millie, moved into it. As I recall, they lived there for about a year before

they moved into a trailer house in Hibbard northwest of Rexburg. They lived in the trailer till they built a house. They have lived there since. Meanwhile, back to the house in Rexburg. The next family to occupy the house for some length of time was William and Sherrie Miller with two little girls and a dog. Bill Miller worked at INEL (Idaho National Engineering Laboratory) on the desert 50 miles west of Rexburg. Sherrie worked for P.D.Q. Automotive Shop in Rexburg. After several years, the Millers moved out, and the Ridings moved in.

Steve and Gaye Riding have a family of five boys — Brodie, Paxon, Kelson, Cathan and Kovi. This is a good family. Steve teaches school and works part time at Porter's Book Store. Gaye works at the Little Academy preschool. Their boys are responsible and hard-working. When Gloria and I have had to be away from home for extended periods, we've hired the Ridings to look after our house and yard. They are entirely responsible and have helped us immeasurably.

The house next to the Ridings on the north has been home to three families since we moved into the neighborhood. It was first home to Clyde and Pat Anderson. They moved shortly after we moved into the neighborhood. The house next became home to Ronald and Merle McDonald. Ronald made his living in electronics. Merle became the Relief Society President in Rexburg Fifteenth Ward. She was a good one. They had a family of one boy, Calvin, and three girls, Julie, Margie and Wendy. This family eventually moved to Blanding, Utah where they had lived before coming to Rexburg. After they moved, Eileen Peck, a divorced lady, moved into the house. It has remained her home till this day (January 2000).

Eileen Peck is a quiet, unassuming, lady whom Gloria and I love. Over the years, she has been a good and faithful friend, especially to Gloria. Today, she is serving as a family history missionary in Salt Lake City. She will return home next June after serving in the mission field for eighteen months. We look forward to her return.

The house on the west corner of Main and Third East used to be occupied by a medical doctor named Harlo Rigby. Shortly after we moved into the neighborhood, Dr. Rigby sold his house to Keith and Fern Grover who have lived in it since. Today, Fern is dead, but Keith lives in his Rexburg house during summer months. In wintertime, he goes south to Scottsdale, Arizona. Keith and Fern lived in Parker before they came to Rexburg. In Parker they farmed. In Rexburg, they bought into Diet Center and made a small fortune which allowed them to retire in comfort.

Across the street from the Grovers, on the northeast corner of Main and Third East, is the old Flamm Funeral Home. Today it is the private home of Allan and Nita Miller. Allan and Nita have raised a family of one boy, Brian, the youngest, and three girls, Cherie, Valerie, and Nicole. Allan teaches at the Youth

Correctional Center in St. Anthony. His and Nita's boy, Brian, lost his life while serving a proselyting mission for the Church several years ago. They struggled with his loss for a long time, but finally were able to accept it and move forward within the Gospel's framework. Allan is currently (January 2000) the second counselor in the Fifteenth Ward bishopric.

Going south up Third East, the house next to the Millers belongs to Steve and Rina Grover. Steve owns and operates Grover Jewelry. Rina is a nurse at Madison Memorial Hospital. She is a pretty girl from the Philippine Islands.

Next to the Grovers is a house which, when we moved into the neighborhood, belonged to an elderly lady named May Bates. Sister Bates was a quiet, gentle lady who was never a problem for anyone.

The house next to May Bates belonged to Garr and Mary Gibson. Garr was a salesman for a local clothing store, and Mary worked in the Madison County courthouse. Garr was an inactive member of the Church. Mary was an active Presbyterian. They were quiet neighbors and Mary was a good friend to Gloria.

When Garr and Mary "gave up the ghost," their children sold the house to Don and Marcia Sparhawk. Don works in Public Relations at Ricks College. He is also a bishop in a campus ward. He and Marcia have four children, Katie, Sarah, Adam and Andrew. This is a good family. I teach Adam in Sunday School. He like the other children is not only a good person, but is bright and friendly.

Next to the Sparhawks on the south is Don Merrill. He is about 90 years old and has lived alone for several years since his wife, Zoe, passed away. He used to teach education classes for Ricks College. Zoe played the organ well. After Don retired from Ricks, he and Zoe served a mission for the Church in Fairbanks, Alaska. Since Zoe left him, Don has wanted to die, and doesn't understand why he can't. So life is subdued around his house.

Marjorie Goodliffe lives in the house south of Don Merrill's. She used to teach school in Parker, Idaho, but went on a mission for the Church and, since returning, has been retired for several years. She took two grandchildren into her home about 15 years ago and raised them alone. They are Melissa and Benjamin. Today Melissa is married and lives in northern Idaho. Benjamin is in the Correctional Center in St. Anthony. Margie is a good woman who has given her life to family and grandchildren. She deserves the peace and quiet that has finally come into her life.

In the house south of Margie is Chris Huskinson. He is in his mid-thirties and, technically speaking, lives alone. But he has a dog, a cat and a young lady who live with him. They live quietly. The most excitement is when Chris is summoned to a fire by the City Fire Department for which he works.

Finally, the house on the southeast corner of Third East and First South is home to Garald and Suzan Larsen. Sue is the daughter of Jack and Rhea Lewis who are both dead. After Rhea died, Sue insisted on living in the house in which she was raised. So Garald, now retired, and their daughter, Gail, moved in with wife and mother. Today a little boy named Walter rounds out the family. Sue keeps her eye on Gloria and me. She seems to know everything we do. She knows enough that life gets a little scary at times.

Our neighborhood, then, is a rather peaceful place. Most who live in it are older people who live quietly. Those who have children are responsible and keep their children under control. There are no raucous parties; there is no shouting, cussing, swearing, profaning. There is no abuse of family members. There is no drunkenness or gambling. There is no marital infidelity. And there is no fighting. The younger children play together well, and the older children are polite and helpful to older neighbors. I can't think of a place where I would rather live. In fact, not many years ago during a warm summer morning, I walked out back to watch children playing in our playhouse and swinging in our swings. They were having fun and were happy. Our cat, Shiz, was there with me languidly watching the activity. Opey was there too, Ron Bird's little dog. Both cat and dog were at peace with each other. Everything was so idyllic that suddenly I was struck with the thought, "This is what heaven must be like." If heaven is like that, I will want nothing more.

In June 1970, nearly two years after moving to Rexburg and nearly one year after moving into our house on 64 South 3rd East, I registered for summer school at BYU. I wanted to strengthen my background in political science, particularly in constitutional law. Golden Snell who taught Spanish at Ricks College, and Lorin Weber who taught physics there agreed to ride with me and help pay travel expenses. In fact, Golden and I roomed together at Deseret Towers, a men's dormitory complex located on the northeastern fringe of the campus. All went well until I contracted Staph infection in my upper respiratory tract. This problem was identified by the local hospital easily enough, but another and more serious medical problem possibly brought on by the Staph infection was not as easily identified. In fact, it was not identified until December of that year. This problem was hyperthyroidism.

Hyperthyroidism is a condition in which the thyroid gland produces more thyroxin than the body needs. It can be serious or not quite as serious depending on how much thyroxin is produced. Normal for thyroxin in the body as measured on a numerical scale is from 7.0 to 10.0. A low level of thyroxin would be 5.0 or less. A high level of thyroxin would be 12.0 or above. My level of thyroxin when measured in December 1970 was 20.0. Dr. Lester Petersen finally identified my hyperthyroidism through a blood scan. He prescribed Tapazol to

control thyroid activity, and over a period of time I began to feel much better. I will always be grateful to Dr. Petersen for helping me get beyond this very trying period in my life. Just how trying was that period for me?

An abundance of thyroxin in the body adversely affects the nervous system. Unless brought under control, it can poison one to death. For nearly six months while I was afflicted with this disease, I lost weight. My heart beat rapidly (my normal resting pulse with the disease was about 90; without the disease it is 60). My heart not only beat rapidly, but palpitated incessantly. It pounded as though I was constantly terrified. I could lie in bed and Gloria beside me could feel my heart beating. I generated enormous energy. I could hardly rest. Sleep was fitful. I was always hot and sweating. But more intolerable than any of these symptoms was the depression which accompanied the disease.

I was emotionally upset constantly. At times, for little apparent reason, I would shake and cry. I did not want to mix with people. I was so nervous, I could not respond to questions in a Sunday School class. I could not think clearly and the pressure I felt as I had to express myself was so severe, I felt panic. Fortunately, I had recuperated sufficiently by the time school started in September that I could with difficulty stand before my classes and scrape by. Most of the time, I had to force myself to attend class. And frequently, as I stood before my students, I felt panicky. More than once, I excused myself and went into the hallway so I could settle my nerves and get control of myself. Where church was concerned, I did not have to attend, but I forced myself to go nevertheless. I did not want to give in to the temptation to take the easy way out. Today I look back on those evil days and marvel that I was able to hold on and do what I did. I give God the credit. Without His sustaining influence through the whole miserable experience, I could not have survived professionally, socially, and perhaps personally. I remember wishing at times that I could die. Death appeared to me then as a sweet deliverance from my frightening malady.

I did not do well in my constitutional law class at B.Y.U. I received a "C" grade, and was happy to get that. As I indicated, I could not think clearly. I could not respond to questions, and though I had questions to ask, did not dare ask them. My exams terrified me. The pressure was almost more than my nervous system could tolerate. After class was over and the grades had been distributed, I wrote Professor Jess Reader the letter that follows: "Dear Dr. Reader, I was a student in Constitutional law at B.Y.U. during the first five weeks of summer school. Perhaps you will remember me. My hair was clipped and short, and I sat near the front of the room next to the isle. I assume that grades have now been computed and recorded for the first term of summer school. Therefore, the time seems to be propitious for me to write this letter.

“First, I want you to know that I enjoyed Constitutional Law as much as my circumstances would permit. I liked you as a teacher, and felt that I acquired information and developed attitudes about the Constitution, its interpretation and application in American history, that will benefit me in my profession. You see, I teach American history at Ricks College.

“Second, I performed miserably on my final examination for Constitutional Law. In fact, I was embarrassed, and have been ever since I sat the exam, with regard to my responses to the exam problems. However, I do have what I consider to be a justifiable excuse for my having performed so poorly.

“Three days subsequent to my registration for the first term of summer school I contracted a streptococcus infection which devastated my physical strength and adversely affected my nervous system. I concentrated with difficulty upon my studies. Furthermore, at times, I could hardly express my thoughts, and to respond to a question or express myself verbally was a frightening and nearly an impossible task. I was particularly confused, frustrated and physically debilitated during the final exam for Constitutional Law.

“I am happy to report that I am considerably improved, and hope to function normally by the time school starts here at Ricks. Sincerely, Alyn B. Andrus”

Dr. Reader responded to my letter as follows: “Dear Alyn, I regretted very much the fact that you were ill during your first term of summer school. In observing your work in class, I was aware of the fact that you were not at your best and that you were suffering from some illness . . . I know that your exams were not up to par so I tried to give you the consideration I thought you deserved. I’m glad that you are feeling better and that you can look forward to an enjoyable year at Ricks College. Sincerely, Jess W. Reader.”

When I wrote my letter to Dr. Reader, I did not know that I had developed hyperthyroidism. As I indicated previously, I did not know this until December 1970. The letter was written in August of that year.

I took Tapazol, when I felt I needed it, for about 18 years. Then I went without it for about 10 years. One year ago (January 1999), during a routine physical examination, a doctor in Tucson told me I had low thyroid and should take medication to bring it up to normal. I didn’t say so, but I thought he was misreading the blood scan. At any rate, I politely refused his offer to prescribe thyroid medication for me. I remembered vividly the terrible experience I had with a hyperactive thyroid gland. I didn’t want to take medication that might stimulate the thyroid to overproduce again. However, six months later, I felt so tired and debilitated all the time, even after a night’s rest, that I went to Dr. Petersen’s office and asked for a thyroid test. Dr. Mike Packer said my thyroid

was under-producing and that I should take medication to stimulate it. I told him about my hyperthyroidism nearly 30 years ago, and he said frequently when the thyroid overproduces for a long period of time, it “burns itself out,” so to speak. Then later, it under-produces and must be supported through medication. I accepted his prescribed medication and today (six months later) I feel great. I am grateful for blood chemical screening. And I feel great empathy for anyone who suffers from hyperthyroidism. In fact, so traumatic was my experience, that from my first encounter with panic in the classroom, I vowed I would never force a student to respond to a question. For the last 27 years of my teaching at Ricks College, I never put a student on the spot during class, and I never called on a student to answer a question unless that student volunteered an answer by uplifted hand. And I resent teachers who do not proceed in this manner.

Except for my erratic thyroid, I enjoyed reasonably good health. My cholesterol level was normal. My resting pulse rate normally was 60. And my blood pressure ranged between 110 and 120 on top and between 70 and 80 on the bottom. In 1996, I had laser therapy to repair a torn retina in my right eye. That repair was completely successful. My most persistent health problems have been sinusitis and upper respiratory infections. I have been inoculated for pneumonia and I get a flu shot each year. These preventive measures certainly help. Nevertheless, I have experienced frequent sinus problems which cause sneezing and coughing. In September 1978, I wrote the following report: “In the evening of September 18, I felt a tightening in my throat, and knew I was coming down with a cold. I awoke about 3:00 in the morning with a cough that hurt my chest. Subsequently, I experienced chills for about three hours, then a fever for about three hours.

“During this past week since the chills and fever, I have coughed up enormous amounts of mucous, and part of the time have had congestion in my nose. I have not felt well generally. In fact, last night, September 25, I had another light attack of chills and fever. Today, I’ve felt well except I still have a cough and expel a lot of mucous with each cough.

“During the past week, I’ve tried to keep my physical activity to a minimum. I’ve slept well and I’ve eaten well. I’ve taken generous amounts of vitamin C, vitamin A and multiple vitamins. I’ve tried to drink a lot of water and fruit juice.

“During the week of September 25, I continued to keep my physical activity to a minimum, and to eat well, supplementing my diet with multiple vitamins, vitamin C and vitamin A. Generally, I felt well except for my throat. I continued to cough up generous amounts of mucous. Then last Sunday evening

I felt that I was coming down with the flu again, although I did not experience chills and fever.

“This past week I have felt well, although I still have had the cough, but not as bad as previously. Then Friday, October 6, I felt flu-like symptoms again. I did not feel well all day Saturday. I felt fine this morning (Sunday), but this afternoon, I have felt as if I were coming down with the flu — sleepy and washed out, and verging on chills and fever.

“During the past week, I have cut down on the amount of Vitamin A and C I have been taking. I have also increased slightly my physical activity — I began to do my exercises again, but only about half of what I normally do.

“Each time I feel the flu-like symptoms, my throat also gets scratchy and tighter. My voice gets huskier, and I cough, but generally it is a dry cough.”

“November 12-78: Since writing the above, until just one week ago, I have felt well. A week ago, my throat began to tighten up and I started to cough a lot. Also, at times, my nose was stuffy. These symptoms were preceded by a pain in my back and side which left after about one day.

“During the last three days my cough has loosened up and I cough up a lot of mucous, especially after I arise in the morning.

“Even though I have had a cold this week, I have not experienced chills and fever.

“I have not exercised this past week, but plan to start again in the morning.

“December 31-78: Since my last entry, I have developed a swelling above my right eye and below my eyebrow. This was extremely tender and felt like infection causing my whole head to hurt. Dr. Passey diagnosed it as a cyst, but Dr. Petersen later diagnosed it as infection and prescribed an antibiotic (Emycin). Three weeks later, he prescribed another antibiotic (Cleocin). After eight weeks the swelling and soreness have left. However, the Cleocin made my bowels loose and gave me a severe rash over various parts of my body.

“About a month ago, I began to leave milk out of my diet. I bought some calcium tablets to take in place of the milk. I felt this might help relieve congestion and clear my throat. I am convinced that milk, at my age, does me more harm than good.

“On December 21, I caught another cold, but this time without chills and fever. As of now, I’m just about over it.”

Since writing the letter just quoted, I have been in better health generally. I think this is because I’ve eaten more wisely, including more fruit in my diet and less dairy products. Milk, especially, seems to bring on congestion. I’ve also taken more vitamins regularly. Today (January 2000) I take a plethora of vitamins and minerals — so many, I’m undoubtedly one of the great “pillars” in the church. But it has paid off. Now back to my summer at B.Y.U.

While I attended the first summer term at B.Y.U., Gloria was home with Daniel and Steve. She had such a miserable experience in my absence that she said she would not stay home alone with the boys again if I never got a doctoral degree. At the time, she worked for Kent Jolley, an attorney in Rexburg. Daniel was 11 years old and Steve 14. Daniel delivered newspapers, but after collecting his monthly subscriptions, he blew most of the money playing arcade games at the Red Baron Pizza Parlor. So he had not enough money to pay the Post-Register for newspapers he had delivered. Next, Farrell Young, our dentist, called Gloria at her office one day, saying, "What do you want me to do with Steve?" Gloria said, "I have no idea what you're talking about." Apparently, Steve was riding down a hill on his bike near the Lincoln Elementary School when the front bike wheel hit a storm drain, throwing him to the pavement. When he hit the pavement, his top front teeth broke off. He picked himself up and made his way to Farrell Young's office where he asked for dental assistance. Farrell smoothed off the teeth stumps and put on temporary attachments. Years later, just before Steve left for the mission field, his temporary attachments were removed and permanent teeth were installed. Furthermore, a strong wind, one day, tore the television antennae from the roof of our house and broke the glass in one of our storm doors. Finally, each boy played on a different baseball team, and Gloria was kept busy driving them to practice and baseball games. Truly, this was a summer neither she nor I will forget.

Looking back on our life in Rexburg, I cannot resist the conviction that our move into the house at 64 South 3rd East was God-directed. First, it was a house we could afford. Second, because of where we lived, I served for eight years in the Fourth Ward bishopric and then served for nearly seven years as bishop of the newly created Fifteenth Ward. I will write about my ecclesiastical experiences later in this history. I have always felt that God has watched over and directed me that I might accomplish my divinely-given assignment on Earth. This move about which I have written strengthens that feeling.

Part Four: My Married Years at Ricks College (1968-1997)

Chapter 2

Teaching at Ricks College

My Teaching Assignments

I was hired to teach history at Ricks College in the Fall of 1968. I was delighted with my assignment. I had taught history in the Church College of Western Samoa (a high school) for two and one-half years. I had then taught it at Bonneville High School for four years. Now I was going to teach it in college. I was a little intimidated by the thought. I suppose I presumed that somehow, college students were much more mature, brighter and intellectually motivated than juniors and seniors in high school. I failed to note that only three months separated a high school senior from a college freshman. So physical, emotional and mental maturation were not significant factors. Neither were college students generally brighter than high school students. But, overall, college students may have been somewhat more intellectually motivated than high school students. Prestige associated with graduation from college provided incentive to succeed. Investment of money in a college experience, some of which may have come from the student's own labor, provided motivation to succeed so the investment might pay off. And the desire to prepare one more exclusively for the world of work and higher paying employment was an additional motive for academic success. For most teachers, there was little or no discipline problem at the college level. But I had no discipline problem in high school, so that was not a concern of mine. However, I taught the same high school classes every day for five days each week. At Ricks College, I would teach some classes three days and others only two days each week. So, I would need to alter my teaching approach to teach material I was expected to cover. I would certainly need to make changes. I was about to launch forth on a new adventure into the unknown. This, I suppose, was the real source of my intimidation.

My first teaching assignments in the History Department included American Heritage 170, United States History 120, and 121, World Civilizations 110 and 111, History of England 235, and Fundamentals of the Gospel 131. Later, additional teaching assignments included Idaho History 130, the American Frontier 360, American Heritage 100, and Church History 230 and 231. In addition to these assignments, I was asked to conduct Idaho history

tours during the last ten years of my teaching career at Ricks College. I taught many of these class assignments for BYU/Ricks College as evening classes and throughout the summer.

My teaching assignments at Ricks College, and for B.Y.U., covered a wide range of information, certainly more than I've been able to absorb. I've always claimed, "I know a little about a lot." My brush with so much historical information has not only increased my love for history, but has given me an appreciation and tolerance for other cultures, customs and ways of life that I might otherwise not have developed. I think historians, generally, are noted for their liberal thinking, and I've decided this is why. One cannot read widely about other cultures and ways of life — one cannot be acquainted with world history — without developing a broad, tolerant and liberal point-of-view. I appreciate the development of such a point-of-view in my life.

I will now describe the content of the various classes I taught at Ricks and indicate their relative size. Finally, I'll tell how I felt about each of these classes.

American Heritage 170 was a one semester course in United States history. It covered from America's exploration and settlement to the present day. Information covered was very general, and, obviously, only the high points in United States history were discussed. Nevertheless, this was a popular course because it helped meet the social science requirements for General Education credit both at Ricks College and B.Y.U. To meet the demand for this course initially, every member of the history faculty taught from two to three sections. At one time, this added up to a total of 17 sections. Each section contained from 25 to 125 students. I taught several sections numbering over 100 students. I don't recall ever teaching a section of this course numbering fewer than 25 students, and I doubt that any other history faculty member did either.

I enjoyed teaching American Heritage 170, but was always frustrated that I never had time for more detail. We covered history so fast, that students sometimes complained; they enjoyed the course, but wanted more detail.

We began to phase out American Heritage 170 about 1980. We replaced it with American Heritage 100. This class incorporated economics, history and political science in teaching segments of equal time. And, initially, it was team-taught. That is an economics teacher (usually Kent Vernon) taught the economics part. History teachers (Richard Stallings and I) initially divided the history content, but when Stallings left Ricks College for the United States Senate, I taught all the history parts of the course. And a political science teacher (Kent Marlbor) taught the political science part.

This class was not popular, but attendance was enormous because it was required of students transferring to B.Y.U. Some sections numbered 500 students and had to be taught in the Drama Theater of the Eliza R. Snow

Building. Due to the size of these classes, several “labs” were offered throughout the week. A lab would typically number from 10 to 30 students. Attendance at labs was not mandatory, but was highly recommended to cover concepts taught in the large sections and prepare students to pass the tests.

Each lab was taught by one teacher. Some of us taught more than one lab each week. So theoretically we taught five hours per week for a class which gave only three credit hours. In time, we divided these large sections into smaller ones and each teacher taught all three disciplines in the course. With smaller classes there was no need for the labs, so they were discontinued. But before I leave the labs and continue to talk about American Heritage 100, I must describe an experience I had with a black girl who was in one my labs. I don’t remember this young lady’s name, but she and I had a positive relationship. She seemed to like me, and I liked her. She never missed a lab, although the labs were not required, until I delivered a lecture, to the main group of students, which related to slavery. Suddenly my black girl friend ceased coming to my labs. She must have missed two or three. When she finally appeared, I asked her why she had been absent. I thought, perhaps, she had been ill. She said I had offended her as I lectured about slavery. She said I sounded as though I advocated slavery. I asked her to be specific in telling me what I had said to give her that impression. She couldn’t identify anything I had said. She had just developed that impression as she heard me lecture. I assured her I did not advocate slavery in any “way, shape or form.” We made up and were friends again. But as I thought about the slavery lecture and what she had said to me, I decided she wanted me to cry out against it, much like William Lloyd Garrison had done during pre-Civil War decades. Of course, I would not do that. But from that time forward, I always prefaced my slavery lecture with a short introduction during which I told the students I did not advocate slavery, regardless of how my lecture might sound to them. Now, on to more about American Heritage 100.

American Heritage 100 continues to be taught at Ricks College and B.Y.U. today. Over the years it has been a moneymaker for these schools, carrying classes in other disciplines so small that normally they would not be offered.

I enjoyed teaching American Heritage 100, primarily because I was forced to learn concepts in economics and political science that normally I would not have thought about in much detail. Also, I was forced to keep current in these disciplines to make my teaching effective through the use of examples.

This course was never popular with students because it was difficult for many of them to understand. I told them if they could pass this course, they could compete successfully on any campus in the country. I meant what I said, because I attempted to structure and teach the course so it would be academically challenging and rewarding to my students. I provided tutors to

help those who struggled. And I allowed those who couldn't do well on the tests to submit essays on topics I provided and thereby earn extra points. Probably 95% of my students earned the extra points, including all those who earned an "A" grade for the course. So emphasis was put on hard work, not on academic ability. All across campus, my name was associated with American Heritage, even though I taught other classes. I was well-known and respected, but I was not regarded as a favorite teacher. Again, I expected my American Heritage 100 students to work hard for the grades they received. If one worked sufficiently hard, failure was impossible, even without academic ability. I designed the course to reward those who worked hard. So, those who worked hard and received a grade higher than expected liked me. Those who refused to work hard and received a grade less than they expected did not like me at all. But that did not bother me. A few student responses, representative of all the responses I received relating to the course, indicate how students in general felt about it.

First, "This Class has been very difficult for me from the beginning because it is lecture-based. I had to get a tutor in order to do well on the tests, and she has helped tremendously. Although this has been my hardest class, the challenge has helped me a lot. My difficulty is my own, not because of the teacher."

Second, This response was more positive than most. "I feel that this class has been very informative and interesting. I have learned more about how the Constitution and our government have come about. I feel even more proud to be a citizen of this great country. The tests have been fair with all the information given in the lectures."

Third, "I thought the class was interesting and enjoyable; I learned a lot about government and the economy. The tests were difficult, but as a teacher you seemed fair and understandable. You are a very likeable person."

Fourth, "I have enjoyed your class very much. You are a very knowledgeable person, and you share that knowledge with us in a fun and interesting way. I am glad that I took this class because I have learned a lot, and had fun at it. Your tests are a bit challenging, but the class has helped prepare me for the rest of my college career. Thanks for being a great teacher."

Fifth, "You are a good teacher! You explain things well, and always ask if we understand. You are the only one of my teachers that does this. Your tests, however, are not consistent with what you teach. Sometimes, I study for hours, go to a tutor and not only memorize, but also understand your lectures. But when I get to your tests, I don't understand them."

Sixth, "This class has been the hardest and most challenging class I have ever taken. I have studied with a tutor the whole semester."

Seventh, "This has been an awesome class. Although the tests were pretty hard and the studying demanding, it was most interesting and beneficial. It was

very enjoyable to have you as the teacher. I found the lectures clear and to the point, but also providing information which gave us a greater understanding and perspective of the country we live in, and of those who helped to establish it. Thanks again for a great class.”

As these quotes indicate, students generally did not like the exams. They thought the test problems were hard to understand and unrelated to the material taught. That is not true. But I worded the problems in such a way that they tested ideas and concepts rather than information memorized and retained. So, many students learned the information presented in the lectures, but missed the concepts I wanted learned.

Well, so much for American Heritage 100. Now, let me get on to other classes I taught.

United States History 120 and 121 required two semesters to teach. The first course covered exploration and settlement of America and the history of the United States down to the years immediately following the American Civil War. The sequel to this course covered the remainder of United States history down to the present time. These courses were designed for history majors and others who wanted a little more detail than American Heritage 170 could provide. These classes numbered from 15 to 40 students, depending on the instructor and time taught. They are the most basic history courses offered at Ricks College and B.Y.U. So, there should never be a time when they will not be offered.

I loved teaching these courses. They provided enough detail that they were fun to teach. I felt they offered me the opportunity to help students either love history or at least develop positive attitudes toward it.

Idaho History 130 usually was taught by David Crowder. However, I taught it for a year or two. Generally, I enjoyed teaching Idaho history, but it was taught in connection with History of the Pacific Northwest. Consequently, I never had sufficient time to discuss Idaho history in detail. I never really became enthralled with teaching Idaho history until I had the opportunity to conduct history tours throughout the State.

B.Y.U./Ricks College offered history tours primarily for elementary school teachers who taught Idaho history at the fourth grade level. The tours were offered at the graduate level, and, of course, those who registered for the tours, and the academic credit they gave, were highly motivated and hard-working school teachers. I’ve never taught such enthusiastic students. Each tour lasted from four to six days. Each day began at 8:00 in the morning and ended for the day at about 5:00 to 6:00 (Some days were much longer than this, depending on how far we had to drive. One day did not end till midnight in Moscow, Idaho.) The nine to ten hours spent touring were crammed full of seeing historical sites, discussing Idaho history, or how to teach it to fourth-graders. By day’s end, we

were all exhausted. But that kind of exhaustion represented a sweet and rewarding experience.

I developed four tours. The Eastern Idaho Tour lasted four days and we were able to stay at home each night, except one. That one was spent in Soda Springs. The Southern Idaho Tour went to Boise via Interstate 84 and returned to Rexburg through Idaho City, Stanley Basin, Challis, and Arco. The Western Idaho Tour paid a visit to Hells Canyon, then into eastern Oregon where Chief Joseph was raised. From there, it returned to Idaho through Lewiston, then south to Garden Valley, west to Stanley Basin and to Rexburg through Sun Valley. The Northern Idaho Tour went to Salmon then on to Missoula, Montana. From there it followed the Locksa River and Lolo Trail across Idaho to Lewiston. It then turned north through Moscow to Coeur d'Alene, then east to Missoula and home.

Those who took these tours loved them, even though they were expensive. A few who had the money (or Ricks College tuition wavers) took all four tours. I never taught classes I enjoyed as much as the Idaho tours.

History of England 235 was a one-semester class covering British history from prehistory to the present. It was so concentrated, covering such a vast range of history so briefly, that students felt overwhelmed. This was not a popular class. Seldom were there more than 15 students. Usually there were only 8 to 10. And those who took English history were returned missionaries who had served there, or those interested in genealogy, wanting to know more about the land where their ancestors once lived. A few had lived in England and now wanted to know its history. I enjoyed telling the stories involving English royalty, but always felt the class moved too swiftly to be as beneficial to students as I thought it should be.

American Frontier 360 was offered only a year or two on a trial basis. I enjoyed teaching it, but was not able to develop resource materials sufficiently to result in a highly rewarding teaching experience. Had I been able to teach this course on a continuing basis, it may have been my favorite course because my history major was western United States history. In that sense, I felt more qualified to teach the American Frontier than any other class I taught at Ricks.

World Civilizations 110 and 111 are the most basic history courses offered at Ricks College. The first course (110) covered from prehistory to the European Renaissance. The sequel to this course (111) started with the Renaissance and ended with the present. Once again, to discuss the world's history in two semesters implies general coverage at best, with emphasis on major developments affecting the world as a whole. Enrollment in these two courses was substantial through the years, in part at least because they filled General Education requirements both at Ricks College and B.Y.U. Attendance in classes

I taught (I taught either 110 or 111 each semester for 29 years) ranged from 20 to 45 students. Most of these students were either history majors, potential transfer students to BYU or students who wanted strong G. E. credit.

I thoroughly enjoyed teaching 110 and 111. These courses covered such a range of historical developments that regardless of how many times I presented the same material to a different class of students, I never tired of the presentations, nor did I ever feel bored. I don't know how one could ever feel bored teaching 110 and 111, there is so much history to learn; there are so many stories to tell; and so many relationships to discover and explain. Frequently, as I stood before my students discussing an event in history, I would suddenly perceive a relationship between two seemingly independent events that would cause an inner exulting that can hardly be described. Religion calls such an experience "revelation." Psychology calls it "insight." I call it exquisitely satisfying. That is definitely one of the rewards of teaching.

When I began teaching at Ricks, most, if not all, faculty members were expected to teach religion classes, because there was no organized religion department. So, the course I was assigned to teach was Fundamentals of the Gospel 130 and 131 (later these courses were changed to Gospel Principles and Practices 230 and 231). These courses, as their title implies, covered the basic principles and ordinances of the Gospel. In teaching these courses, I used the Articles of Faith as a guide. Each semester, the last time the class met was a question-answer period. I attempted to answer any questions class members wanted to ask. This worked reasonably well until some questions concerned sexual practices. I then had Gloria attend class as a witness and protection to me while I answered such questions. Finally, I decided to discontinue this question-answer approach when a girl asked what the Church believed with regard to oral sex. The question constituted an eloquent indication of how radically times had changed and how open and frank people had become.

I enjoyed teaching Fundamentals of the Gospel. I knew the Gospel well enough to feel comfortable teaching the course. Years before, I had applied to teach Seminary, but was not chosen to do so. Now was my opportunity to do what I had wanted to do by teaching seminary. I feel that I influenced at least some lives for good while teaching this course.

After five years at Ricks (1973), I was assigned to teach Church History 131 and 132. I taught these courses for 24 years. The first course, 131, as I taught it, covered church history from the Great Apostasy through the Reformation and Restoration to Nauvoo. Its sequel, 132, brought church history from Nauvoo across the plains to the intermountain west and down to the present time. My last two years at Ricks College, Jerry Glenn and I were the only ones teaching church history. Therefore, classes were packed and students pressed to enroll.

The room in which I taught these courses accommodated 42 students, but I always found room for 45. I don't recall that I ever had a class with light enrollment in Church History.

I enjoyed teaching Church History more than any other class at Ricks College. I felt comfortable teaching it, and there were few times when I failed to feel a powerful influence for good in my classes. I felt, and students indicated to me, that I did more good for the world teaching Church History than I did teaching any other class. I actually changed students lives for the better. At least that was their testimony to me. And teaching Church History served me well in the mission field after retirement. I felt prepared to teach the Gospel.

My Teaching Approach

Initially, my teaching approach at Ricks College was to lecture. Typically, I had a lot of material to cover in each class and less time in which to cover it than I had in high school. The lecture approach seemed reasonable, given this situation. Also, for one who had a lot to learn and did not feel academically secure, in some of the subjects assigned to teach, the lecture approach provided the most secure and comfortable feeling. So, I lectured. In fact, basically, I lectured throughout my teaching career at Ricks.

Near the end of my teaching career at Ricks, the Dean of Faculty, Dean Sorensen, attempted to persuade teachers to abandon the lecture method in favor of dividing students into groups and letting the students discuss reading material among themselves. Then each group would share the results of their discussion with the whole class. In this situation, the teacher would circulate among the groups, asking and answering questions, and monitoring the students to see that learning was taking place. Some teachers responded to the pressure to teach this way, but I absolutely refused to do it. I had participated in this method while a college student, and it did not work well then. Moreover, I flirted with it in high school, and it didn't work at all. I tended to see it as nothing more than a waste of time, and made my feelings known to others. Also, I knew teachers both at high school and college who would assign material to be covered to students, then sit back and do nothing more than listen to student reports, most of which were substandard according to my expectations. With the lecture method, the sincere teacher must work hard at presenting information in a way that students cannot only understand it, but have sufficient interest in it to be attentive. Teachers who develop and deliver quality lectures earn their pay.

I selected textbooks for the classes I was assigned to teach, then using the material in these books, I began to write my lectures. Over time, I accumulated twenty 1.5 inch binders full of lecture material. This material related to all the

classes I taught during 29 years at Ricks. Before each class I was scheduled to teach, I would take the binder containing the lecture for that class on that particular day and read through the lecture to get it well in mind. Then before class began, I would write an outline of the lecture on the blackboard for the students to follow. My counsel to them was to write down the outline before I started the lecture, leaving space between each topic. Then as the lecture proceeded, they could fill in the spaces with appropriate notes. This approach seemed to work well for me through the years. The students liked the outlines and generally followed my counsel. Many of them told me I was the easiest teacher to follow through a lecture of any teachers at Ricks. As time passed, and as I became more familiar with my material, and better informed in the discipline, I followed my lecture notes less close than at first. I would typically inject new ideas, and point out cause and effect relationships as I would proceed through a lecture. I encouraged the students to ask questions and make comments whenever they desired. Frequently, during a lecture, their questions and comments turned into a class discussion. During these times, I would walk around in front of the desk and sit on it while talking with the students. I tried to be as informal during my lectures as possible. And the students liked that. I never lectured as one of my professors at Idaho State University did. He would come into class, describe what he intended to lecture about, then place pages of handwritten lecture notes on a lectern and begin to read. He would read for 45 minutes in a very formal manner, hardly ever taking time to discuss informally any part of the material he presented. What he said was interesting and informative, but his presentation was so formal and stiff that students wondered if he even cared about them.

I spiced up my lectures with human interest stories and quotes. And students manifest a genuine interest in what I presented. I could tell by watching them whether I had their attention or not. And most of the time, most of my students were interested.

I seldom used audio-visual materials during a lecture, except for maps. But occasionally, according to schedule, I would show a movie or video which summarized and strengthened material presented in the lectures. Once in a while, I would invite someone, who could speak with authority, to talk with my students on some phase of history we had discussed. And I would allow students, at various times, to give reports on persons or events that especially interested them. Some of these were very well done, and we all benefitted. But all of this was planned and organized before classes began for a given semester.

Before each semester started, I developed a lecture, reading and test schedule. I included with this, options for extra points. My students could earn sufficient extra points to raise their grade one full step at the end of the semester.

If they received a “D” grade on their tests, but filled the extra-point requirement, they would receive a “C” grade for the class. Most students worked for the extra points. The few who did not usually failed the class. Typically, students who received “As” on their tests also earned all the extra points allowed. According to my observations during my teaching career, “A” students do all they can to get the highest possible grade.

To earn extra points, the students could watch videos, approved by me, and submit reports on videos seen; they could read books from a list I provided; they could develop a notebook, according to my specifications; or they could write a term paper on a related topic approved by me. In some cases, they could give special reports in class. Watching videos and reporting on them was the most popular option. The most unpopular option was writing a term paper, although a few students chose to do this. Some, not many, chose to develop the notebook. A number of students chose to read books such as *The Source* and *Centennial* by Michener, *Johnny Tremain* by Forbes, *Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* by Fox, *My Life on the Plains* by Cody, *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* by Brown, *I Will Fight No More Forever* by Beal, *All Quiet on The Western Front* by Remarque, *The Winds of War* and *War and Remembrance* by Wouk, *Home in Hells Canyon* by Jordan, *Sarum* by Rutherford, and many others too numerous to list here.

I never recommended a book for my students to read, or a video for them to see that I had not read and seen myself. I never selected a textbook that I had not read from cover to cover. I never asked my students to do anything that I had not done or could not do. I could discuss videos they saw and books they read, and I think they appreciated that. Perhaps that is one reason why I got along with them so well.

A cardinal tenet by which I taught through most of my professional career was not to force students to answer questions or comment on ideas and material. I wanted my students to feel comfortable in class — not ever to feel threatened. I seldom called on students for comments unless they raised their hands, indicating a willingness to be heard. If I asked a question and no one volunteered, I answered my own question. Consequently, my students (according to their comments) came to class without fear, anxiety and stress. They came expecting a positive experience, and most of the time, that is what they experienced.

Another cardinal tenet by which I taught was never to put my arm around or embrace young women. The most I ever did, with regard to physical contact, was shake their hands. On occasion, young women would burst into my office to say goodbye before leaving Ricks College and, without invitation, would embrace me. Fortunately, I always had my office door open when I was in the

office. So whatever was said and done in there between students and me was not done in secret.

I always tried to be upbeat, pleasant and happy while I was around students. I loved humor and was known for my “dry” humor on campus by both students, faculty, staff and administrators. I loved teaching. To be upbeat was easy for me. I never arose from bed in the morning, dreading to go to work. I always looked forward to meeting my students and associating with them as their teacher and friend. And I never missed a day of teaching in my 29 years at Ricks College due to illness. I missed only when I was away on assignment.

I was never dramatic in my teaching. Being dramatic is not part of my nature. And I never worked into my lectures, stories and ideas simply to entertain students. I wanted to teach truth, so far as I could determine truth, and did not care to dress it up in order to “sell” it to my students.

I always tried to be on time for my classes. Occasionally, this was not possible, but I would then apologize and tell the reason I was late. My students, I believe, knew I would be on time unless there was some justifiable reason why I could not be. Once, though, I completely forgot about class. Why? I do not remember. But as I was approaching the steps to the Smith Building, in which my office was located and where I taught my classes, a student stopped me and asked why I hadn’t come to class. The class had waited for 30 minutes before dismissing themselves. I was embarrassed and felt I had failed my students in this class. I never entirely got over that feeling throughout the rest of that semester.

Also, I once forgot a major semester exam. That was serious, because students needed that exam to either pass the course or better their grade. I do not remember how I resolved the problem. But I must have been generous in grading the students involved.

Forgetting class and the exam reminds me of another time when I forgot the car. I drove the car to college one morning, then walked home in the afternoon. Later, in the evening, I went into the garage to use the car. It was not there. For a minute, I felt distressed, thinking someone had stolen it, then remembered I had driven it to school. Sure enough, it was in the parking lot where I had left it early that morning.

The Smith Building, History Offices and Faculty

Offices of the History Department during my teaching career at Ricks College were in the Joseph Fielding Smith Building. Initially, this building was called the Classroom and Office Building or C.O.B. It was four stories high, and surrounded by a band of windows at each story. It was located on the east side of campus near the girls’ dormitories.

My office in the Smith Building was number 414, near the northwest corner on the fourth story. It gave me a beautiful view of the north campus, north Rexburg, and the country beyond, rimmed by the Centennial Mountains 60 miles to the north. I loved my office. Through the years, I had chances to move from it into other offices, but refused. I occupied the same office for 29 years of service. I was the only history faculty member not to change office. In fact, ultimately, all other History Department offices were moved to that part of the building where my office was located.

When I was assigned my office in the Smith Building, I was far removed from offices of other history faculty members. Norman Ricks, chairman of the History Department, occupied an office on the second floor of the building in the southwest corner. David Crowder, a history faculty member and a student friend of mine from Idaho State University, also occupied an office on the second floor near the main stairwell. As other history faculty were hired, their offices were scattered throughout the building on the second, third and fourth floors. In time, as already indicated, the History Department secured office assignments near me on the fourth floor in the northwest corner of the building. This contributed to a closeness and comradery that otherwise probably would not have developed.

Because the door was always open when I was in my office, history faculty members, students and others were always coming in to say "Hi!" or to visit for a few minutes. Sometimes, because the offices were so close to each other, we didn't even need to leave the office to converse with colleagues. I remember shouting to Michael Lenhart, two offices removed from mine, "Damn you Mike! Quit sending me so much E-mail trash. I don't have time to read it." Mike would chuckle and come forth with some wisecrack. Some of my fondest memories involve the other history faculty members whose offices surrounded mine, permitting close and pleasant relationships.

Who were the "other history faculty members" of whom I write? When I began teaching at Ricks, as already expressed, Norman Ricks was department chairman. In addition there was David Crowder. But a year following my hire, other faculty members were hired until the total reached seven. These were Richard Stallings, Paul Nye, Lawrence Coates, Ralph McBride and Max Atkinson.

Norman Ricks eventually was assigned to an administrative post and left the History Department. When he left, David Crowder became department chairman. He remained chairman for about eight years then left Ricks College to be the chief preservation officer for the State of Idaho, and to head the Idaho Historical Society. When David left, Richard Stallings became department chairman. He held this assignment for seven years, until he decided to run for

political office. I then became chairman. I remained chairman of the History Department until I retired twelve years later. I did not want the assignment. I never liked it, but I had the full support of my colleagues and was bolstered by their expressions of confidence in my endeavors. This was indicated in a note sent by Dean Sorensen, Academic Dean, to history faculty members. It was dated February 8, 1990. It read: "I'm pleased to announce that Alyn Andrus has accepted the invitation to serve another five-year term (it actually became a seven-year term) as chairman. As I visited with each of you, I was moved by the great outpouring of affection and respect you expressed for Alyn. I count it as a major coup that I was able to persuade one so skilled in leadership (but also so indifferent to it) to accept the department head position in the first place. To get him to repeat now is pure gravy! (All I had to do was to put his motorcycle in my garage for safekeeping until he said yes.)"

Today (February 2000) most of those who served with me through the years either have gone to other jobs or have retired. David led the Idaho Historical Society for several years, then moved to Placerville, an old mining town high in Idaho's central mountains, and was hired to teach at Garden Valley High School. He is there today.

Richard Stallings, served two terms in the United States House of Representatives, ran for the United States Senate and was defeated. Today he works as a housing administrator for low-income families. He raises money and finances the building of low-income homes.

Max Atkinson, Paul Nye and Ralph McBride retired in that order. Ralph, although retired from teaching, operates a photographic business in Rexburg. He is busy full-time.

Today, Lawrence Coates is the only one of the original history faculty who continues to teach at the College. Had he retired at 65 years of age, he would have been retired for four years, but he refused to throw in the towel. He loves to teach, but he loves historical research even more, and to give up his research tools at the College is more than he can bear to do. So, he hangs on. I suppose within the next two years, he will succumb to pressure and retire. But that will be a sad day in his life, I'm sure. He is a dedicated and professional historian.

Currently, members of the Ricks College History Department are Gary Marshall, Eugene Thompson, Michael Lenhart, David Peck, Eric Walz and David Pulsipher. Before my retirement in 1997, I helped hire all of these men. They are all good men and competent history teachers. I was Gary Marshall's senior class advisor at Bonneville High School. So he and I go back a long way.

Eugene Thompson taught English at Ricks before he was hired to teach history. His major is in classical Greek history.

Michael Lenhart is perhaps the most widely-traveled, the most culturally diversified, and the one with the broadest perspective. His father was an Austrian, his mother a German. He was born in Austria, but lived in Canada and the eastern United States before coming to Ricks College.

Eric Walz is a farm boy from Burton west of Rexburg. He determined he was going to teach history at Ricks. Though he had a family, he left the farm and worked his way through college, earning his Ph.D. in history at Arizona State University.

David Pulsipher is a young man from Salt Lake City. He is the youngest history faculty member at the present time.

One history faculty member not yet mentioned was Andrew Skinner who taught at Ricks for three years before going to B.Y.U. He had a doctor's degree in history, and was an excellent teacher. So when the "Y" invited him to apply, none of us was surprised. Andy was my good friend. I was sorry to see him go. Mike Lenhart was hired to fill his slot.

History Conferences and Comradery of the History Faculty

There has always been a high level of comradery among, and a positive working relationship between members of the history faculty. The men have gotten along very well with each other — no quarreling or backbiting. Disagreements have been resolved in a professional manner, with no lingering bitterness or ill feelings. I love these men, both the older and younger ones. Nowhere could one find better men with which to work.

A contributing factor to the professional comradery among our history faculty was attending history conferences together. In most cases, we traveled together in a fifteen-passenger Ricks College van. Occasionally, we flew to distant places where the conference was held. On rare occasions, with only two or three faculty members going, we would travel in a college-owned automobile, or if none was available, the College would pay us for taking one of our personal cars.

There were various history conferences such as the Idaho History Conference, the Pacific Northwest History Conference, the Western History Conference, the Rocky Mountain Social Science Conference, and the Mormon History Conference. These conferences were held at various places throughout Idaho and the United States.

As a matter of policy, the History Department always attended the Idaho History Conferences. These were held in Lewiston, Boise, Nampa, Caldwell, Twin Falls, Pocatello and Rexburg. Attendance was usually small, involving representatives from the University of Idaho, Idaho State University, Boise State University, Lewis and Clark College, Albertson College, Northwest Nazarene

College, College of Southern Idaho and Ricks College. These conferences were very informal and provided pleasant experiences.

Ricks College's history faculty attended the Pacific Northwest History Conferences when there was sufficient money in the travel fund to allow attendance. If all could not go, then one or two would represent the others at the conference. The history faculty usually attended these conferences when they were held in Boise. These conferences, of course, were attended by more historians, and other interested people, than the Idaho History Conferences.

The Rocky Mountain Social Science Conference (the Ricks College history faculty attended this one only once) was held in Denver, Colorado. The attendance was large and papers that were read had diminished meaning for history teachers. Nevertheless, being in Denver was fun and enlightening. For example, we visited a United States mint and the stadium where the Denver Broncos played football. I'm sure, visiting the stadium made us better history teachers.

The Mormon History Conferences were a "must" for most Ricks College history faculty members. As I recall, the only one who didn't go was David Crowder. The rest of us not only went, but frequently took our wives. Gloria developed a genuine interest in Mormon history. These conferences were well attended, sometimes numbering 500 to 600 people. They were held at various places throughout the United States such as Nauvoo, Independence, Des Moines, Salt Lake City, Logan, St. George, and Rexburg. These conferences were always interesting, and useful to us who taught Church History.

When I attended history conferences without Gloria, I usually roomed with David Crowder or Richard Stallings. I liked both of these men. Richard and I had a special relationship through the years. He was fun to be with, sociable, had a good sense of humor and seemed to enjoy my companionship. I considered him to be a close friend.

I recall attending the Western History Conference in Omaha, Nebraska with David Crowder. We rode the train to Omaha and back. I enjoyed the train ride, even as we would go through turns and I could feel the flanges climbing the rails then slapping back down. This was slightly unnerving in view of a train wreck we saw along the tracks as we passed by doing about 70 miles per hour. Besides the history conference, we visited with some of Dave's relatives who lived near Omaha. I enjoyed these visits. I thought Dave was a congenial and interesting companion.

In April 1986, the History Department faculty journeyed to Washington, D.C. where we visited with Richard Stallings. In the election of 1985, Richard had barely defeated George Hansen, an unscrupulous money monger and tax evader from Teton Basin who had served several terms in the United States

House of Representatives. Richard invited history faculty members to come back and visit him. We decided to do that.

The trip cost us \$3458. We applied for and were granted \$1800 from the Thomas E. Ricks Fund for professional development. We used \$1000 from the History Travel Fund. And \$500 came from the Social Science Division. Five faculty members — Max Atkinson, Lawrence Coates, David Crowder, Ralph McBride and Paul Nye — flew to D.C. I took Gloria with me; we drove our Nissan Pulsar there and back. History department members were pleased that Norman and Bernice Ricks accepted an invitation to participate in this experience.

While in D.C., we not only visited with Richard and his wife, Renee, but toured places of national and historical interest as well as the L.D.S. Temple. On our way to D.C., Gloria and I visited Abilene, Kansas where Dwight D. Eisenhower was born and raised. Earlier, Abilene had served as a railhead for cattle drives originating in Texas. On our return trip to Rexburg, we visited Kirtland, Ohio, Springfield, Illinois (where Abraham Lincoln practiced law) and Nauvoo, Illinois where the Saints had prospered before departing for the intermountain west. From Nauvoo, we followed the Mormon Trail, which was well marked along state highways. We thoroughly enjoyed this trip. It was the high point for us during my teaching career at Ricks College.

After returning from D.C., I wrote a letter to Kay Wilkins, chairman of the Thomas E. Ricks Committee, expressing my feelings about the trip. I quote from that letter: "Dear Kay, Please express to the Committee my appreciation for the \$1800 grant enabling the history faculty to tour Washington, D.C. Apart from my proselyting mission and 2.5 years teaching in Western Samoa, this tour was the most rewarding travel experience in my life.

"One can read about places, events or processes and develop what is assumed clear and accurate images. And in some respects, they may be. But to visit where a significant historical event occurred, or witness the processes of government, alters images, clears historical vision, and helps one 'get it all together.'

"Before the tour, I saw Washington, D.C. only as the national seat of government. It is not only that, but a great national museum and a first-class tourist attraction as well. I was inspired by the Capitol Building, found the White House interesting, and the Smithsonian Institution absorbing (where one could probably spend his lifetime acquiring a first-rate education). The monuments and memorials were impressive. Changing of the guard in Arlington National Cemetery was an emotional experience. It occurs every thirty minutes, night and day, year after year, in all kinds of weather, in front of the Unknown Soldier's Tomb. Symbolically, it is the finest tribute a country can pay to those

who have died for its causes. The Archives, for me, was a high point in our Washington itinerary. There we saw not only the Declaration of Independence, U. S. Constitution and Bill of Rights, but Magna Carta, on loan from Britain. Ink on these documents is fading, but the ideas they publicize live and affect our lives more profoundly, perhaps, than realized. We saw Ford's Theater where President Lincoln gave his life for that cause so eloquently expressed in his Gettysburg Address.

"We visited Mount Vernon and Gettysburg. I liked Mount Vernon, but regard Gettysburg as the high point of our tour. We spent two hours with a guide who took us over the battlefield, recreating battles resulting in 50,000 casualties. I was unable to think of the dead and wounded as Northerners or Southerners, but only as Americans so deeply committed to their respective causes, they were willing to die. Gettysburg was an emotional experience.

"I returned from Washington, D.C. with enhanced appreciation for the following: (1) Leaders such as Washington and Jefferson were aristocratic in the southern fashion, but were oriented and dedicated to liberty of conscience and the republican processes of government. They were more than politicians. They were patriots and statesmen of the first rank. (2) Distances with which our forefathers had to cope were enormous, making effective government almost miraculous. Such distances give a different perspective to the Civil War. To move an army of 80,000 men from Virginia to Gettysburg without modern means of transportation required careful planning and great physical effort. (3) The investment our forefathers expended in our behalf, we may never completely appreciate. Hopefully, however, we will be as ready as they to give ourselves for those who follow. Sincerely, Alyn B. Andrus"

In 1995 and 1996, the history faculty toured parts of Montana and Idaho for two to three days. In '95, we went to Butte, Montana, (through Virginia City and Three Forks) where we visited the open pit copper mine and some mining museums. We then made our way home through the Lemhi Mountains, over Gilmore Pass to Mud Lake and Rexburg.

In '96, we journeyed to Hunt, Idaho where we visited remains of the Japanese Internment Camp of World War II. While there, we met four Japanese men (all brothers) about our age, who spent their teen years in the camp. One of them had served in the U. S. military in Italy. We enjoyed a very interesting and pleasant conversation with them about the camp and war. There were ten internment camps spread throughout the western United States. Each camp housed about 10,000 prisoners. The prisoners were Japanese-American citizens who were arrested when war broke out between the U. S. and Japan. They were confined to these camps because Americans, generally, feared them. We thought they might collaborate with the enemy and pose a real internal

threat to our security. The whole episode was a sad commentary on American tolerance and justice. A few years ago, the U. S. Government paid the survivors — those who are still alive, or the children of those who are dead — \$20,000 each for the homes and businesses they lost when they were incarcerated. Twenty thousand dollars in today's money, would hardly recompense the Japanese for their losses. From Hunt, we went to Twin Falls where we stayed overnight. The next day we visited the Rock Creek Stage Station, about 10 miles south of Hansen. We also visited Caldron Lin (or the Devil's Cauldron) in Snake River Canyon near Murtaugh. Here the entire river is forced through a narrow rock passage about 40 feet wide. It is a wild and intimidating place to see. It was named by fur trappers, two of whom were drowned in the river not far from this fearsome place. We also saw old Oregon Trail tracks near Miner Dam and Reservoir. Finally, we journeyed through City of the Rocks in the mountains south of Albion. The California branch of the Oregon Trail crossed through City of the Rocks. And Albion once was the home of an Idaho teachers' college. The campus is still well-preserved. We made our way home through Pocatello, tired, but happy.

The primary purpose of these trips was to get away from campus and enjoy each other's company, while visiting some spots with which we were acquainted in our reading, but places we had not visited before. We had excellent discussions in the van while traveling as well as at the spots we visited. I believe our experiences were well-worth the money spent to finance these trips.

Teaching Experiences

I had interesting teaching experiences, too numerous to tell about in this personal history. But I must tell about two. One involved my students in American Heritage 100. The other involved a student in World Civilizations 111.

During Spring Semester of 1995, I composed and read a letter to my American Heritage 100 students. I quote the contents of that letter: "Yesterday, we discussed President Clinton briefly. I noticed a hostile attitude toward him by the class. In fact, I've noticed such an attitude toward Clinton by every American Heritage class I've taught since he was elected in 1992. This attitude is not only hostile, but borders on hate. Students here seem to hate Bill Clinton and his wife, Hilary. They seem to feel the way a faculty member expressed to me after Clinton was elected. He said that Clinton was evil.

"As a history teacher at Ricks College, I feel obligated to respond to this feeling directed not only toward the President of the United States, but also toward the man Bill Clinton and his wife Hillary.

"First, while Bill Clinton is not my model of a good man, I certainly do not believe he is evil. He is no more evil than most of us. He has made mistakes in

his life, and I'm sure he regrets having made them. But who among us is worthy to judge him? Who is justified in casting stones at sinners? We all make mistakes; we all commit sin (many of us commit sins as serious as those with which Bill Clinton is charged). And just because he is president does not mean he should be any more Christ-like than any of us. He is one of us. He comes from our ranks. And I don't think we have a right to expect him to be any better than we are. A sufficient number of people voted for him to make him president. The rest of us, I think, should honor that selection by a majority of the voters and sustain him as president by refraining from demeaning his character. I think each of us should be more concerned about his or her own eternal salvation and what is being done to achieve that than with Bill Clinton's progress along eternity's path. I think that only an arrogant person would judge another's moral standing before God. In judging, we only have the right to judge our own standing before God. This is what the Savior taught.

“Second, what I've said about Bill Clinton, goes for his wife Hillary as well. She can't help if she is intellectually brilliant. She can't help her personality which drives her forward and makes her vocal and aggressive in making decisions and discussing problems. We ought to accept her the way she is and not criticize her for being what nature has forged her to be.

“Third, Bill Clinton, as president of the United States, deserves our respect. If he were to enter this classroom today, I would expect each one of us to stand up, not in respect to Bill Clinton, but in respect to President Clinton. We must learn to honor the Presidency, even though we might not like the man or agree with his thinking.

“Fourth, we must learn to separate political philosophy, ideas, policies and programs from the character and personality of the individual. I don't think any of us are ever justified in demeaning a man or woman simply because we might not agree with that person's philosophy, ideas or politics. We can disagree vehemently with an idea, a policy or program without castigating the character or personality of a person. Americans must learn to do this if they want to rescue politics from the pit into which it seems to have fallen.

“Finally, tonight before we go to bed, each of us needs to kneel in prayer and pray for (1) Bill Clinton, (2) Hillary Clinton, and (3) President Clinton. We need to ask God to forgive us of our sins, including our tendency to judge the Clintons' characters and personalities by our own personal standards and personalities. Then we need to acknowledge our willingness to leave judgment of Bill and Hillary Clinton in God's hands. Also, we need to ask God's blessing on the Clintons personally (ask Him to forgive them of their sins and help them to repent of those sins). And finally, we need to ask God to lead President Clinton and our other national leaders to make decisions that will bless not just

us, but Americans generally. If we can do this sincerely, then we are true Christians and good Mormons. Alyn B. Andrus (1995)”

Narrow political thinking and accusations against political leaders, bordering on hate at times, bothered me more than anything else during my teaching career at Ricks College. I tried to be objective. I tried to be rational and relatively calm as I dealt with these behaviors. But occasionally, I felt compelled to respond as I did in the letter just quoted. I felt a weighty obligation to defend the country, its constitution, political system and leaders against bigotry and behavior which I felt would destroy our institutions if not checked. The students, incidentally, accepted my letter very well. Some asked me for copies.

On another occasion (near Thanksgiving in 1995), I wrote a letter of thankfulness for the country in which we live, and read it to my American Heritage 100 students. The letter read: “I suppose we tend to see what we look for in this life. Some of us may concentrate our vision mostly on the dirt clinging to the root of the rose, while others may see only the flower itself. And unfortunately our news media seem to concentrate on the dirt by reporting mostly what which is bad to the exclusion of that which is good — bad news seems to be good news by today’s standards. So most of the time what we read in our newspapers and magazines, and hear over our radios and TVs are stories about war, murder, rape, arson, thievery, marital unfaithfulness, greed and rebellious citizens. Perhaps this gives us the impression that the United States is going to hell fast. We may feel that there are very few good people in this country. And so, some of us may think there is not much left to be thankful for. But I think we have every reason to be encouraged. Let me give you some examples.

“First, as Gloria and I, along with the College Democrats, picked up trash from the barrow pits adjacent to Highway 33 this Fall, the thought suddenly struck me that only a small percentage of people who travel that highway throw litter out their vehicle windows. If most people littered our highways, we would be inundated with it — there would be so much litter, we would not be able to keep it picked up. Most people do not litter. Only a few do. And there are always those who are willing to contribute their time and energy in keeping the litter picked up. I think this speaks well for the American people.

“Second, Gloria and I watched a video last night entitled “Miracle on 34th Street.” It was a delightful movie about Santa Claus and the Spirit of Christmas. But what impressed me most as I watched this movie was the thought that there are people in this country who care enough about the Spirit of Christmas that they would put together a movie of this nature. There are Americans (even non-

Mormons) who are good people, whose values are rooted in the same rich, substantial soil as that which produced the Gospel message.

“Third, when the Federal Building was bombed in Oklahoma City, the news seemed to concentrate on the bombers. But it also had something to say about hundreds, even thousands of people who, directly or indirectly, got involved in cleanup operations. Many of these people placed their lives on the line as they sorted through the rubble to find and possibly save victims of the bombing. But what impressed me was the thought that most people do not go about destroying lives and property. Only relatively few do this. Most people are decent, law-abiding citizens who are willing to help each other when necessary.

“Fourth, most of us stay out of jail and eventually come through with the tax dollars necessary to build jails for those who need them. Fortunately, when we talk about those who claim individual sovereignty, and freedom from having to pay taxes, we’re talking about a tiny minority of the American people. If most Americans suddenly decided not to pay taxes, we would not have sufficient law-enforcement officials and jails to handle all the tax evaders. Most Americans complain about having to pay taxes, but they pay them. And they do so essentially out of public virtue.

“Fifth, most Americans care deeply about preserving human life (many of them in increasing numbers seem to care about preserving life in all forms). Numerous examples could be used to demonstrate this statement, but a few will do here. Americans will go to great lengths to save hostages. They also support efforts to save whales trapped under the ice. They send millions of dollars worth of food and clothing into impoverished countries, and some, along with volunteers from other nations, get involved personally in attempts to help starving and sick people throughout the world. President Jimmy Carter has set an example for all of us in this particular kind of charitable involvement.

“I remember, as World War II was winding down, as American soldiers would go into a town that had been under German occupation, the townspeople at first ran from them. But soon the soldiers were coaxing hungry children from their hiding places. As the children came forth, the soldiers picked them up, hugged them, gave them candy and gum. Soon the children and their elders learned that these fighting men really cared about people — they wanted to help, not hurt.

“Then following the war, Secretary of State George Marshall, speaking for the American government and people, in a commencement address to Harvard graduates, announced a plan to spend millions of dollars helping Europe recover from the devastation of war. This money was a gift. We did not expect it to be paid back. Without it western Europe may have succumbed to Communism. Also, following the war, Japan was a conquered country and the Japanese people

feared they would be brutalized by American soldiers. Yet, we helped Japan rebuild, economically and politically. We allowed the Japanese to control their own government and taught them what we knew about business and technology. The Japanese were good students too. What they learned from us, they used to surpass us in the business world. But the point is, we helped them rise when we could have kept them down.

“Sixth, an American President, Woodrow Wilson, gave birth to the idea of a league of nations following World War I. Wilson’s hope was that the United States could lead the world to more peaceful and better times through such a world organization as the League. But Wilson died a disappointed man and the League failed in its stated purpose. However, another American president, Franklin D. Roosevelt, led a drive to recreate the League of Nations in the United Nations Organization. Roosevelt and others who supported him thought that the world could be made a better place through a world organization committed to limit war and provide for the welfare of world citizens. I know there are many who do not support the U.N.O. But to me the idea behind it is a noble one, an idea that is in line with Gospel teachings. It is additional evidence that Americans have been inclined to lift and build rather than tear down and destroy. And significantly, it was born and reborn in the brains of two American leaders.

“Finally, in *I Nephi 2:20*, the Lord told Nephi, ‘and inasmuch as ye shall keep my commandments, ye shall prosper, and shall be led to a land of promise; yea even a land which I have prepared for you; yea a land which is choice above all other lands.’ I don’t know what most people think when they read this, but I think it means more than the idea that this is a land where the Gospel would be restored and the Church established. I think this land is a promised land in other ways as well. As a matter of fact, without the Constitution of the United States with its Bill of Rights, the Church would never have been able to carry out its mission as well as it has. To carry out its mission, the Church had to be established in a country where there was no established church or religion. So in my mind, the Constitution and its government are the focal points in God’s declaration that this land shall be a land of promise and a land choice above all others. The Constitution and United States Government are the great hope of the world. The Constitution holds out a bright promise to all people of a better way, and the government of the United States continues to be a great experiment in democratic-republicanism. Since the American Revolution, the world has gradually come to expect not only the rights promised in the Constitution, but to adopt the form of government that it provides for. Since the American Revolution, this country has been the hope of the world. And it continues to be today. People from all over the world want to come to this choice land not only

to escape grinding poverty, but to enjoy freedom from oppression — to stand up in human dignity and express themselves under the rights identified by the First Amendment. Now, I know that many who come here abuse the system, but that does not negate what I’ve just written about it. The Constitution and government of the United States continue to be the hope of the world by promising a better way. The United States certainly is a choice land in those terms, even with all that seems to be wrong in the country today.

“I’m proud to be a citizen of this country. I’m blessed more, I’m sure, than I shall ever know by living here. And I hope I shall live the life He would like me to live and by so doing help to bless and sanctify this land to His holy purposes.

“May God bless us all to do this. Sincerely, Alyn B. Andrus”

Another teaching experience, vivid in memory, that deserves telling involves a student named Lisa Fisher. Lisa was a good student, hardworking, a regular class attender who earned “As” and “Bs” in the courses she took from me. She was a quiet girl who seldom commented in class, but occasionally would ask a question. She was a student in three classes I taught. The experience I will tell occurred in World Civilizations 111. I wrote about it as follows:

“On March 3, 1995 in my 9:00 a.m. World Civilizations class, I reviewed with the students ideas we had discussed during our last class meeting. Something I said during the review disturbed a student named Lisa Fisher. We discussed Galileo and his arrest by the Roman Catholic Church for teaching the heliocentric theory of the universe. I had previously suggested that we use Galileo’s telescope as a symbol in our own lives, reminding us never to be afraid to investigate new ideas. And I suggested further that we never do what the Catholic Church did to Galileo, that is, suppress truth seekers and the truth in an attempt to protect and promote our own interests.

“Lisa wanted to know why we were dwelling on these ideas so much. I told her and the class I thought these ideas were important in our lives, and to the L.D.S. Church because freedom of choice was central to the Gospel and tyranny had no place in the Gospel. Lisa wanted to know then if I thought the L.D.S. Church would ever do what the Roman Catholic Church did. I said “Yes,” that during my lifetime I had met many L.D.S. who, I thought, had acted as tyrannically toward others, especially nonmembers, as members of the Roman Catholic court which tried Galileo. She wanted to know if I thought General Authorities would act this way. I answered that I thought the Quorum of Twelve Apostles and the Quorum of the First Presidency acting together would never do it, but that individual members of the General Authorities were as subject to this temptation and tendency to tyrannize as the rest of us were. I reminded her of *Doctrine and Covenants* 121:39 which tells us how inadequate men are in handling authority righteously. I suggested that the scripture makes no

distinction between church leaders and others. I conclude, therefore, that all of us, including church leaders are subject to the tendency to tyrannize. The students in class generally, as far as I could tell, agreed with me.

“After class, I visited with Lisa briefly and told her I was sorry if I had upset her. She responded that she was surprised I was allowed to teach at Ricks College, and walked away.

“As I thought about what she said during the rest of the morning, I decided to write her a letter and challenge her to initiate action to have me dismissed from teaching at Ricks if she was sincere in what she said. I also felt that Lisa and I should try to understand each other better, so in my letter I invited her to come visit with me in my office for that purpose. I hand-delivered the letter that evening.

“Campus, March 7, 1995: On Monday, March 6, Lisa Fisher and I arranged for her to visit with me at 3:00 p.m. in my office. She came and we visited for about 30 minutes.

“I apologized for upsetting her last Friday in class, but I told her I would not apologize for what I said because that reflects what I believe. I told her I thought that what I said was neither wrong nor inappropriate. I told her that I support the First Presidency, Quorum of Twelve Apostles and other General Authorities of the Church. I believe they are good men. I believe they are called of God. I believe they give wise leadership to the Church. And I sincerely attempt to follow the counsel they give. I told her I’ve served in bishoprics for eight years, as a bishop for 10 years, and as a high councilman for 12 years. And I feel that I am a stronger supporter of the Church today than I have ever been. I do not desire to do or say anything that would jeopardize my standing in the Church.

“Lisa wanted to know how I could feel this way and say what I said in class. I told her that while the Church is God’s institution, it is run by imperfect people and so in its operations, frequently, mistakes are made. Church leaders, as well as church members, generally are subject to “weaknesses of the flesh.” I told her I believe the General Authorities, even though they are subject to weaknesses like the rest of us, are good men because they discipline themselves to be that way, but like the rest of us they too can make mistakes. However, the First Presidency and Quorum of the Twelve acting together provide good leadership, based on inspiration and revelation from God, and church members should follow their counsel.

“I told Lisa that Mormon husbands and fathers, priesthood holders, abuse their wives and children. This, in fact, has been a concern of the General Authorities. President Hinckley made it a subject of his conference address last October. This kind of abuse not only indicates human weakness, but reflects the

very thing I had in mind in discussing how the Church dealt with Galileo. We should not tyrannize in our lives.

“Lisa refused to believe that the Church is less than a perfect institution, not only in its organization, but in its operations. She felt I was wrong in suggesting otherwise.

“At one point in our conversation, Lisa said she felt that I was ‘tip toeing around the issue.’ At this point, I came right out of my seat and lost my cool. I pointed my finger at her and asked why she would say that when I had said what I did not only in class, but in my letter to her — when I had even challenged her to initiate dismissal proceedings against me if she were sincere in her feelings. She said she didn’t want to argue with me. Then she told me she had reported me to a school official and that he might want to talk with me. She said that before last Friday, she thought I was an ‘awesome’ teacher and she had deep respect for me, but now she no longer feels that way.

“We ended our visit by my telling her that I didn’t mind talking with a school official. What really bothers is that I have lost her respect as a teacher and member of the Church.

“I did not say this to Lisa, but the following indicates how I feel now. I am concerned about the attitude manifest in her responses to my questions and statements in this matter. Lisa, I think, indicates a blind devotion to the idea that church leaders are infallible in the lives they live and in what they say to other members, that the Church is an infallible institution that should never be questioned by anyone in any degree so far as its operations are concerned.

“I feel there is no way to reason with Lisa. Unless one agrees with her point-of-view, there is no way to communicate with her. She feels she is right and everyone else who does not agree with her is wrong. Her attitude reminds me of the fascist devotion to Mussolini, of the Nazi devotion to Hitler, and of the Communist devotion to the State. People like Lisa disturb me very much. Her closed mind and attitude reflect the very concerns I had in mind when I talked with my class about Galileo and the Roman Catholic Court of Inquisition which imprisoned Galileo and forced him to recant his published discoveries or lose his membership in the Church and possibly his life. I cannot believe that God expects this kind of unquestioning devotion and such a closed-minded, arrogant, and insensitive attitude. If this is what God expects, then I am very wrong in what I believe and feel. If this is the case, then Lisa is right: There is no place in Ricks College for me. And if there is no place in the College for me, then I’m not fit for any position of responsibility in the Church. Neither would I qualify to serve as a missionary in the field. In this case, my life so far as the Church is concerned, is at an end.”

As I have reread and keyed this material into the computer, I can now see that I handled the situation with Lisa incorrectly. When she came to my office, I should have asked her to tell me what she heard me say in class. Certainly, I should not have come out of my seat and pointed my finger at her, saying she was wrong in her charge that I was “tip-toeing around the issue.” Rather, I should have asked her, as calmly as my disposition would allow, what the issue was. I don’t know that this approach would have resolved differences between us, but it would have revealed, perhaps, more clearly what Lisa thought, and perhaps we would have parted on a sweeter note.

Nevertheless, I must report that Lisa finished out the semester in my class, receiving, as I recall, the “A” grade for which she was working. Moreover, we saw and spoke to each other frequently on campus during summer months while she finished her education at Ricks College.

Another experience I must describe here had no relationship to students or classes I taught, but it is pregnant with lessons vital for all who teach in public and private schools. This experience involved Michael Lenhart, a history faculty member about whom I’ve already written.

I helped hire Mike. He and I had a positive relationship with each other from the time he interviewed to teach at Ricks. In fact, he and his wife, Laura, spent the night with Gloria and me while he was in Rexburg interviewing for a teaching position at Ricks. Mike was a good boy then, just as he is today, genuine, without guile, forthright, forgiving, brilliant, with a point-of-view as broad and sweeping as the world. In fact, his point-of-view and forthrightness of expression occasionally got him in trouble with students and administration.

I quote from a report I composed, dated February 6, 1997. “About the middle of January, I don’t recall the exact date, I was requested to meet with President Steve Bennion and Dean of Faculty, Don Bird. We met, and I was told that Mike Lenhart would probably be denied C.F.S. C.F.S. means continuing faculty status, and is earned by every new faculty member after a three-year probationary period during which time the candidate’s commitment to the Church and Ricks, as well as professional ability and integrity, are demonstrated. During this probationary period, the candidate is evaluated and counseled by a C.F.S. committee. Mike’s committee consisted of Lawrence Coates (History), Kent Marlor (Political Science), and Steve Stokes (Sociology). I was chairman of the Committee. That’s why I was requested to meet with President Bennion and Don Bird.

“When I was told that Mike would not be granted C.F.S., I was stunned. Naturally, I wanted to know why, and was told that students had complained about his teaching, and he was reading material not condoned by the Church. During the meeting, I was so shocked that after it was over, I felt I had not been

vocal and aggressive enough in defending Mike. So, the following day, I composed a letter in defense of him and sent it to President Bennion. I asked President Bennion to make the letter a part of Mike's file.

"A day or two later, I met with Don Bird and asked him to interview Lyle Lowder, a retired biology teacher at Ricks College, who had taken a class in World Civilizations from Mike during Fall Semester 1996. Don thought that was a worthy idea and promised to do what I suggested. I also recommended to Don that Mike be granted one more year in which to earn C.F.S. Don promised to pass my recommendation on to President Bennion.

"About a week following my meeting with Don Bird, Mike's C.F.S. committee was summoned to meet with President Bennion, Don Bird and Max Checketts (an assistant academic vice-president). Also present at this meeting was Ed Malstrom, chairman of the Social Science Division. Larry Coates and Kent Marlor were unable to attend the meeting. Steve Stokes was the only committee member at the meeting besides me.

"At this meeting, we were told why Mike might not achieve C.F.S. For sometime, President Bennion had developed a file on Mike, independent of the file developed by Mike's C.F.S. committee. By President Bennion's definition, it contained the following: (1) information which was too confidential for him to share with anyone else, (2) a complaint by a downtown book merchant that Mike had attempted to buy a book written by Mike Quinn, an excommunicated one-time B.Y.U. professor and historian, and (3) three letters written by students of Mike's in a History 121 class. President Bennion read us these letters. They were negative. They accused Mike of using vulgar language, swearing, calling Joseph Smith a "boozier," criticizing the nation's founders as uninspired, immoral old men, and berating the U. S. Constitution. These students had gone to a faculty member with their complaints in November 1996, and he had sent them to talk with President Bennion. President Bennion requested them to write down their complaints for him, and he had then made them part of Mike's file.

"Subsequent to receiving the students' complaints, President Bennion asked Max Checketts to interview other students in Mike's American history classes to determine more accurately how students in general felt about Mike as a teacher. This was done. Lyle Lowder was also interviewed as I had recommended. These interviews by Max revealed that some students rated Mike superior, others rated him poor, and still others rated him somewhere between those two extremes. According to Max, the average of these ratings put Mike slightly lower than the average for the College. Ed Malstrom, Steve Stokes and I spoke candidly in Mike's favor. Ed had Mike's student evaluation forms over the three-year C.F.S. probationary period spread out before him, and disputed Max's findings. He said that so far as he could tell, Mike was suspect only

because he did not fit precisely into the Wasatch Front mold required by the Church and School for teachers and administrators. I asked Max and Don what they thought of me. Both said they respected me, and Max said he would recommend me to his children as a teacher, but he would not recommend Mike to them. I then said that if were to be evaluated by the administration as Mike had been, I doubt that I would rate any higher than Mike, and yet I was respected by the administration and he was not. The point I attempted to make was this: Perhaps President Bennion, Don and Max had some preconceived notion about Mike that they could not dismiss from mind, and the information they had gathered, by their interpretation, supported this notion. I asked President Bennion if he could not grant Mike one more year probation. I felt this was necessary since he had not yet talked with Mike about any of these problems. In fact, no one had talked with Mike about them. I felt that Mike should be apprized of the situation and given a chance to defend himself and make improvement before being dismissed from Ricks College. President Bennion indicated that he might do this. Ed, Steve and I left the meeting with this impression in mind.

“About three days after the meeting just described, President Bennion, Don Bird and Max Checketts met with Mike. Mike, of course, was stunned. When he visited with me after this meeting, he seemed incredulous and confused. We talked for a long time about the situation and he said he had requested a meeting with President Bennion alone.

“After his meeting with President Bennion, Mike visited with me again. This time, he seemed more focused and was quite optimistic about the future. In fact, he told me that President Bennion had promised him another year in which to earn C.F.S. Over the next few days, Mike seemed to regain his composure and acted more like the Mike Lenhart we knew. Then yesterday, February 5, he received a letter from President Bennion marked ‘Confidential.’ In it President Bennion told Mike his time at Ricks College was up. Mike would not be granted C.F.S. He would not be offered a contract for the 1997-1998 school year. Mike was incredulous. I was incredulous. Ed was incredulous (both Ed and I received copies of Mike’s letter). And each member of the history faculty was incredulous, as each learned of the letter. Yesterday, Mike and I visited for an hour about the situation. Then later, Mike, Ed and I visited for another hour about it. None of us could understand why President Bennion had promised to give Mike another year, if he had in fact made such a promise, and then suddenly changed his mind.

“My analysis of why President Bennion did what he did follows. Whether right or wrong, it expresses my perceptions and feelings at the time.

“First, I think President Bennion did what he thought he had to do to protect himself from censure. Perhaps he envisioned some of Mike’s students telling their parents what President Bennion had been told. He feared the parents would then call either him and put him on the spot, or a General Authority. The G.A. would then call President Bennion and want to know what was going on up there in Rexburg. I think at first he was guided by the idea that he must be fair and talk with Mike, and even give him another year in which to make things right. But after he gave Mike that promise, if in fact he gave such a promise, the more he thought about it, the more nervous he became until he revoked the promise and terminated Mike’s employment. In fact, I believe President Bennion’s mind was made up that Mike must go even before he met with me and then later with Mike’s C.F.S. committee. And so he thought, ‘If Mike must go, why wait another year. We might as well get rid of him now and be done with the miserable experience.’ Perhaps, too, he did not care to wait another year because his time of service at Ricks College is growing shorter, and perhaps he would not be here to initiate action against Mike after one more year. If this is what he thought, it implies another reason why Mike must go. That reason is expressed in the following paragraph.

“Second, I think President Bennion felt a keen obligation to protect Ricks College students against teachers who may be somewhat questionable in terms of their secular as well as their religious values. In his meeting with me and Mike’s C.F.S. committee, President Bennion mentioned the Ricks College Mission Statement. He indicated clearly that he would not tolerate anyone’s teaching here who he thought might detract from the mission of Ricks College as defined by that statement.

“Third, I think President Bennion has had a negative feeling about Mike for a long time, and he has not been able to purge himself of that feeling. In fact, every report he has received about Mike and every bit of information he has collected has, through his perception, only supported, reinforced and nurtured this negative feeling. In other words, President Bennion has been unable to view Mike even somewhat objectively. I believe if he had tried to be objective, he would have interviewed Mike alone long before such interview materialized. Perhaps he would have visited Mike’s classes. Certainly, he would have consulted with Mike’s C.F.S. committee and studied the contents of their file. But he failed to do any of this.

“Given this, then, what happened to Mike here was essentially what happened in Salem, Massachusetts in the late 1600s when people were accused by young girls of practicing witchcraft. These accusations were believed and acted upon without any substantial evidence to convict the accused. What a sad commentary on how far we have come in the last 300 years.

“Finally, I resent President Bennion’s circumventing Mike’s C.F.S. committee, keeping a secret file and finally acting on the secret file rather than the C.F.S. file. Every letter of evaluation in the C.F.S. file was positive for Mike. Had President Bennion acted on the basis of that file, Mike would never have been terminated. Why have a C.F.S. committee and a C.F.S. file if they are to be circumvented in making a decision?

“In conclusion, I have enjoyed the 29 years I’ve spent teaching at Ricks College. The College has been good to Gloria and me. I can’t think of an institution in which I would rather have taught. I love Ricks College and the gospel-centered environment it has provided through the years. During those years, I’ve also enjoyed remarkable academic freedom. No one has told me what I must teach and how I must teach it. Of course, I’ve tried to honor that trust by teaching that which would build testimonies, the School and Church. Overall, then, my experience at Ricks has been positive until now. With the firing of Mike Lenhart has come my first major negative experience at Ricks College. Now I find myself pleased to be leaving Ricks this summer. I would find the situation difficult to continue teaching at this institution, given the attitude that seemed to prevail and dictate Mike Lenhart’s dismissal. I would not be comfortable being here, wondering which one of my colleagues would be next. Or wondering if what I might say or do in class would result in my dismissal. I regret that 29 years of positive experience must now end with a negative experience.

“February 18, 1997: Miracle of miracles! I received a copy of a letter addressed to Michael Lenhart and signed by President Bennion. In it, President gave Mike one more year to earn his C.F.S. Exactly what happened to change President Bennion’s mind, I don’t know. Perhaps it was all the prayers in Mike’s behalf. At any rate, day before yesterday, Mike had an interview with President Bennion, and during the interview President Bennion’s attitude changed. He indicated to Mike that perhaps he had been a little hasty in his judgment. He expressed that he felt he knew Mike a little better now, and based on that better knowledge, he felt Mike deserved another chance. So he wrote the letter. The whole turn of events has indicated to me how weak my faith is. I didn’t think President Bennion would change his mind, and I said that to my colleagues. So much for what I think. Of course, I’m delighted with the way in which everything has turned out.”

As I look back on this experience, I think Mike profited by it. First, he learned that one must be careful what is said in the classroom and how it is said. One cannot give vent to one’s feelings at the moment in all cases. I’m not suggesting that Mike taught this way, but whether he did or not, he learned that one cannot teach recklessly. One must be disciplined and in control constantly.

Second, I think Mike learned humility and to forgive. Even before he learned he had been given another year to prove himself, he told me he had prayed, fasted and grappled with his feelings toward President Bennion sufficiently that he felt no animosity toward him. Maybe Mike needed this experience in his life at this time to teach him humility and to forgive. For him to learn these now will certainly make him a better person for many years to come.

Finally and coincidentally, I have finished keying into the computer this report on Mike exactly three years and one day since Mike received his letter from President Bennion granting him one more year probation at Ricks College. Today, February 16, 2000, Mike has achieved tenure and still teaches at Ricks.

Other challenging, but rewarding teaching experiences came as I met assignments by the administration to deliver lectures to faculty members and students scheduled to travel abroad representing Ricks College. And during the Bicentennial Commemoration of the United States Constitution, Kent Marlor and I delivered lectures to interested faculty members relating to the Constitutional Convention and provisions in the Constitution. All these lectures required much time to prepare, and giving them before faculty members was a little more intimidating than giving them before students, but I got along very well and grew from the experience.

Perhaps the most challenging teaching experience I encountered during my professional career at Ricks College was delivering a lecture accompanied by a slide presentation at Western Montana College in Dillon. The occasion was to commemorate the Bicentennial of the Bill of Rights at a conference involving other educators from Montana institutions of higher learning and Montana newspaper editors. My colleagues in the History Department elected me to represent the Ricks College and the Department. The assignment was to discuss separation of church and state in relationship to Mormon polygamy during the closing years of the Nineteenth Century. In preparation, I read a couple of books, accumulated copious notes, prepared the lecture and slides.

Gloria went with me to Dillon, and we actually enjoyed the day, including the conference. Those who listened to my presentation, and then asked questions, were perceptive, but considerate of my church membership and polygamous family heritage. The questions were pertinent and the discussion was stimulating. Afterward, we enjoyed lunch and then toured the campus on our own. We were shocked at the need for money manifest in buildings needing repair and grounds needing groomed. What Gloria and I felt as we toured the campus, I expressed in a letter to President Bennion after returning to Ricks College. The letter was dated October 23, 1991. It read: "Dear President Bennion, A year ago, Western Montana College at Dillon extended an invitation to me, as a history faculty member of Ricks College, to participate in a

conference commemorating the Bicentennial of the Bill of Rights. I was asked to present information and lead a discussion on the topic, ‘Perspectives on Religion.’ Accordingly, last Friday, October 18, Gloria and I drove to Dillon where, when my turn came, I discussed with a gathering of about 25 people the idea of separation between church and state as it has developed throughout the history of this nation. Part of my presentation and discussion involved Mormon polygamy and the issue of prayer in public schools (particularly in Madison School District). I found the conference interesting and, certainly, I was benefitted from having prepared for it. But this is not the purpose of my letter to you.

“I had passed the campus of Western Montana College many times before last Friday, but had never visited the school. Gloria and I walked over the campus and through the buildings. We talked with Dr. Sandra Oldendorf who teaches education classes at the College and who planned the Conference. We were interested in what we heard and were shocked by what we saw. Dr. Oldendorf said that 1,000 students attend the College, but in terms of state money to finance education, the College is 50th on a list of Montana institutions of higher learning. As we walked through the dorms, we noticed missing floor tiles. Walls were patched and needed painting. We saw no computer labs and, based on what we observed in offices we visited, we estimated that the school perhaps does not claim more than a dozen computers. Everywhere on campus was stark evidence of an institution in dire financial need. I left Western Montana College feeling guilty, but very thankful that I teach where I do. I told Gloria, I ought to arrange for a van and take the Ricks College history faculty to Western Montana College. There Dr. Oldendorf could give them a tour of the campus, and I am sure they would come away feeling as I did — guilty, but pleased to teach where they do.

“Truly, the Church has been good to us at Ricks. Here, we don’t complain about not having computers. We complain about not having the latest technical improvements in computers. At Western Montana, I suppose faculty and students would be happy to get our cast-offs. Here, we complain when the new carpet does not match paint on the walls. At Western Montana, faculty and students would be happy just to get floor tiles to replace that which is gone. And what I say about faculty and students at Western Montana, I’m sure I could say about faculty and students at hundreds of other educational institutions throughout this country. Even at the larger schools — universities such as the University of Montana, Montana State University, Boise State University, or Idaho State University, the campuses generally indicate a lack of funds as compared to B. Y. U. and Ricks College campuses.

“I just wanted you to know that I am happy to be at Ricks College. Moreover, I feel blessed to be a member of the Church. I hope you never hear me complain about my working environment at Ricks, including its physical facilities, and the educational tools at my disposal. I think we’re spoiled at Ricks, but I hope that in the future I can do my part to acknowledge our blessings and use effectively what we have to help make the world better.

“Thanks for all you do to help make Ricks College an effective institution of higher learning and a pleasant place to work. Sincerely, Alyn Andrus”

In conclusion, Western Montana College sent me a check for \$100 as a modest honorarium for driving to Dillon and participating in the Conference. But I could not keep the money. I sent the College a personal check for \$100 as a gift, asking that it be spent on a needy project. I was thanked for my contribution and informed that it would be used to purchase and plant trees to help beautify the campus. I must stop sometime and look at the campus trees.

Evaluations of My Teaching

During my teaching career, I was never ranked as an outstanding teacher. I never considered myself to be such a teacher. On an evaluation chart comprising categories of Excellent, Very Good, Good, Fair, and Poor, I always ranked in the Very Good category by both students and administrators. If we assign letter grades to these categories, I received a “B+” grade for teaching. This is always where I’ve performed, generally, in the academic field. So my teaching correlates with my academic ability. I’ve never been embarrassed to be known as a “B+” student or teacher. In fact, I’ve known some “A” students I would not want to be like. And most “A” teachers I know, are so dramatic and entertaining that I sometimes wonder how much solid teaching they really do.

At Ricks College, faculty members were expected to be evaluated by students about every three years. They were evaluated by their department and division chairmen once each year. My student evaluations, including all classes taught in 1994, were as follows (on a scale of 1 to 5, with 5 being a perfect score):

- 1. Is friendly and approachable.....4.7
- 2. Is enthusiastic about teaching.....4.6
- 3. The teacher is well prepared..... 4.7
- 4. Presented the subject matter clearly.....4.5
- 5. Teacher encouraged questions.....4.6
- 6. Started and dismissed on time..... 4.6
- 7. Mastery of the subject matter.....4.7
- 8. Wants the students to progress.....4.4
- 9. Invites independent thinking.....4.4
- 10. Is loyal to the L.D.S. Church.....4.8

11. Overall rating..... 4.6

Samples of student comments about my teaching follow. They are about as “samey” as the statistics, but sufficiently different to give tiny insights into how I taught.

World Civilizations: (1) “Best history class I’ve had at Ricks and I’ve had all of them except History 200. I’m very glad I was able to have you as a teacher. Thank you, Brother Andrus.” (2) “Brother Andrus, I really enjoyed your class. I liked the way you lectured and combined it with discussions. You have a good way with people. You have a great sense of humor and a way of making things interesting. I enjoyed this class a lot. Thanks for everything.” (3) “You’ve been a great teacher, Brother Andrus. You’ve made us students feel welcome and at ease in your class. You really care what we feel and you want us to participate. You also invite humor into the classroom to break down the barrier between teacher and student that can sometimes be prevalent. Thanks for all you do.” (4) “I found the class refreshing because I was able to look at other points of view, other ways of thinking and other cultures. I thought it was taught within reasonable objectiveness. I was able to express an opinion without fear.” (5) “In all honesty, this course has been one of my favorite classes. I have never once not been excited to come to this class and learn. I feel that I have gained so much more knowledge and understanding of history than I ever had before. You have been one of my very favorite teachers, and I credit your teaching skills and enthusiasm for my sparked interest and excitement. Thanks for being such a great teacher, Brother Andrus.”

American History: (1) “I really like our class discussions because they help me understand the subject matter. I enjoy the lectures very much. I thoroughly enjoy the course, and think I am gaining much from it.” (2) “I think this class is handled very well. I consider it one of my better classes. The teacher is very effective, and one thing I greatly appreciate is the fact that he doesn’t call on students to answer questions unless they raise their hands. I am sure there are students like me who obtain more from just listening than participating when they have nothing to say.” (3) “The way the class material is presented is the most interesting procedure I have witnessed yet. The outside stories and quotes are very stimulating and worthwhile. American history has come alive for me for the first time in my life. Thanks Mr. Andrus.” (4) “I like the way you teach, and I think you are fair. I think you should call on different people to participate.” (5) “YOU ARE ALMOST PERFECT. I HAD A HARD TIME FINDING ANYTHING WRONG.”

Church History: (1) “I have really enjoyed the class on the whole. It was the perfect break from a busy schedule to be able to walk into a class knowing that

there was no paper due, no quiz to study for. I was thankful to be able to just relax and enjoy learning about the history of the Church. The lectures were well presented and it was obvious that a lot of work went into preparing them. My testimony has grown as a result of this class, and I am thankful for the opportunity I had to attend.” (2) “The class was very well done; the lectures organized and well prepared. You did a wonderful job of bringing history to life. Thanks for a fun class.” (3) “This class has been wonderful! It is designed to help students learn about church history in a way that is interesting and useful. I appreciate Brother Andrus being open to questions and discussion. I also have enjoyed your applications of the material to our day and our lives. I admire you for your faithfulness and example and courage to go forward and serve a mission. A recent example you shared that I take strength from is hearing about you and your wife newly married and trying to make it at B.Y.U. I was glad to know that you remember those times as happy days, as you spent your last dollar and worked at an early morning job. That gives me hope. I also enjoyed meeting with you from time to time in your stake calling (high council). It is reassuring to have a teacher that is steady, faithful and true. Thanks for your example and preparation to make the class worthwhile. I have learned much about church history and have added strength, faith and courage to my testimony.” (4) “I will always be very thankful for this class. I am not really interested in church history or the pioneers. I used to think they were boring, and they never appealed to me. As a result, I never had any feelings for them. I took this class because I needed a religion class at this time, so it fit perfectly into my schedule. Also, my boyfriend loves church history. The lectures I thought I would least enjoy, I got the most out of. I loved the lectures about when the Saints moved westward — how they crossed the plains and made it to Salt Lake Valley. No matter how hard I studied for the tests, the highest grade I got was 84%. I really wish that the day after we took the tests, we could have reviewed them in class . . . I am glad for the extra credit assignment. I learned a lot from reading the books. You were a great teacher. You were very knowledgeable about all aspects of church history, and your lectures were very interesting and applicable. I never took the first part of church history, and you’ve made me want to take it. You’ve started a lifelong interest for me that I never thought would be. Thank you.” (5) “This class has been an incredible experience for me. It has pricked my interest in church history and I now greatly desire to learn more. Brother Andrus, you have proven to be a great teacher. It was really interesting for me to hear all of the extra knowledge you had to add to every lecture. Little facts brought up in class helped to make this history come to life. I have greatly enjoyed this class and the opportunity of

having you as an instructor.” (6) “Brother Andrus is a great teacher. I really liked how he was a good historian and told both sides of the story.”

The next three student quotes were not evaluations written to fulfill requests in specific classes. Rather, they were written and pushed under my office door, each one at a different time during the last several years I taught at Ricks. In other words, they were not solicited. In fact, I was surprised to receive them.

The first letter reads: “I am a student in your class and I just wanted to write and say that I am really enjoying your class. I like how American Heritage is taught. I like learning the concepts. Also, I would like to say that although I don’t know you, I can tell that you are a good, righteous, caring person. It is awesome how you invited anyone who didn’t have a place to go for Thanksgiving to come down and be with your family. I was glad to see how much you love your family, and how much thought you have for the well-being of your students. I am glad I have professors who are excited to teach and help.”

The second letter reads: “Brother Andrus, I want to thank you for all you did for me. You were a great teacher. Your class taught me a lot, much that I will take with me in my future studies at Auburn University. Believe me when I say I will always remember you and your lessons, not just history lessons, but lessons in life. Your efforts will not be wasted in me, I promise. You are a great example to me. I have great respect and admiration for you.”

The third letter reads: “April 29, 1993, Brother Andrus, Last summer I was in your American Heritage class. I enjoy history, but generally I become so bored with the way the material is taught that I don’t learn what I could. I was afraid to take your class for that reason. Brother Andrus, I wish to express my thanks to you. I found that as I came to class the next day and the next, I was retaining what you had lectured the day before. Something about your teaching method was enough to get through to me. I enjoyed the slide presentations and the opportunity to copy down notes. As I attended your class, I found my interest in political responsibility increasing. I appreciate your views and insights. Brother Andrus, more than the subject you teach, you are a true teacher. You took time to answer every question I had, although at times they were very elementary. You have a special skill, and I am glad that you are sharing it. This is not an attempt to gain favor in your eyes, as I am now attending B.Y.U. and will no longer be at Ricks. For this purpose, I have remained anonymous. Please accept my thanks, although a year late. Thank you for upholding the standards of the Church. It comes through in your teaching. Sincerely, a past student.”

Administration evaluations of my teaching and value to Ricks College were about as “samey” as my student evaluations. Each year, faculty members were evaluated by the department and division chairmen. The department chairmen

were evaluated by the division chairmen, and the division chairmen were evaluated by the dean of faculty or someone appointed by him. I will quote my evaluation dated April 4, 1984 because that is about in the middle of my professional service at Ricks College. Richard Stallings was the History Department chairman. Ronald Martin was the Business and Social Science Division Chairman. Stallings wrote: "Brother Andrus has several qualities that make him a valuable member of the History Department. He has a great knowledge of his subject matter and is continually adding to that knowledge. He is constantly reading books that pertain to the courses he teaches and he incorporates the ideas from these books into his lectures.

"Brother Andrus believes in being well prepared. He spends hours working out each lecture and typing up the material. As he comes across new ideas and concepts, he works them into the appropriate lectures. This process takes a great amount of time, but it is very important to Brother Andrus that each of his lectures is as thorough and complete as possible. He believes that both his and his students' time is valuable and should be filled with as much learning as possible. Alyn is a very demanding instructor and his enthusiasm for his profession is obvious.

"Brother Andrus is an excellent adviser. He understands the programs at Ricks as well as the transfer requirements at the neighboring colleges. He goes to great lengths to contact his advisees and is very honest and forthright in his counseling. His advisees appreciate his concern and his honesty.

"Alyn has been very supportive of the History Department and of me as Department Chairman for the past five years. He has accepted all assignments and has been very thorough in carrying out those assignments. His comments and suggestions in departmental meetings have been invaluable.

"Bishop Andrus is both a credit to the gospel and to the College. He lives what he teaches and strongly supports the ideals of Ricks College. His testimony is reflected in the way he lives. I am convinced that Ricks College is better off because of the contributions Alyn Andrus makes. Richard Stallings"

This evaluation was sent to Ronald Martin, division chairman, who read and signed it. The original was then sent to Dean Sorensen, dean of faculty, and became part of my file at that level. Copies were retained by Ronald Martin and Richard Stallings. I also received a copy.

Every evaluation of my teaching effectiveness and usefulness to the College reads essentially like this one. The only changes are in the specific wording reflected by different individuals who served as chairmen. Do I agree with the correctness of the statements in the evaluation quoted? Yes. I do. Although if I had written it, the evaluation would not have read quite as praiseworthily as it does.

Part Four: My Married Years at Ricks College (1968-1997)

Chapter 3

Extracurricular Assignments, Awards and Retirement

Extracurricular Assignments

While I taught at Ricks College, I participated in various extracurricular committees and organizations. These included the Ricks College Faculty Association, Extracurricular Activities Committee, Standards Committee, and College Democrats Club. In addition to these, I served on the Idaho Centennial Commission, as a representative of Ricks College, and was a member of the Idaho Historical Sites Review Committee. I was chairman on four of these committees, which surprised me at the time of appointment and amazes me now in retrospect. I never supposed I was sufficiently capable of being an effective chairman to any of the committees indicated. And as I review the minutes and official reports prepared by those committees, I am amazed that I was able to do what was required of me, and feel complimented not only by the work accomplished, but by the quality of the reports developed.

The Extracurricular Activities Committee

My teaching career at Ricks College began in August 1968. In September of that year, President John L. Clarke asked me to chair the Extracurricular Activities Committee in preparation for an accreditation visit by the Northwest Association of Secondary and Higher Schools. This was one of many committees across campus organized to help the College prepare for the accreditation visit. On October 3, 1968, President John L. Clarke wrote me a letter, the opening paragraph of which follows: "Dear Brother Andrus, Members of the Self-Evaluation Study Committee of which you are chairman have been contacted by letter and requested to serve. They have indicated no objections to serving. A copy of the complete membership of your committee is enclosed." The membership of the Committee as indicated by the letter included the following people: Mack G. Shirley (Vice-Chairman), Gary R. Olsen, Ruth H. Biddulph, Lyle Watson, Robert T. Oliphant, Ann Passey, Donald J. Schiess, H. Lynn Williams, Brenda Morgan, LeAnn Christensen, Joel Palmer, Christen Mortensen, and Janice Wilcox. Nine of the thirteen people named were faculty members, the last four were members of the student government. These people

were assigned to four subcommittees as follows: Student Government, Student Organizations, Student Publications, Other Student Activities.

The Extracurricular Activities Committee met three times. The two meetings subsequent to its first meeting permitted the subcommittee an opportunity to report their progress and findings. The official report identified objectives, procedures, methods of evaluation and recommended modifications where necessary. The report was composed well, and, though not wordy, was adequate in its coverage. I look back on what I did during earlier times and surprise myself.

The Ricks College Faculty Association

From September 1973 to April 1974, I served as the Faculty Association's historian and as a representative among eight faculty representatives. As historian, my primary responsibility was to compose and distribute the Faculty Association Newsletter each month following Association meeting. After reviewing the newsletters I composed, I have decided that I was brief and to the point. There were no wasted words, nor was there wasted space in these newsletters. For example, in the last newsletter I prepared before giving up my responsibilities to Lee Gifford who succeeded me, I wrote under a subtopic Thanks Extended: "Members of the Faculty Association Executive Board thank all those who have worked on committees for the Board this year. The battles of life might never be fought without the effort of dedicated committee members." Then at the end of the page under a subtopic entitled Conclusion, I wrote: "If this newsletter reads as though I am running out of information to print, that is precisely the case. The time has come for me to quit. I thank you for bearing with me this year, and am happy to have been able to serve you." With those words, I relinquished my assignment to my successor.

President Eyring's "Task Committees"

Soon after Henry B. Eyring became President of Ricks College in 1971, he organized administrators and faculty into "task committees" with associated subcommittees to study administrative organization and academic procedures, then recommend changes where necessary. He felt a restructuring would enable Ricks to achieve more efficiently and completely its stated goals and objectives.

I was assigned to chair one of the subcommittees. My committee members and I recommended the adoption of a testing center in which faculty members could submit tests, and students could take these at their convenience within a specified time period. This recommendation was presented to the Academic Council in May 1973. It was adopted, and a testing center was in place by the Fall of 1973.

The new Testing Center was housed in the Library. It was a comparatively small operation at first, but grew in size until today it involves all teachers and students on campus. Initially, it occupied a few chairs on the Library's third floor. Today, it has its own entrance and occupies the greater part of the Library's basement floor.

The Standards Committee

In the Fall of 1970, two years after I started teaching at Ricks College, I was assigned to the Standards Committee. This committee met at least once each week to hear and discuss cases involving students who had violated Ricks College standards of conduct, dress and grooming. The official purpose and policy governing dress, grooming and conduct was expressed in the following words. **“Purpose:** To establish a standard of dress and grooming to govern performing groups and other individuals representing Ricks College.

“Policy: The conduct of our students is just as important as their appearance. The First Presidency has said: ‘Young people should understand propriety in all things, not only how to dance, sing, speak, perform and participate, but how to conduct themselves like ladies and gentlemen under any and all circumstances; such as while traveling, sightseeing, using public restrooms, eating in restaurants, staying in motels, or hotels, attending theaters, or attending church meetings.

“We must live up to our responsibilities as members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by being kind, clean, thoughtful, refined, dignified, and obedient. Youth are on their honor to live all the Church standards. Young people can have fun while being considerate and loyal to the Church and while making its standards an integral, happy part of their lives.”

Members of the Standards Committee numbered five, three faculty members and two students. One of the students was the Student Body President. The other was a student-at-large. Student members changed from year to year. Sometimes, the student-at-large would change after one semester if the one who was serving finished his/her work at Ricks and moved on to another school. Faculty members were somewhat more permanent. Most faculty members served for about 3 years. I served for 13 years, six of those as chairman of the committee. I don't know whether the Administration liked me, or whether I was retained till I could do the job right.

The usual procedure for the Committee was to hear new cases each week from a counselor representing the Dean of Students Office, then talk with the students involved. Following student interviews, the Committee determined what action should be recommended to the Dean of Students Office — should the student be reprimanded, placed on probation, dismissed from school for a

certain length of time, or expelled from school and not allowed to return. Following the Committee's recommendations, the student could appeal to the Dean of Students, and, in some cases, to the President of Ricks College. However, appeals were few and far between. In the 13 years I served, I remember only once when a student appealed to the College president. During those years, appeals to the Dean of Students probably didn't number more than half a dozen. Most of the time, the Dean would uphold the Committee's recommendations. Occasionally, he would modify the recommendations slightly.

Usually, Standards Committee recommendations were honored by students and administrators without question or protest. The Committee, then, exercised unusual power over the academic, social and spiritual opportunities for growth concerning those students who came before the Committee. To illustrate the Committee's power and influence, a letter was written to Randy Bird (student body president) by J.D. Hancock, a local attorney, complaining that his cousin had been dismissed from Ricks College without an adequate hearing for violating drug policy. The boy in question was one of several others, all roommates, who had used marijuana. Part of the letter read: "I have a cousin who entered Ricks College as a freshman two years ago. He had been an outstanding high school student and active member in good standing of the Church. At that time, Campus Security used informers to help them in their law enforcement. After having had a disagreement with my cousin's roommate, the informer reported to Security and Standards that all the students in the apartment were using marijuana. I have personal knowledge that my cousin was not using "pot" at the time nor has he ever used marijuana or any other drug. Nevertheless, each boy was brought before the Standards Committee and upon vindictive information reported by this informer, each was suspended from school.

"Needless to say, this was the turning point in the life of my cousin. The Standards Committee believed the testimony of this informer which my cousin had not been permitted to hear, read or refute in any way, and not the innocence which my cousin plead before the Committee. Rather than taking the money which he had saved to pay for a mission which he had planned to fulfill all his life, he bought a new car and gave up his educational aspirations to seek the material pleasures of the world. He vowed at that time that he would never have anything to do with the Church as long as he lived. Since that date he has not set foot inside the L.D.S. Church. This is what the action of the Standards Committee of Ricks College did for this individual."

Never did the Committee, as long as I served, deny a student of an adequate opportunity to express, defend and refute his/her involvement in a charge of misconduct or drug abuse. In the case just cited, the young man may well have

done exactly what the attorney declared he did, in which case the Committee's recommendation seemingly changed his entire life. However, I never let charges such as the attorney's bother me. His cousin, I think, was more inclined to go with the world than with the Church even before he was brought before the Committee. I think if he had been a substantial church member, he would have continued to attend church, gone on his mission and remained an active member. What the Committee did gave him an excuse to bag the Church to which he was not strongly committed.

Conduct violations, among Ricks College students, were more numerous than dress and grooming violations. Violations in conduct ranged from cheating on exams and theft to fornication and drug abuse. Fornication and other sexual sins such as petting were the most frequent violations. And in violating standards, young men were no worse than young women. However, only about 5 percent of the student body were offenders, and only a fraction of those chose to take their case before the Standards Committee.

Serving on the Standards Committee was not easy. Judging the wrongdoing of young people and prescribing just punishment was a burden all committee members felt keenly. Nevertheless, while serving, I felt I was a benefit to the College and students. I never felt I was doing something not necessary.

The College Democrats Club

From 1985 to my retirement in 1997, I served as advisor to the Ricks College Democrats Club. Previous to me, Richard Stallings had served as advisor. Rick was an excellent advisor engaging club members in service and moneymaking projects. He loved politics. He loved the Democratic Party. And his students loved him. On the other hand, I served somewhat reluctantly — only because faculty members belonging to the Democratic Party were few in number, especially those who wanted to be an advisor to “radical” young Democrats. I felt obligated to serve those young “radicals,” even though they were few in number.

College Democrats never numbered more than 25. Among those only one-third were active. The number of members present at meetings, which were held each month, ranged between four and eight. When we engaged in a service project, we were able to round up three or four more to help.

The Club's most noteworthy service project was to clean the barrow pits of trash along Highway 33 for two miles starting at Beaver Dick Park and going east. With eight club members, we could clean this stretch of highway between two and three hours. After we finished, Gloria and I would treat club members to pizza and drinks. We removed highway litter for about six years, twice each year, once in the Spring and once in the Fall. Most litterers, I concluded, were

beer drinkers. But we found all kinds of litter, including stuff bounced or blown from vehicles conveying junk to the refuse pits west of Rexburg.

I loved club members. Most of them, interestingly, were young ladies. Young ladies outnumbered young men by at least three to one. And they were not “radical.” They were good citizens who wanted to express themselves through the Democratic Party and be of service in some way to their community and country. One of the most enthusiastic, committed and intelligent of all club members during my years as advisor was a pretty young lady named Estella Fairbanks. Estella came bouncing into my office one day, announced who she was and asked if she could be president of the College Democrats Club. I had advertised for club members and was trying to organize for another year’s activities. She and I got along very well from the very beginning of our relationship. She was politically well-informed — she knew more than I did with respect to some things — and as highly motivated as any young person I had ever met in the field of politics. I don’t remember exactly what I did, but somehow I helped Estella become the Club’s president that year and the year following. She recruited club members and helped get us involved in political activities. We raised club funds by selling recipe books left over from Richard Stallings’ days. These books were composed of recipes from nationally known Democrats and their wives. We made enough money we were able to finance a trip to Boise during the Jefferson/Jackson Day Dinner. None of us went to dinner (it was far too expensive), but club members had a fun time visiting with some of the political leaders who were there. Estella kept the club so busy, she nearly wore me out as an advisor.

After Estella left Ricks College, she went to B.Y.U. where she did well and graduated with a major in Political Science. While at the “Y,” she met and married a boy from Shelley, Idaho named Travis Oler.

After graduation from B.Y.U., Estella and Travis moved to Denver where Travis continued his studies. Today he is qualifying for a PhD in hospital management. He has joined the army and will soon be sent to Germany where he will use his academic training in managing military hospitals. Estella will go with him, along with their two children. In traditional “radical” style, Estella wants to live “off base” so she can become immersed in the German culture.

Today, Estella enjoys more stability, as a wife and mother, than she has ever experienced. She raised herself for the most part, living with a sister, or just living the best she could on the streets of Boise. When she was finally able to enroll in Ricks College, her funds were so limited, she sometimes went without food. When I discovered this, I took her shopping a time or two, paying for her groceries. At other times, her campus bishop gave her staples such as potatoes, bread and milk. She worked from midnight till 8:00 a.m. in a nursing facility

about a quarter mile uphill from her apartment. She would walk that distance each night. I worried about her, but she assured me she was O.K., that she had been in much worse situations than this. She once told me I was more like her father than her own father who seemed to be indifferent to her. She had no mother. Her mother had committed suicide when Estella was in her early teens. That is when Estella left home.

Gloria was very supportive and helped me take care of this little girl the best we knew how. When Estella developed a lump on her breast, we took her to the doctors in Idaho Falls and to the hospital for surgery. When she determined to attend President Clinton's inauguration, somehow she secured an invitation and sufficient funding to get herself to Washington, D.C. and back to Pocatello via AmTrack. Gloria and I took her to Pocatello, gave her what we hoped would be enough money for food during the time she was gone, put her on the train and then a week later returned to Pocatello, met the train and brought her home. Our reward for all this was numerous notes and letters in which she thanked us profusely and assured us of her love.

One reason why Estella wanted to attend President Clinton's inauguration was because she and the College Democrats had been so active during his campaign. They organized a campus debate with the College Republicans (the College Republicans had more than a hundred registered members). The debate in my mind was like putting David against Goliath. And the outcome was about the same as when David slew Goliath. No Republican, regardless of knowledge or eloquence, could withstand Estella's verbal onslaught.

Later in the presidential campaign, College Democrats distributed literature to Rexburg residences. Sometimes this was done in snow storms.

Finally, under Estella's leadership, the Club sponsored and organized a dinner on campus to which all the county and state candidates were invited to eat and express themselves relative to the offices for which they were campaigning. It was a very successful rally and dinner.

There were other outstanding College Democrats. One was Venessa Smith, a girl from Ireland. Another was Lorena Hendricks from Rexburg. These were good girls, sincere in their beliefs and committed to making the world a better place. Though I didn't want to be Club advisor, I was blessed, perhaps more than I know, because of the young ladies with whom I associated and the entire club experience.

The Idaho Centennial Commission

In 1985, the Idaho Centennial Commission was created by an executive order signed by Governor John V. Evans. The purpose of the Commission was to prepare an appropriate commemoration of Idaho's first 100 years of

statehood. Idaho became a state on July 3, 1890. It had been a territory since May 26, 1864. It was the 43rd state to join the Union.

The Idaho Centennial Commission functioned for six years, holding its first meeting on July 29, 1985. It met a total of 35 times in 12 Idaho cities, closing out its brief, but highly effective career on May 12, 1991. Commission members spent an average of 70 working days attending commission meetings. Using a schedule of 40-hour work weeks, this contribution of volunteer time was the equivalent of 3.5 months of full-time effort. The Commission raised more than eight million dollars and helped fund 240 commemoration projects. The mission statement of the Commission read, in part, as follows: “The Commission is organizing an appropriate observance of (Idaho’s birthday), not limited to that single day, but rather an observance that will fill the 1990 calendar year.

“The Commission will urge all communities in the State of Idaho to organize special local observances so as to contrive a Statehood celebration consistent with our historic roots, the many splended aspects of our diverse cultural heritage, and our hopes and aspirations for the future.

“The Commission will strive to make a Centennial celebration occur that will be of permanent benefit in the history of our state, not necessarily in monuments of brick and straw, but in a strengthening of the moral fibre and spirit of our people.

“The Commission hopes that its work is rewarded by creating a full year of bright memories for Idaho and her people. Adopted July 21, 1986.”

Commission members numbered 25 men and five women, from all parts of the State. The governor, too, was a commissioner. As indicated, the Governor who created the Commission was John V. Evans. But he was succeeded by Cecil Andrus in 1986.

I received my appointment to the Commission on September 18, 1987 in a letter signed by Governor Cecil Andrus. The letter read: “Dear Alyn, I am pleased to appoint you to the Idaho Centennial Commission for a term expiring May 15, 1989. To aid us in completing the necessary appointment forms, please fill out the enclosed data sheet and oath of office, have them properly notarized, and return them to my office at your earliest convenience. I hope you will find this appointment to be a challenging and rewarding opportunity for public service.”

So, my initial appointment to the Commission was for two years. I suppose the Governor wanted to know that I would be responsible in discharging my assignment before letting me continue to the “bitter” end. Apparently, I passed the test because in 1989, before my appointment expired, it was renewed till the Commission was dissolved in 1991.

As indicated, every geographic region in Idaho was represented on the Commission. Rob Brady from Idaho Falls and I represented eastern Idaho. In addition, I represented Ricks College. The three universities, Boise State, Idaho State and University of Idaho had their representatives. College of Southern Idaho had a representative and College of Idaho was represented by former governor, Robert E. Smylie. All the larger cities such as Boise, Idaho Falls, Pocatello, and Coeur d'Alene, had representatives. Many smaller towns such as Blackfoot, Burley, Rexburg, Sun Valley, Twin Falls, and Wallace had representatives. The Nez Perce and Shoshone Indians were also represented. David Crowder, my good friend and former colleague at Ricks College, represented Idaho's historical society and preservation office. Harry Magneson from Wallace, a mining entrepreneur, was chairman of the Commission. Vice chairman was Martin (Marty) Peterson who had served as economic advisor to the governor. Most committee members were aggressive, high-powered business people, or attorneys, who loved to socialize and get things done. Commission meetings were well organized and run. The reports and discussions were erudite and weighty. At least that is the way I perceived the situation.

I never could understand why I was a commissioner. I was not nearly as aggressive as most with whom I worked, and did not understand very well at all the intricacies and complexities of the business world and legal profession. I could express myself well enough, verbally, and could write better than most, but still I felt inadequate to the task of serving competently.

Gloria encouraged me during my service on the Commission. Most meetings I attended without her. Occasionally, she was able to accompany me. I cherished those times, though I never saw her all day long while meeting was in progress. She would spend her time getting acquainted with the city in which the Commission was meeting. Consequently, she became more educated than I with respect to Idaho's cities and their histories. But having her with me and knowing she was nearby was satisfying. After meetings, she listened to my expressed anxieties, laughed with me, and sometimes laughed at me. Occasionally, she didn't laugh at all, my humor was so dry. She heard, with discipline, my labored analysis of Commission dialogue and issues, and read my letters, articles and speeches. She was truly a support to me during my Centennial experience.

As a commissioner, I wrote many letters to various other commissioners and people in eastern Idaho. For instance, after a prolonged and weighty discussion by commissioners involving moneymaking projects, I wrote a letter to Marcus Nye, an attorney serving on the Commission, who had been deeply involved in the discussion. In the letter I wrote: "Dear Marc, I was impressed, in commissioners' meeting, with your demonstration, by hypothetical example,

showing how successful you, Dave Eaton, and others have been in promoting and securing the financial interests of the Commission and Foundation. I sincerely agree with and congratulate you. However, since the meeting, I've thought about what you said, particularly with reference to T-shirts, and submit the following for your consideration.

"How members of the Commission and Foundation view the Centennial Commemoration and what is necessary for its success may be entirely different from the way the average citizen may view it. With us, a central thrust is to generate funds and disburse them prudently. With the average citizen, I believe one criterion of the Centennial's success will be the availability of logo-bearing T-shirts. I can imagine sixty-five years from now a grandpa's removing from a treasure chest a Centennial T-shirt with the proud pronouncement to a grandson, "I was five years old when Idaho celebrated her centennial. My mother bought me this T-shirt to wear during the celebration. I want you to keep it for a grandchild to wear during Idaho's Bicentennial." You see, Marc, this fellow will know nothing about what you and others went through to insure a successful celebration (he won't even care about what was necessary to produce logo-bearing T-shirts). All he'll care about is that he has a T-shirt to pass on to posterity. To him, that's what the Centennial was all about. .

"The longer I live the more I believe that life is lived by perceptions, not by facts. And if the average Idaho citizen perceives the success of the Centennial in terms of how available logo-bearing T-shirts are, then perhaps we should do all we can to make them as available as possible.

"Marc, I'm certain you could develop a convincing rebuttal to what I've written. But I'm not interested in rebuttals. I had this idea and felt justified in passing it on to you. With warm regards, Alyn B. Andrus"

As a representative of eastern Idaho, and with residence in Rexburg, I became somewhat personally involved in Madison County projects and activities organized to celebrate the Centennial. In a letter I wrote to Harry Magneson (Commission chairman), I identified some of these. I wrote: "Dear Harry, Last Friday evening, I attended a concert in the old Rexburg tabernacle dedicating the tabernacle organ just recently restored. The Rexburg Civic Improvement Club undertook the restoration project at a cost of \$25,000. This was the Club's contribution to Idaho's Centennial. I have enclosed a brochure giving a history of the organ, an explanation of the project, and listing members in the dedicatory service. I thought you might like to read it.

"Other Centennial projects undertaken by Madison County are: (1) Restoration of an antique carousel (one of only a few left in the country) at an estimated cost of \$150,000. This includes the cost of a building in which to house the carousel. (2) Restoration of the courthouse which could cost well over

\$200,000. Thirty-thousand dollars against restoration of the carousel has already been raised and the project is underway. Fund-raising activities for restoration of the courthouse are just now beginning. Both of these projects will undoubtedly go beyond 1990, but they will be completed, and when that time comes, the combined cost of all three projects described here could be \$400,000.

“Madison County has not advertised its projects extensively, but I thought you should know what is going on. The people over here are proud, active, history-minded citizens bound by strong community ties. When all Centennial related projects and activities either are in place or have run their course, Madison County’s contributions will be conspicuous, I’m sure. Sincerely, Alyn.”

In response to the letter in which I described Madison County’s Centennial contributions, Harry Magneson sent me the following letter: “Dear Alyn, I was really pleased to receive your letter of November 7, along with the program for the dedication concert featuring the Rexburg Tabernacle organ.

“It is really exciting and very gratifying to receive your letter and to note the number of wonderful projects that you and your associates at Madison County have either completed or which are ongoing.

“The people of Madison County should be very highly commended for the very significant contribution you are making to your area as well as to the State of Idaho. Their contribution is really significant and important.

“I was so impressed that I have taken the liberty of sharing a copy of your letter and the concert program with other members of the Idaho Centennial Commission.

“Alyn, I am also very pleased with the important leadership which you are providing for the Centennial Youth Committee. This is very important and very helpful.

“I look forward to seeing you at the forthcoming meeting of the Idaho Centennial Commission. Thank you for your letter. With best wishes. Sincerely, Harry.”

One of the Commission members with whom Harry shared my letter was Governor Cecil Andrus. Governor Andrus wrote me the following: “Dear Alyn, Harry Magneson has sent me a copy of your letter regarding Madison County’s plans for the Centennial, and I just want to send my congratulations and encouragement. I share your opinion that when the dust has settled, Madison County’s contributions will be conspicuous.

“Please keep me informed of Centennial events as they are planned.

“With thanks and best regards, Sincerely, Cece.”

Incidentally, all of Madison County’s Centennial projects identified in my letter to Harry Magneson were completed. The courthouse restoration, however, was not finished until a couple of years following the Centennial

Commemoration. I served on the Courthouse Restoration Committee and received a letter of commendation dated July 13, 1992 and signed by Mary Lee Wolf, project chairman. Gloria and I also gave money toward completion of that project and received an award for our contribution.

Not only did I get involved in Madison County Centennial projects, but as a commissioner, I also got involved in other eastern Idaho projects as well. One of these was getting the Hess Museum acknowledged as a Centennial project by the Commission. The Hess Museum is located in Fremont County just a mile south and west of Ashton, Idaho along Highway 20. It is part of a farm owned and operated by Dan and Mary Hess who, before retirement, taught at Ricks College. The farm is the old family homestead and includes the original house and barn along with horse-drawn machinery. They have preserved house, barn and machinery just as they were when the Hess family lived there. The museum is an interesting place and is visited by hundreds of people including school children each year.

After Dan and Mary were successful in getting the museum recognized by the Commission as a Centennial project, they asked that a commissioner dedicate a windmill which they had purchased, restored and moved onto the Museum property. Harry Magneson appointed me to dedicate the windmill. Accordingly, Gloria and I appeared at the dedicatory service which was broadcast over Channel 8 Television. I had prepared a speech which I gave and which Dan and Mary cherish to this day. The speech was as follows: “I have known Dan and Mary Hess for twenty-three years — since I was hired to teach history at Ricks College. During most of those years, Mary was a faculty member and Dan an administrator. I liked them both. I came to know them as people who wanted to be involved, not only in college affairs, but in community activities as well. But I feel I have come to know them best since their retirement from the College. These last few years, I have watched them as they have brought their dreams to fruition in this excellent museum. What we see here is the result of their dreams and personal efforts — a tremendous investment in time, energy and the expenditure of a considerable sum of money. And for what purpose? Beyond the fact that they have enjoyed the project, it exists solely for the preservation of history, and for the education and entertainment of the general public. There has to be some selflessness in that. I compliment Dan and Mary for all they have done which helps make life a tad more meaningful for the rest of us.

“Now, they have asked me to dedicate this windmill as part of the Museum. I feel honored to do this. I trust I can do it to their satisfaction.

“As I have thought about windmills during the past few days, I have reviewed various scenes in my mind. As a young boy, my first encounter with

windmills had them in Holland. Traditionally, the Dutch relied upon them to pump water. But they have also been used to grind grain and, in our own time, to generate electricity. As I matured, I got pretty close to some windmills. I had occasion to spend two years in southern Arizona between my nineteenth and twenty-first birthday. There on the Papago Indian Reservation, I saw windmills. They were used to fill water tanks or water holes for cattle. I didn't think much about them then as a symbol, but since, they have become a symbol in my mind of western development. I can easily call forth the mental picture of a lonely windmill on the seemingly endless plains or semiarid deserts of the west. Nearby, may be an old unpainted ranch house with barn and corrals. And over surrounding rangelands between bluffs, buttes and mountain ranges is a peppering of grazing cattle. One can see scenes such as this in parts of Idaho today. Even a cigarette company used a windmill, water tank, horse, and a rancher to sell its product — remember Marlborough Country? So, I don't think I'm far from the mark when I suggest that a primary symbol of western development is the vital and dependable windmill. In that sense, then, Dan and Mary, your museum would not be complete without this windmill.

“So as a member of the Idaho State Centennial Commission and under authority given me by Dan and Mary Hess, I dedicate this windmill as a part of this Centennial Museum. May it, for years to come, remind Americans of their past, especially as that past relates to development of the American west. May it remind them of the hardy, courageous and determined men and women who faced the perils and hardships of taming a wilderness — of the farmers and ranchers who turned prairies and deserts into productive farmlands. May it remind them of Dan and Mary Hess who, in the track of their pioneer ancestors, proved that dreams can come true if enough time, energy and resources are sacrificed for the cause. Alyn B. Andrus”

Also, as a commissioner, I was invited to speak to clubs and service organizations. One of these was the Rexburg Rotary Club which I addressed on October 27, 1988. This address became the basis for an article published in the April 1990 issue of *New Perspectives*, a Ricks College periodical. Excerpts from the article are quoted as follows: “The Commission, through its committees, develops projects of its own, but in addition it either endorses or funds projects coming from citizens, county and private organizations. The number of projects endorsed and funded by the Commission over the past five years is staggering. One may leave a commission meeting overwhelmed by the extent and enormity of Centennial projects and proposed activities. This is exactly what Harry Magneson wants. He would like every Idaho citizen to become involved. In fact, he has referred to the Commission as a ‘committee of one million (Idaho’s

population) whose enthusiasm and hard work will yield projects and programs of lasting benefit to all of Idaho.'

"The most lucrative project for the Commission is the Centennial license plate. License plate revenues by December 31, 1989 totaled \$4,038,634.02. Part of this money (fifteen cents on each dollar) is shared with the counties if they apply for it to fund centennial projects.

"Another project sponsored by the Commission is the manufacture and sale of Centennial Medallions and Medallion cases. By December 31, 1989, revenues from this source totaled \$781,819.15.

"In addition thousands of dollars are earned each year in interest from the State Treasurer's investment of Centennial Commission revenues and from sales tax on 'commercial products licensed by the Centennial Foundation,' the business arm of the Commission. All this money goes into the State General Account, and many state agencies are using Centennial Commission funds to finance projects and programs that otherwise would be funded out of state taxes.

"Other Commission-sponsored projects include the Centennial Summer games, the Centennial Bowl, and a state centennial park. The 1990 Summer games in Pocatello will feature a variety of athletic events for almost anyone who chooses to participate. The Centennial Bowl has been in place since November 21, 1987. It is a football game played in the Minidome. Ricks College defeated Walla Walla Community College in the first two bowl games. Last year Ricks lost to Garden City, Kansas. The state centennial park includes the old mining town of Custer located between Stanley and Challis.

"A project which indicates the spirit in which the Commission has attempted to carry out its charge involves organization of the Idaho Heritage Trust. The Trust was organized to 'provide stable, long-term funding for historic preservation and natural resource conservation in Idaho.' The Trust is a nonprofit organization which will 'seek support from foundations, corporations, individuals and government entities.' It will attempt to fund preservation and conservation projects in the State long after the Centennial celebration is over.

"Perhaps the most spectacular Centennial activity sponsored by the Commission will be Statehood Day in Boise on July 2 and 3. Governor Andrus talked about this event in a letter written to Peak Media, dated December 5, 1989. He said: 'On July 3, 1990, Idahoans will celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of Idaho's statehood. This has been nearly five years in planning and promises to be the greatest celebration in our state's history. As is fitting for such a celebration, the state's attention on July 3 will be on the capital city. Billed as Idaho's longest day, activities will begin on July 2 and continue through July 3. Events will include a major homecoming activity on July 2, arrival of Union Pacific's Idaho Centennial Special (a train pulled by a steam engine) on

July 3, ceremonies at the Capitol and an all-Idaho entertainment extravaganza at Bronco Stadium, which will feature Fireworks by Grucci, the country's premier fireworks producers.' Idaho Public Television will televise part of these activities throughout the State.

"One week following Statehood Day, Idaho Indian tribes will sponsor an "Expo" in Boise. This will involve the Shoshone-Bannocks, the Nez Perce, the Coeur d'Alenes, the Shoshone-Paiutes, the Kootenais, and the Northwestern Band of Shoshone Nation. The Expo will highlight the history, culture, people and resources of these tribes. 'Traditional dress, dance, food, arts and crafts, storytelling, and Indian games and sporting events all will be part of the Expo.'

"During the Expo a symposium will be held at Boise State University in which topics will be discussed including treaties, Indian law, self-improvement, tribal and state relations. Finally, the Indians have written their history to be used by teachers and students in Idaho history.

"When one adds to these projects and activities all those planned by Idaho's forty-four counties, the scope of the Centennial commemoration may begin to be understood . . . Idaho's Centennial commemoration has not only become big business, but has involved thousands of people statewide. Its activities and projects should provide a meaningful celebration in 1990 and benefit future generations in important ways."

During the four years I served on the Centennial Commission, I was vice-chairman of the Education Committee and co-chairman of the Youth Committee. Chairman of the Education Committee was David Crowder, and to serve with him was a pleasure. We were good friends, and had been for years. We worked well together and, with help from committee members, disbursed about \$86,000 to fund or help fund projects throughout the State we considered worthy of our assistance.

As co-chair of the Youth Committee, I worked with Rich Donovan, head of Idaho's Office of Health and Welfare. Working with him was difficult. We did not always agree with each other on procedure or projects to be funded. Our values were quite different. Also, he lived in Boise while I lived in eastern Idaho, 300 miles distant. He, therefore, had personal and easy access to Centennial staff members and other key people in the Centennial organization to whom I did not have direct and easy access. Being in Boise, he also had an advantage in keeping abreast of the latest Centennial developments. However, in March 1990, he left the Youth Committee and Centennial Commission for personal reasons I did not then understand clearly, and probably would not care to understand at all. This, of course, made me Chairman of the Youth Committee just four months before the celebration in July. Harry Magneson, came to me after one of our

commission meetings and said: "Alyn, Rich has deserted me. The Youth Committee must not fail. Don't let me down." I did not let Harry down.

Eleven of us constituted the Youth Committee after Rich Donovan left. Five of these were students representing high schools in Ashton, Blackfoot, Jerome, Lewiston, and Sandpoint. The students were bright, outspoken and some were aggressive in promoting their point-of-view. Nevertheless, until Rich Donovan left, I felt that the Youth Committee was that in name only. It was not a committee on which the youth had their say and made decisions. Rather, it was a committee dominated by adult members. As chairman, my resolve was to help youth members feel they were making a substantial contribution by serving on the Committee. I think this was accomplished. I remember the last Youth Committee meeting featured a fervent debate between youth members of the Committee. As the debate closed and time to vote came, all knew the vote would be close. The young man who cast the deciding vote was Nathan Stohl who, in this instance, opposed most of his peers.

Nathan was from Ashton High School. I had nominated him for membership on the Committee. He was the son of Brent and Dianne Stohl. He was bright, handsome, quiet and reserved. He was a mainstay on the Ashton wrestling squad, but was comparatively small of stature. He was an active Mormon and represented good, sound values. He never said much in committee discussions and debates, but his vote on some of the issues in committee meetings, especially in the last meeting, determined what projects the Committee chose to endorse. I could tell he was stressed, but he manifested the courage I felt he possessed by voting the way he did. In November 1990, after the Celebrating was over, I wrote Nathan a letter in which I said: "I congratulate you on your courage to vote the way you did in the Youth Committee meeting on Saturday. As I sat there and listened to the discussion, I realized circumstances were putting you in a tight spot. I knew you were feeling strong pressure to vote with your youthful peers, but I also knew what your values were and suspected you felt committed to uphold them by voting to spend the Committee's unencumbered funds on a program opposing drug abuse. I don't know whether you alienated the other youth members of the Committee by your vote or not. If they are the kind of young people I hope they are, they feel more strongly about a person's right to vote his conscience than to support their own point-of-view, in which case, you did not alienate them. If they do not feel this way, then they are not the kind of friends you want anyway. So don't worry about how they feel toward you.

"I respect Ben and Fred for the courage they manifest in opposing adult members of the Committee. That's why I suggested that they run for the Legislature sometime in the future. We need courageous legislators. But, you

also displayed courage — maybe more than they did — by refusing to side with them. You must have felt a little like an outcast — rejected by your peers and not quite accepted by the adults yet. That feeling required real courage, and I was proud of you. Thanks for being good. God bless, especially on your mission. Sincerely, Alyn B. Andrus.”

The Youth Committee chose to endorse a number of projects, but the ones I think deserve mention here number four. First, the Committee chose to help fund the Delta Kappa Gamma Society International in funding the Centennial Bowl. This was a statewide scholastic tournament which culminated at Boise State University in November 1990. The Committee contributed \$10,000 to help fund the tournament during the Centennial Year, with the understanding that R.C. Cola would help fund the activity during subsequent years. Second, the Committee and R.C. Cola combined to contribute \$15,000 to PAYADA (Parents and Youth Against Drug Abuse). Third, the Committee contributed \$10,000 to help fund the Headsmart Campaign undertaken by hospitals throughout the State in educating bicyclists to wear helmets for safety. Fourth, the Committee set aside \$30,000 to be invested in CD's from which the yearly interest would be used to fund the annual History Days Scholarship and Incentive Award Program. This program provided a scholarship to the high school student who won an essay contest featuring some phase of Idaho's history. It also provided an award to the history teacher of the student who won the scholarship. The scholarship was valid only when used in attending an Idaho college or university.

The certificates of deposit would be purchased from a Boise bank and the annual income from the investment would be managed by the Idaho Historical Society. The whole idea was that such funding would be for an indefinite period of time extending far into the 21st Century, perhaps even to Idaho's Bicentennial Celebration. The Education Committee committed \$6,000 to this project, making a total contribution of \$36,000. The yearly income from this investment was calculated to be between \$2,200 and \$2,500. I was the one who conceived the idea, but submitted it with some doubt as to its acceptability. To my delight, it received unanimous support from the Youth Committee and Centennial Commission. I feel this was the finest contribution of the Youth Committee to Idaho's Centennial Commemoration.

From March 1990 when I became chairman of the Youth Committee to 1991 when the Committee closed its account and ceased to function, I was assisted by a Centennial staff member named Barrett Rainey. He was an accountant and project manager for the Commission. His services to me were immeasurable. In April 1990, Barrett wrote me a letter in which he said: “Dear Alyn, The day I've been looking forward to with mixed emotions is about here and I am about to phase out of the Centennial staff.

“On May 14th, I will become Executive Vice President of the Idaho Health Care Association, the association that represents active retirement homes, nursing homes and all other secondary health facilities in the state. It is an opportunity to associate my professional life with my continuing interest in Hospice care. I will continue on the Centennial staff on a limited basis through the Statehood Day festivities and the week of the Indian Expo.

“This letter really should start off “Dear Friend” because in these last three years you have shown me a great deal of support and consideration. And I know, at times, those weren’t easy things to do. But that is what friends do.

“If there are any loose ends I can tie up for you, please let me know. Cathy Holland-Smith will continue to track payments and will be very supportive.

“Again, getting to know you has been a real ‘high spot’ in this whirlwind we all have shared. Thank you for your respect, support and association. Gratefully, Barrett F. Rainey.”

In response to his letter, I wrote Barrett in May 1990: “Dear Barrett, I certainly appreciate all you have helped me do. I could not have executed my Commission responsibilities as easily and effectively without your help. I am happy you have secured your professional future, but I’m sorry to see you leave the Commission staff early. I hoped you would stay till the ‘last dog was hung.’ My first thought when I learned you were leaving early was, ‘How am I going to get along without him?’ But I suppose by the time you leave, the hard part will be over. I wish you well in your new undertaking. Sincerely, Alyn.”

On June 30, 1991, Idaho’s Centennial Commission “officially ceased to exist.” By then all projects were in place, all accounts had been closed and all meetings were history. On June 9, Harry Magneson wrote a letter to Commission members in which he said: “I wish to express my personal thanks to you for everything you did to help make Idaho’s Centennial such a productive and memorable celebration. It has been an historic event for which we can all be proud. It was a celebration that Idahoans will never forget. Thank you for being a member of Idaho’s Centennial Commission.” Six weeks later Governor Cecil Andrus wrote me a letter in which he said: “On June 30, with virtually no fanfare, the Idaho Centennial Commission officially ceased to exist. It is probably safe to say that no other state agency has had such a positive impact upon our state in such a short period of time. It is a record of accomplishment that is not likely to be repeated.

“I recall attending the Commission’s first meeting on July 29, 1985. There was no fixed set of plans, no staff and very little funding. I had the privilege of watching our Centennial celebration come to life during the succeeding years.

“There can be no doubt that the members and staff of the Idaho Centennial Commission deserve the lion’s share of the credit for making the celebration

such a spectacular success. On behalf of all one million citizens of Idaho, I want to extend my heartfelt appreciation to you for the tremendous job that you did. Your personal contributions to the Centennial effort have been felt by all of Idaho and will continue to benefit our state for many years to come.

“Again, congratulations on a job exceedingly well done! With best wishes,
Sincerely, Cecil D. Andrus, Governor.”

My service on Idaho's Centennial Commission certainly constituted a high point in my life. I never sought the appointment. Indeed I was intimidated by it. I never felt I was equal to the task. I felt there were others more competent than I who would have done what I did better than I. But I doubt there was anyone who would have exercised more discipline than I in discharging an assignment that loomed almost insurmountable on life's horizon. I did what was required of me. I received my commendations. And after all was over, I felt at peace with myself.

As I have written about the part I played in Idaho's Centennial Commemoration, I have been amazed that I thought what I thought, said what I said, did what I did, and wrote what I wrote. I have experienced anew the fears, anxieties, frustrations, satisfactions and sense of personal accomplishment that came to me as a result of my experience. If I had to relive the Centennial Commission experience, knowing what I know now, I would probably feel much the same way I felt initially. Certainly, I would not seek the appointment. Nevertheless, I would not trade that experience for anything else I can think of in the world of public service. The only experiences that transcend it are those that have come as a result of priesthood callings by virtue of my membership in the Church. Finally, I believe I now sense what Dad must have felt as he served Idaho for a quarter century in the Legislature, as a County Commissioner and State Land Agent.

The Idaho Historic Sites Review Board

During some of the years I served on the Centennial Commission, I also served as a member of the Idaho Historic Sites Review Board. I was appointed to the Board in June 1987 by David Crowder, Idaho's Preservation Officer and head of the Idaho Historical Society. I was released in December 1994 by John R. Hill who had replaced David Crowder. So from June 1987 to June 1991 I served on both the Centennial Commission and Review Board.

The Review Board was composed of five to ten members representing various regions of Idaho. Five members were necessary to constitute a quorum. While I served, membership was never less than eight. Most members lived in Boise or vicinity. One represented northern Idaho. Others, including myself, lived in southern and eastern Idaho. According to the Board's By-Laws, a

majority of members were to be “professionals in the fields of history, archeology, architectural history, architecture and closely related fields.” I was the professional historian on the Board. Max Pavesic from Boise State University was the archeologist. Other board members were architects such as Charles Hummel from Boise, and architectural historians such as Arthur Hart from Boise. Members such as Mary Lesser from Boise, Wayne Bell from Preston and Howard Moon from St. Anthony enjoyed history as a hobby. Mary Lesser served as Board chairman during most of my service. Members served four-year terms. The Board was required to meet at least three times each year. These meetings were held all over Idaho from Coeur d’Alene in the north to Paris in the southeast. Board members were paid a travel expense by the State.

The purpose of the Board was to review “National Register” nominations and recommend to the State Preservation Officer whether they be recommended for the National Register. The Board also served as an advisory body to the State Preservation Officer in matters of historic preservation. The nominations were many and the amount of paper required for each nomination was enormous. At least one national forest was used to supply paper for nominations while I served on the Board.

The most interesting meeting I attended as a Board member was held in Grangeville. During our meeting, we toured a nunnery, near Cottonwood, called St. Gertrude’s. The nunnery was interesting. The nuns were all older women who were not replaced with younger women following death. Consequently, membership in the nunnery was decreasing and the nunnery was dying. But, old as they were, the nuns treated us royally, especially me because I was the youngest Board member. Perhaps I looked as though I needed mothering.

I rode my motorcycle to Grangeville. The ride was very satisfying. I rode over 600 miles in 12 hours. I was tired, but happy. My route took me through Fairfield, Mountain Home, Boise, and McCall. I returned by following the Locksa River over Lolo Pass to Missoula, where I stayed overnight, before continuing home via Dillon. I rode my bike to other Board meetings, but none of those rides will compare with the one to Grangeville and back.

My service on the Historic Sites Review Board, though interesting and rewarding, did not compare with my experience as a member of the Centennial Commission. I enjoyed making new friends and visiting new places, especially on the motorcycle, and I had a sense of public service, but it was not nearly as exquisite as when I served on the Centennial Commission.

Awards and Contributions

The first award I received while teaching at Ricks College was \$100 for the best article published in the April 1987 issue of *New Perspectives*, a campus

periodical. The article was entitled "The Constitutional Convention." I was surprised to receive the award. I never expected an award for any article I had written or might write. I didn't know I was to receive the award until I was called to the rostrum at the beginning of a faculty meeting during Fall Semester. John Nielson, editor of *New Perspectives* made the award and handed me the cheque.

In March 1991, I was honored at a Faculty Association Banquet with a certificate of award in "recognition of outstanding teaching and example." This was signed by Boyd Cardon, President, Dorla Jenkins, Vice President, and Carma Sutherland, Secretary of the Faculty Association.

One year later (1992) I received a Faculty Recognition Award from Ed Malstrom, chairman of the Behavioral and Social Science Division. This award was given each year to a faculty member within the Division deemed worthy of its reception. It carried a stipend of \$500. In his letter commending me as the recipient of the Award, Ed wrote: "Dear Alyn, Just a note to express my gratitude and appreciation for the effort that you put forth to the faculty, staff and students of Ricks College over this past academic year. I appreciate the quiet, dedicated approach that you have exhibited in your professional experience at Ricks, and especially your effective leadership of the History Department. You have conducted yourself admirably in administering the operation of the history faculty and have put out many 'fires' and soothed many 'ruffled feathers.' Your leadership has enabled a good working relationship among the faculty of your department. This has culminated in a solid, effective history and government program . . .

"Alyn, I am grateful for your efforts, leadership, support and friendship, and compliment you on your significant contribution to the Ricks College community.

"This Faculty Recognition Award, along with its small stipend, is a token of the appreciation I, and other administrators, have for your diligent efforts, and hope that it will encourage you to continue these efforts on behalf of your colleagues and students.

"Thanks again for your quiet, effective, and diligent service to all concerned with Ricks College. With respect and admiration, Ed Malstrom."

At the end of the 1991-1992 School Year, the Associated Student of Ricks College presented me with a certificate "in appreciation of outstanding service rendered to the Associated Students of Ricks College . . . in the area of history." This certificate was signed by Randy Thompson, ASRC President, and Ann M. Peltier, ASRC Officer. I have no idea why I was awarded this certificate. Through the years, I must have served the students better than I thought.

In 1995, I received another Faculty Recognition Award. Don Bird, Academic Vice-president, congratulated me when he wrote: “Dear Alyn, Your division chairman, Ed Malstrom, reported to me that you have recently been awarded a Faculty Recognition Award. I wanted to personally offer my congratulations and thank you for your service to Ricks College for so many years. You have affected for good the lives of thousands of students who have been in your classes. We look forward to your continued loyal services. . . . Warm regards, Donald C. Bird.”

In 1996, I received the Distinguished Faculty Award. Paul Nye, a history faculty member, nominated me for this award. Otherwise, I doubt I would have received it. Paul worked hard to gather material supporting his nomination. A part of that material was a letter written by Gary Marshall, a member of the history faculty, which read as follows: “I have known Alyn Andrus since I was a student in high school. He is indeed one of the great teachers I have known. He has been totally dedicated to the profession and to his students over the many years he has taught. No one that I know has been more determined to teach something of value and significance, to teach with great compassion and understanding, and to teach with passion and conviction. He has truly been one of the great ones.

“Alyn has understood the place of great trust that he holds, and has sought never to violate that trust. Teaching history is not an easy task — it is pulled and torn by ideology and passionate extremes. But Alyn has always remained in the mainstream where he can guide and influence students in appropriate ways. He has a great, quiet optimism. He lifts and builds; never does he destroy faith or understanding, or conviction. There is deliberate order to his teaching — it is basic and sound and has withstood the onslaught of unwarranted change. His teaching has been a bastion of stability in the midst of a great storm. He has taught in a way that was extremely effective for him and for his students. He has been enormously successful over the years and should be commended.

“With his peers and associates, he has always been kind, even deferential. He has sensed the right things to do in the right times and moments. He has been effective as a leader — compassionate and understanding of needs, but frugal and fiscally responsible. He always desires to see the good side and to emphasize the positive. I am grateful for those moments when I have been tutored by his wise counsel. No one can do it better than he can.

“I wish with all my heart that he could be recognized for his contribution to education generally and to Ricks College more specifically. His contributions stand among the great and noble teachers of our generation. He deserves the kind of formal recognition which is given to teachers of his stature. I urge you to consider him for that recognition. Sincerely, Gary L. Marshall.”

Gary was generous in his commendation and recommendation. Other members of the History Department were equally complimentary. I was deeply touched by what they wrote. I would not have recommended myself as highly as they did. I remember feelings I had to discipline and words that remained unspoken by severe self-control that involved students and colleagues. Moreover, others had keener minds and more fluent tongues than I. But I decided a long time ago that life is lived by perceptions, not by a clear understanding of facts. So, if this is the way I was perceived by so many, there must be an element of truth in those perceptions. Finally, our boy, Steve, told me once that he doesn't remember anything specific I told him, but he does remember my example. And my example is what he governed his life by. Example, of course, is recognized through perception.

In 1997, just prior to retiring, Gloria and I were surprised to receive the Presidential Service Award. This award was given to us by President Steve Bennion at a luncheon honoring several other people who received various awards for their association with and dedication to Ricks College. Our children and grandchildren were present with us at the luncheon which made the occasion extra special.

A letter, written to Gloria and me, informing us that we were to receive the Presidential Service Award stated: "No doubt the phone call from President Bennion Wednesday came as a surprise. The President's staff and the Development Office feel both of you are great examples of what this award represents.

"The purpose of this letter is to provide you with the details related to the presentation of the Presidential Service Award and other details in making plans for the Awards Luncheon and the Graduation Banquet.

"This honor originated from the Ricks College Development Office and the President's Office, so I had little control over time lines . . . Congratulations. Sincerely, Gary P. Brock, Director, Ricks Alumni Association."

At the luncheon held on April 25, 1997, each one of us was required to give brief remarks upon receipt of the award. The award for Gloria and me was a Ricks College blanket. I had expressed to Gloria sometime before that I would like to receive one of those blankets. They could not be bought. They were given only as awards. I had no idea that I would ever receive one. And I wonder, even to this day, why Gloria and I were selected to receive this Award. Others, I'm sure, contributed as generously to the College as we. We were honored again as recipients of this award at the Graduation Banquet held Friday evening, April 25.

The monetary contributions Gloria and I gave to Ricks College over the years were sufficiently substantial to earn us the Presidential Service Award.

We contributed \$1000 per year to the Ricks College Boosters Club for many years. This contribution was sufficient to earn us chair seats about ten rows up in front of the fifty-yard line in the football stadium. In the Main Gym, our seats were two rows up to the right of the scorer's table and behind the Ricks College varsity bench — probably among the few seats which were the most coveted in the Gym. President Steve Bennion sat right behind me during basketball games, and would massage my shoulders.

I contributed \$480 per year to the History Scholarship Fund. This amounted to about one-half of the Fund's yearly value, although six members of the History Department contributed to the Fund. Each spring, two worthy freshmen majoring in history were awarded scholarships of \$400 each. In addition to this contribution, I contributed \$320 per year to the College General Fund. These contributions were made over an extended period of time.

Gloria contributed \$600 per year to a Registrar's Scholarship for Single Parents. This was a scholarship created and maintained by her and staff members to help single mothers striving to earn the Associate Degree to become better qualified as "breadwinners" for children. The yearly value of this fund was \$1800, sufficient for two to three scholarships. Gloria would come home after awarding these scholarships and relate how emotional the experience had been. The recipients would cry, then Gloria and staff members would cry and all would feel rewarded. This scholarship was in place for about twelve years. So, at least twenty young mothers were helped by it.

Gloria and I have enjoyed giving what we felt we could give over the years to help students gain an education. We want to continue that practice, so we have arranged in our will to give our house to Ricks College with the understanding that whatever income may be realized from it will fund scholarships for worthy students. We have wished we had a million dollars. If we had, we'd give it all for scholarships.

Gloria received several awards during her service to Ricks as registrar. She received an ROTC award, the first one issued at Ricks for being helpful to ROTC students. In 1986, she received an Exemplary Employee Award, for helpfulness to faculty, staff and students, and a cheque for \$500.00. In 1997, she received a Community Services Award, and an award from the Forum Committee, "for many years of dedicated service." Finally, in that same year, she received an award from the Ricks College Division of Athletics for "16 years of superb work" in certifying "athlete eligibility."

But Gloria's most complimentary and satisfying awards were speaking assignments. On May 7, 1991, she spoke in a summer devotional assembly. Her address was entitled "Sariah's Children." It featured American Indians and their Lamanite ancestors. It was intended to elevate Indians generally and

particularly Indian students at Ricks College so the rest of us may regard them as equals, and treat them as such. Her address was powerful. She received numerous compliments and requests for copies. I was proud of her.

Then in June 1997, at summer graduation, Gloria was selected to give the graduation address. It was an eloquent and forceful blasting of scapegoating. It was the product of dealing with administrators, faculty, staff and students who were unwilling to accept personal responsibility for undesirable consequences or for possibilities that certainly could be undesirable realities. Her address was published in the 1997 Fall Issue of *New Perspectives*. I was as proud of her that day as I had been six years before when she delivered the address about Lamanites.

President Steve Bennion introduced Gloria as the graduation speaker. In his introduction, he said: "For the past sixteen years, Gloria Andrus has been one of the great people behind the scenes of the successful graduation ceremonies at Ricks College. She was appointed Registrar in August of 1981 and officially 'retires' this month. She has literally overseen the registration of classes and graduation evaluations for thousands of students. Her reputation for integrity and cooperation is known at colleges and universities throughout the Intermountain West. She has a unique perspective of your personal achievement at this graduation."

I wrote my own tribute to Gloria and sent it to her on May 28, 1997. This was not shared with anyone except Gloria. At this time in our lives, I wanted her to know how I felt about her. I wrote: "Gloria will retire from Ricks College in two days. Accordingly, I write this letter commending her on what I think is a remarkable achievement. And what I say should be more meaningful than another because I know her better and, hopefully, she loves me more. Having said that, this is what I think.

"When I married Gloria 42 years ago, I knew she was a 'go-getter.' And that is exactly what I wanted in a wife. I knew the two of us, working together, could go far. She has never disappointed me. We have come far together.

"Gloria has always been an avid reader, but, until 30 years ago, books she read were novels. Her favorite periodical was *Redbook*. After I started teaching for B.Y.U.-Ricks College, she registered for my courses (she has taken every college course I have taught) and read the required textbooks, other books and periodicals. Her intellectual horizons expanded, though novels continued to constitute the bulk of her reading. Then after returning from Western Samoa, where we spent 2.5 years teaching for the Church, she registered as a full-time student at Ricks College for a semester. Her reading, during that semester, was heavy and challenging. Her grades were excellent. At that point, there was no

doubt she could handle college level academic requirements better than most. However, novels continued to be her focus.

“Then, shortly before her mother’s demise, Grandma Ruth (my designation for her mother) elicited a promise from Gloria that she would write her mother’s history. Accordingly, no longer than is required to regain one’s balance after the loss of a loved one, Gloria launched into the task of honoring that promise. Actually, when she promised her mother a history, she had in mind a ten-page life sketch, such as we hear in funerals. But after ten pages, she still on the introduction. So she set her mind to the task and forged ahead onto the uncertain, forbidding, and demanding terrain of historical research. In the meantime, Elijah’s Spirit took over, turning her ‘heart to her fathers.’ Five years and 500 pages later, she published a first-rate history of the Rothlisberger family (her mother’s ancestors). Five years after that, she published another 700 page history of the Goodman family, proclaimed by its readers to be a family treasure. Twelve hundred pages of family history in ten years is no trifling accomplishment, especially when one considers that while engaged in such work, Gloria discharged her responsibilities as registrar at Ricks with remarkable distinction. Also, during this time, she completed her requirements for an Associate’s Degree and graduated from Ricks. The time and effort required by these achievements were extraordinary. Research and reading necessary for publishing her two histories demanded not only time and energy, but discipline, focus, analysis and interpretation required only by life’s noteworthy accomplishments — Gloria researched and read heavy stuff. I think her books would equate with two masters theses. I was proud of her then. And I’m proud of her now.

“Today, Gloria’s transformation is complete. She reads an occasional novel, but the bulk of her reading comprises high-level history, ecclesiastical and otherwise. One of her favorite authors is Hugh Nibley, whose writing demands considerable concentration and reading-discipline. Her favorite periodicals are *B.Y.U. Studies* and *Journal of Mormon History*. Each year, if our schedule permits, she insists that we attend the Mormon History Conference. What a remarkable and interesting experience I’ve enjoyed watching Gloria ascend the academic and intellectual ladder. I got not only what I wanted, but more than I expected.

“Today, Gloria and I discuss history as equals. She no longer learns exclusively from me in matters of history. I learn from her too. We share a common interest, and this blesses our marriage. My advanced academic degree simply put me on par with her — without it, Gloria may have left me behind.

“I’m proud of my wife. I can’t imagine life without her. I do not believe there is another woman who could take her place in my life. She is, in large

measure, the source of my happiness. I can think of nothing I might want more than to proceed from this life into the next, side-by-side and hand-in-hand with Gloria Ruth Goodman Andrus. Written sincerely and with love, Alyn.” Now on to retirement activities.

Retirement (1997)

Retirement activities in which I was honored began on April 18, 1997. I was honored, along with Ray Gallup, Gordon Gibbs, Ririe Godfrey, and Harvey Jackman, who were also retiring, at a Faculty Association Banquet in the Manwaring Center West Ballroom. A brief history of my life and service at Ricks College, along with my picture, appeared on a page of the booklet prepared for the banquet. I also received a cheque for \$50.00.

Gloria and I held our retirement reception together. I didn't want one, but so many of my colleagues asked me about when it would be, that I decided to go ahead and combine it with Gloria's. The reception was held in the Administration Building on April 25, 1997. The reception line was long and expressions of love and appreciation were many. We were overwhelmed with the outpouring. Ed Malstrom, on behalf of the Behavioral and Social Science Division, gave me an expensive pair of binoculars. Gloria received a Christus, and we both received several boxes of Florence's chocolates. In addition there was a plethora of cards and letters wishing us well. The most memorable of these was a card showing an old couple on a motorcycle with a sidecar. Piled high on the seat behind the driver were boxes and suitcases. The woman in the sidecar asks, "Do you think we've forgotten something?"

April 25, for us, was very memorable. At noon we participated in the awards luncheon with President Bennion and others, including our children and grandchildren. In the afternoon, we met our friends and colleagues at our retirement reception. And that evening we would be honored again as recipients of the Presidential Service Award at the Graduation Banquet. That night, after all was over, we went home tired, but happy.

But there were still good things to come. On May 11, the History Department sponsored a dinner for Gloria and me. The food was delicious, but visiting with good friends and colleagues was better. After dinner, each member of the history faculty who chose to, expressed their feelings about me. These expressions overwhelmed me. I was moved, emotionally. I give what Lawrence Coates wrote about me and read to the group as an example: "Tonight, I want to highlight several personal qualities that I admire in Alyn Andrus, which make him a first class person.

"Alyn's character is solid and unflinching like a granite mountain. I still picture Alyn standing in his office with his unorthodox cowboy boots, vest, and

hat telling me the administration opposed our plans for an Idaho History Conference at Ricks College, because we had invited (Congressman) Richard Stallings (a Democrat) to speak on the qualities the president of the United States ought to have. The administration tried to force us to retract our invitation for him to come, but Alyn would not budge, because he felt he was right. I commend him for his courage. He said something like, ‘What the hell do they think they are doing? If we invited Steve Simms (Idaho’s U.S. Senator, a Republican) who flaunts the moral code, there would be no objection.’

“However, this stone-like character has a sensitive and compassionate side. He reaches out to people who suffer from being down trodden. On many occasions, I have talked with him about health problems that Paul Nye has experienced over the years. Alyn expressed his agony many times for the suffering of Paul. He not only called him, but he went to see him.

“Loyalty ranks high among Alyn’s personal qualities. He does not say one thing and do another. I know he has defended members of the Department against vicious criticism. One crowning example occurred during 1997, when the administration tried to terminate the employment of Mike Lenhart. Alyn fought tenaciously to keep him on the faculty. Had Alyn been weak-willed or disloyal, Mike would not be teaching with us next year. Alyn has always been devoted to defending our honest efforts in teaching students, so they will not be intellectually deceived.

“Alyn uses his mind to think about important intellectual issues. He is not a ‘Molly Mormon clone.’ He reads the evidence on all sides of historical questions and takes an intelligent stand based on the facts. He is not afraid to read *Sunstone*, *Dialogue* or other critical literature. He stands for history that is truthful and honest rather than simply mythmaking, faith-promoting tales. He defends truth against the soft, anti-intellectual history that so many prefer.

“Now, I do not want to give Alyn the impression that he is perfect. Like most people, he has some serious flaws. Unfortunately, he does not recognize them. A word or two may help him see one of his most fundamental weaknesses. Church leaders have repeatedly said, good Latter-day Saints cannot support any group that advocates actions which restrict free agency. It’s clear welfarism and governmental control restricts free agency. Since the Democratic Party encourages welfarism and government control, one cannot be a good Democrat and still be a good Latter-day Saint. Furthermore, being a liberal Democrat compounds this sin.

“Never forget the words of Elouise Bell. Upon leaving the field house at BYU one day, she overheard two faculty members talking about a forum. One said to the other, ‘Well, it was very informative, and I really enjoyed it. The only thing that disappoints me is that we can’t have a real Communist talk on

campus.' To which the other replied, 'A real Communist! Are you serious? We can't even have a real Democrat!'

"Because of these sins, you cannot retire, for B.H. Roberts said, 'I plead not guilty to the charge of Mormon Democrats being in retirement — speaking for one Democrat, at least; and I know my own case is paralleled by many other cases of leading Mormon Democrats; we are never in retirement. We are always in evidence, much to the disgust, perhaps, of some people; nevertheless, when the drum sounds, the war spirit is on, and we are in the fight; and expect us to be in the fights of the future. I shall leave our Republican friends to plead their own case, knowing very well their ability to do so.'"

Lawrence also wrote and read a tribute to Gloria. Over the years Gloria had addressed Lawrence as "Sir Lawrence." In response, he had addressed her as "Lady Gloria." With that in mind, Sir Lawrence's tribute to Lady Gloria was read as follows: "Lady Gloria, I hate to see you take Alyn, leave campus, ride south on your motorcycles, or go to some distant place, because you are so important to so many people both on and off the campus. Yes, I know pleading will not change your mind. Nevertheless, I want to personally thank you for being a true lady as well as being helpful in so many ways.

"Many times, I have needed telephone numbers before the directory was published; you gave the numbers to me without fail. And before we were given access to the AS400 (the main college computer), I could always call Lady Gloria if I wanted the number of students enrolled in my classes. Occasionally, I made errors in recording the correct grades for students. Lady Gloria always helped me resolve these kinds of problems without much humiliation.

"Every semester, for several years, I called Lady Gloria and asked her to put files on a disk for me for midterm and final grades. She always obliged and called me when the disk was ready for grades.

"Your influence on various committees will be desperately missed. The voice of Lady Gloria on the Forum Committee left an important liberal influence. Probably, you were the only Democrat on some of the committees."

Mike Lenhart, whom I defended before the Administration, as being a teacher worthy of hire during future years, wrote me a long and very personal tribute. I chose not to make it a part of this history, but in it Mike expressed his appreciation for what I had done in his behalf. He expressed how I had helped get beyond the "institutional church" and accept the church and Ricks College as God's instruments for doing good in the world. Finally, he expressed his love for me as a father figure in his life. To receive these compliments from Mike was very meaningful inasmuch as he is very bright, knowledgeable and sincere.

Paul Nye's most eloquent expression in commending me was given in his nominating me for the Distinguished Faculty Award. I've already written about that and the effort Paul put into the nomination.

Other history faculty members, Eugene Thompson and David Pock, were as complimentary as those I've already mentioned. To all of these men I wrote a letter of thanks. It was dated May 13, 1997 and read: "Dear History Faculty, Thanks for the great evening last Saturday. Without doubt, it was the best history faculty dinner and social I've ever been involved in, for obvious reasons I suppose. Never before in my life have I received such an outpouring of commendation. I was so overwhelmed that I was somewhat embarrassed by all that was said. I meant what I tried to express to you that night: Good friends are a priceless treasure, and the memory of good friendships is with one constantly wherever one goes, and never fades with the passage of time. That too is priceless. And that is exactly how I see all of you — you are my good friends. You are also good men, and that makes your friendship even more meaningful to me. Thanks for being who you are. Sincerely, Alyn."

I also wrote Ed Malstrom, chairman of the Behavioral and Social Science Division, a letter of thanks. And I thanked President Steve Bennion for his friendship and the Presidential Service Award. These letters pretty well closed out my retirement activities at Ricks College.

In summarizing my experience at Ricks, I quote a letter written to my brothers and sisters, dated April 22, 1997. I wrote: "Dear Family Members, I enjoyed dinner at Rich and Millie's the other night. I enjoyed the food and the company. Thanks, Rich and Millie, for bringing us together.

"Following dinner, I was interested in the discussion involving Ricks College. The College's admission policies were questioned as well as its dress and grooming standards. I didn't say much because I felt there was at least an element of truth in the comments that were made. However, since our gathering, I have thought a lot about what was said, and now feel obligated to respond, perhaps because after having spent 29 years at Ricks, I want you to know how I feel. I don't expect to change any attitudes and I certainly don't want to offend anyone, but at this point in my life, to let you know how I feel about Ricks College is important to me.

"I fell in love with Ricks College 29 years ago when I came here to teach. And I'm still in love with the College. I have never missed a class because of illness, and I have never gotten out of bed in the morning dreading to go to work. I have thoroughly enjoyed my teaching experience at the College. I have been left free to teach the way I have chosen. So far as I know, I have never been monitored in the classroom by the Administration. I have never felt threatened by the Administration to conform to school policy. I have even argued with

school administrators over policy and have maintained a positive working relationship with them. I have been trusted to be a responsible teacher, and I have tried to honor that trust. I remember only one negative experience during that 29-year period of time, and that happened this past winter semester. But even that turned out O.K. So, I am leaving Ricks College with good memories and positive feelings.

“And when I leave, I will leave good friends, even though many of them are Republicans. For the most part, staff, faculty and administrators have treated me very well over the years, even during political campaigns. I have been irritated with some because of their narrow views, but most have been broad-minded enough that we have maintained a warm, friendly relationship. For 29 years, I have not heard swearing, vulgarity or profanity on campus, even in the locker room. I have thoroughly enjoyed the environment here. To me, it has been like Camelot in the midst of a turbulent world. Some may think that I do not know what the real world is like. But I had my brush with reality when I went into the mission field. I grew tired of dealing with drunk Indians. I felt disgust and fear watching men fight with knives, slicing each other and ending up in the hospital. I tired of being threatened with physical violence until the district president required that my companion and I phone him every day for a period of about six weeks until the crisis had passed. Indian girls tried to seduce my companion and me. The Isletta Indians would glut themselves on melons and hot peppers until they developed dysentery, then they would come to us, asking for priesthood blessings, only to return and glut themselves again. I remember feeling a little nervous when Indians told how their witch doctors would turn into wolves or mad dogs and tear to pieces those who antagonized them. They threatened us with curses. So, I have had my brush with the real world. That is why I have appreciated Ricks College so much.

“Now, I know Ricks is not a perfect institution. Its admission policy disappoints many. And I admit that policy is complicated and difficult to understand. But no admission policy would satisfy everyone. Bob is right when he says those who work at the College send their children to school tuition-free. But most institutions of higher learning, and businesses, grant privileges to their employees. And I can tell you that stake presidents and bishops do not get free tuition for their children — they pay like everybody else outside the College.

“Ken criticized Ricks for its dress and grooming standards, but frankly, they are what has helped maintain the environment that I have appreciated. So far as hair length is concerned, we cannot compare the College with temple attenders. Unlike the temple, the College is dealing with a concentration of 8,000 students. And if strict standards were not maintained among such a concentration of students, before long there would be few standards, and the

student body, so far as church standards are concerned, would be out of control. If I were the president of Ricks College, I would insist on enforcement of current dress and grooming standards. I would have to. The Board of Education (Quorum of the Twelve Apostles) would require it. Every policy maintained by the College is approved by the Board of Education.

“I know that hair length at Ricks seems to be a trivial and ridiculous issue at times. Frequently, I have thought so myself. But I also know that a young person’s pride, arrogance and tendency to buck the system can be controlled easiest by keeping his hair cut. The story of Sampson’s strength being in a full head of hair may have more to it than we think.

“Finally, I have noticed the ones who pass harsh judgment on the College always are they who are frustrated. They have either had a severe negative experience at Ricks or have been frustrated in some other way by the Institution. But then is not that the way with most of us in this life? We are certainly not going to criticize positive influences and experiences.

“Well, how I feel about Ricks or how someone else feels about it is not going to alter the School very much. Ricks is here because of the Church, and it will stay here because of the Church. And its policies and procedures will be endorsed by the Church. I just feel privileged to have been able to teach here. If I could live the past 30 years of my life over, for the most part, I would make the same choices, including those that relate to my experiences at Ricks College. I have led a full life. I have happy memories. And Ricks College has contributed to those memories. I only hope I can feel about my retirement years, after my life has run its course and I am ready to move on, the same way I feel now about my past. If I can, then I will be ready to move on. May God bless us all. Sincerely, Alyn.”

Part Four: My Married Years at Ricks College (1968-1997)

Chapter 4

Church Service

Ricks College First Stake Sunday School Board

My call to serve the Church in Rexburg, Idaho came before we left Ucon to live in Rexburg. During the summer of 1968, J. Wendell Stucki, President of the Ricks College First Stake, called to ask if I would serve as a counselor in the Stake Sunday School presidency. Mack Shirley, who would become Ricks College Dean of Students, was the Stake Sunday School president. I assured President Stucki I would serve as requested. Serving in the Stake Sunday School Presidency was not a calling that demanded a lot of time, nor did it take me away from home much on Sunday. It allowed me to attend most of my meetings with Gloria and the boys in the Rexburg Fifth Ward, our home ward. I served in this calling for one year.

Ricks College First Stake High Council

My second and third years in Rexburg, I served as a member of the Ricks College First Stake High Council. Apparently, President Stucki wanted me on the high council more than he wanted me in the Stake Sunday School Presidency. At any rate, I enjoyed serving on the High Council.

President Stucki, who taught agricultural classes at Ricks College, was, in my estimation, a competent and effective church leader. He was easy to work with, listened to his counselors and high council members, then when a decision had to be made, he decided quickly and held firm to his decisions. Seldom did he make a mistake in judgment so far as I could tell. I liked him.

One of my assignments on the High Council was to represent President Stucki in the Ricks College Sixteenth Ward which met in the gymnasium of the old Gym Building. This building stood where the Eliza R. Snow Building now stands. A few years following the time I am writing about, the Gym Building caught fire and was destroyed. Shortly after that, the Eliza R. Snow Building was constructed. This is where the fine arts are now taught (drama, humanities, and music).

The gymnasium in the old Gym Building was on the third floor. Every Sunday morning, I would climb the stairs to the third floor and first sit with the

bishopric in their meeting, then attend Priesthood, Sunday School and Sacrament meetings. I enjoyed my association with leaders and students of this ward until near the end of my assignment. Then I began to feel uneasy, as though all was not right.

Bishop of the Sixteenth Ward was McNeil Glenn, a handsome, eloquent and socially attractive fellow. Everyone liked him, especially the female students. He taught Business and Economics on campus and was a popular teacher. Eventually, I learned that he was counseling young women alone in his car at night. And still later, after he had been released as Bishop and dismissed from the Ricks College faculty, I learned that he had used illegal drugs. No wonder I began to feel uneasy about him and the Ward. I remember one day President Stucki met me in the C.O.B. (Classroom and Office Building, now the Joseph Fielding Smith Building) and asked me how things were going with Bishop Glenn and the Ward. I responded that I wasn't sure. I told him about my feeling of uneasiness, saying I didn't know its source. He said he had experienced the same feeling, and neither did he know its source. I don't know what happened between President Stucki and Bishop Glenn after that conversation, but shortly after, Bishop Glenn was released. And not long after that, he was dismissed as a faculty member. A few years later, he died.

Second Counselor in the Fourth Ward Bishopric

During the summer of 1971, the Rexburg Fourth Ward Bishopric was changed. Members of the old bishopric (Whitey Brock, bishop; Larry Perkins, first counselor and Reed Squires, second counselor) were released and members constituting a new bishopric were called, ordained, set apart and sustained. The new bishop was Keith L. Peterson, owner and manager of a clothing store in Rexburg. His first counselor was Frank Jacobs, agricultural agent for Madison County. Bishop Peterson requested me as his second counselor.

I hardly knew Bishop Peterson or Frank Jacobs. I knew who they were and what they did for a living. I knew they were members of the Fourth Ward, but hadn't associated with them as ward members because I seldom attended ward meetings, due to my campus calling. Bishop Peterson later told me he had been attracted to me as I managed a little league baseball team. He was impressed with the way in which I seemed to be organized and with the quiet, unflustered way in which I managed team members. When he was called to be a bishop, his memory of me on the ball field came to mind, and he knew at once I should be his second counselor.

I served with Bishop Peterson and Frank Jacobs four years, until Bishop Peterson was called to be president of the Rexburg East Stake. During this time, we not only got to know each other pretty well, but served harmoniously

together and became good friends. Bishop Peterson and his wife Kathleen had three girls (Debbie, Kristie and Marcie) and one boy (Jeff). Frank Jacobs and his wife Geraldine had three girls (Marilyn, Christine and Kathie) and two boys (Mitch and Kirk). At the time of this writing (June 10, 2000), all these children are married and have families of their own except for Kristie Peterson who died of cancer soon after marriage. Bishop Peterson, after having served as stake president and a sealer in the Idaho Falls Temple, died of Parkinson's disease and a stroke. Frank Jacobs is recovering from hip replacement surgery and is battling kidney disease.

Bishop Peterson and Frank Jacobs had been close friends for years before serving in the Bishopric together. So in terms of close relationships, I was the one on the outside. Occasionally, they would vacation together and leave me in charge of the Ward. Many times during the four years I served with them, I officiated and conducted sacrament meetings, interviews and handled ward business alone. Frequently, during these times, I would invite the high priest group leader to sit with me. This helped dispel the feeling of being alone. I could empathize very easily with President Hinckley when he conducted General Conference alone because other members of the First Presidency were too sick and feeble to attend meeting. On the other hand, I felt complimented that Bishop Peterson felt sufficiently confident in me that he was willing to leave me alone to manage the Ward. I doubt he ever lacked faith in me, but our ward clerk (Jay Schelin) at first wondered if I had the intelligence to function in a bishopric.

Long after Jay became better acquainted with me, he told Gloria that I seemed to deliberate so much and was so careful in expressing myself, that he had serious doubts about my ability to make decisions. He rested easier when he understood that before I expressed myself, I had thought through the issue, problem, or proposal pretty thoroughly and when I expressed my opinion I did so with some force and clearly enough so there was no question about what I thought or where I stood in the matter.

Another reason why Jay and others may have wondered why I should be a member of any Bishopric was because of the way I dressed. At this time, I changed my dress from the standard shoes, suits and white button shirts to conservative western dress. I wore boots, western cut suits, white shirts with snaps and western bow ties. I'm sure I looked like a "dude." But I acted as cultured as I knew how, and people generally accepted me without commenting on my dress. Our boys, Steve and Daniel, called me a goat-roper.

Bishop Peterson was personable and easy to like. He was cooperative to work with and exercised sound judgment. I thought he was a considerate and effective bishop. Frank Jacobs was friendly, able and humorous. I liked him.

As second counselor in the bishopric, I was over the Young Men and Young Womens' organizations which included scouting and camping programs. I was involved, indirectly, in all scout drives, registration, jamborees, scout camps, girl camps and hikes. As I look back on how involved I was in these activities, I wonder how I generated the energy to do all I did.

Another assignment, as a member of the Bishopric, was ward athletics. The Ward was very active in stake basketball and softball competition. And our teams performed well, winning their share of ball games and going to regional tournaments. Whenever, I remember ward athletics, I think of a young father in the Ward who loved sports. He played well in both basketball and softball, yet he had only one arm. His name was William (Bill) Swenson. His wife was Mary Lee and they had four young children. Bill was proud of his children. He was a friendly fellow. I regarded him as a good friend. His wife was from South Carolina. During a trip to visit her parents, he and his children were swimming in a channel near the beach when he was drowned while rescuing one of the children from deep water. He was a good father, and made the ultimate sacrifice in behalf of his family.

My most challenging problem in ward athletics was influencing team members to be temperate in behavior and display good sportsmanship. As a matter of fact, one reason why I ceased participating in church athletics was because of unsportsmanlike conduct. That problem has continued to this day. It is a problem I don't understand. Certainly, Mormons should be tolerant and well-behaved toward each other even on the field of competition.

During Bishop Peterson's term in office, the Bishopric held court several times involving various ward members. I acted as clerk of the court. What I wrote was signed by Bishop Peterson and sent to church headquarters in Salt Lake City. Before Gloria and I left for the mission field in November 1997, I destroyed these records. As I recall, most of the court actions involved penalties of probation and disfellowshipment. One, however, recommended excommunication of a prominent medical doctor in Rexburg for committing adultery. The recommendation was upheld by a Rexburg East Stake High Council court and the doctor was required to stand in ward priesthood meeting and confess his sin to Melchizedek Priesthood members. That was difficult for him to do. I felt sorry for him and wished that the requirement with which he complied could be eliminated from church procedure. Not long after that it was. Thereafter, the bishop in ward priesthood meeting and the stake president in stake priesthood meeting announced the action taken against excommunicated members. Today, apparently, even that is not done. I have not heard any such announcements for years. I think we are much more humane, wiser and in harmony with the spirit of the Gospel today than previously.

Each month, a member of the Bishopric would write a brief message for the Ward Bulletin. I wrote several. I also composed Christmas messages, along with Bishop Peterson and Frank Jacobs. Finally, in our Ward Conference for 1975, I was assigned to give the Ward Report. I gave a message on being humble and serving God. Then I said: "When the people of a ward love each other and work together in the cause of the Gospel, certain things happen. I would now like to tell you what things have happened in Fourth Ward as a result of our willingness to work with each other.

"First, we have 208 families in the Ward which make us one of the most heavily populated wards in the Stake. Yet, our home teaching averages about 90% each month, and 60% of our families hold family home evening. Attendance at Primary is 90%, and we usually have 50% attendance at Sacrament Meeting. Attendance at Sunday School last month was 58%.

"All of this is good, but what thrills me most is that missionaries in the field, and those awaiting departure for the mission field, number 20. I suppose that few wards in the Church support this many missionaries all at once. I think this, along with temple activity and other work, gives a true indication about how people in this ward feel toward their Heavenly Father.

"Our youth leaders accept their assignments in the Ward, and I feel they discharge these assignments well, and grow as a result. We thank our youth advisors for spending their time and energy in helping our youth. Brother Bernie Jensen exemplifies those who work with our youth. Under his direction, and the leadership of the Deacons Quorum Presidency, our Deacons and Boy Scouts during September and October made 26 advancements to lead the Stake.

"Finally, your church contributions are appreciated and you will be blessed for them. Each year the amount of tithing and fast offerings paid into the Church by members of Fourth Ward increases.

"May our Heavenly Father continue to bless us, and may we resolve to work even harder throughout the coming year. The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation, and if man would live it, I think all problems arising out of human relationships would be solved."

First Counselor in the Fourth Ward Bishopric

In 1975, the Rexburg Idaho East Stake was organized and Bishop Peterson was called to be its first president. His counselors were Leo Smith and Charles (Tiny) Grant. Cal Boren was clerk and Dean Sorensen executive secretary. Later, when President Grant was called to serve as president of the California Anaheim Mission, Dean Sorensen was called to be President Peterson's counselor. Still later, when President Peterson was released in 1984, Dean Sorensen became the stake president.

Before the East Stake was created, Fourth Ward was part of the Rexburg Idaho Stake. Mark Ricks was president with Gordon Thatcher and Keith Sellers as counselors and Ralph Weatherston as clerk.

When Bishop Peterson became President Peterson, Frank Jacobs became Bishop Jacobs and I became Frank's first counselor. Clarence (Bernie) Jensen was second counselor. I enjoyed working with Bernie Jensen. He taught religion at Ricks College, was pleasant to be around and shouldered his responsibilities conscientiously and faithfully. As a matter of fact, he later served as bishop of the Fourth Ward.

Bernie and his wife Carol had five boys: James, Mike, Robert, Christopher, and Matthew. Today (June 2000) four of these boys are married and all of them are scattered across the United States.

My assignments under Bishop Jacobs were the same as they had been under Bishop Peterson. Life went on according to the same schedule as before. On Sunday morning, the Bishopric met at 6:30. At 8:00 we held Priesthood Meeting, and at 10:00 Sunday School. We were through with our morning meetings and home for dinner by 12:00. In the afternoon, we either conducted interviews beginning at 2:00 or attended stake meetings, such as general priesthood meeting, priesthood leadership meeting or bishopric training. Sacrament Meeting began at 7:00 and was over by 9:00. Bishopric members usually got home about 10:00, tired and ready for bed. Primary, M.I.A (Mutual Improvement Association, involving young men and young women) and Relief Society were held on other days of the week, usually Tuesday and Tuesday evening. Extra bishopric meetings were also held on Tuesday evenings. With all these meetings, family home evening on Monday evening and sports activities on other nights of the week, we were busy all the time. Remembering how busy we were, makes me so tired now, I wonder where I found the energy then.

Whenever a bishop's court was necessary, Bishop Jacobs always asked me to serve as scribe. The letters and reports I developed were detailed and required time to compose. Of course, I did much of that work at home. Not all problems in the Ward required court procedure, but many had to be discussed. I'm sure some were never mentioned to Bernie and me because they were too confidential. But Bishop once remarked that he was tired of hearing about every orgasm in the Ward.

While I served with Bishop Jacobs, Gloria was made Stake Young Women's President. This calling imposed added demands upon our time. Later, when she was made Stake Camp Director, our family life was almost nonexistent. For instance, on July 18, 1978, I wrote to Daniel in the mission field, "Last night, Mom and I went to Moose, Wyoming to get trail maps of the Teton National Park area. Mom has hiking and camping in her blood, and the way things look

now, she won't be satisfied till she's hiked every trail in the Teton Range. Last Saturday, she and I hiked 17 miles in the mountains. We hiked up South Teton Canyon to Alaska Basin, surveying the area for possible camp sites for the Stake Fifth Year Girls who will be going on their camp this week. We started the hike at 9:30 in the morning and got back to the car at 6:30. We were very tired, but enjoyed ourselves. . . . In the high country, there is a lot of snow yet, but at lower elevations the wild flowers are out in their variegated splendor."

When Gloria first became active at the stake level, Steve, our oldest boy was in the mission field, but Daniel was home and active in Madison High School sports. Besides, by this time we were legal guardians of two Apache Indian girls (Diana and Valerie) about whom I will write in another part of this history. So we had children requiring our attention. Finding time to meet their needs required careful planning. When I was gone, Gloria tried to be home. When she was gone, I tried to be home. Somehow we were able to do what we felt we had to do. All this activity extended throughout Daniel's mission and into the time I served as bishop of the Rexburg Fifteenth Ward. But now back to Bishop Jacobs and the Fourth Ward.

Bishop Jacobs and I did not always agree on how to solve problems. However, we never became upset with each other and were always able to leave a discussion as friends. I always supported him in decisions he made, even though I did not always agree with them. My nature and testimony would not have allowed me to do otherwise.

The most challenging problem we had to face as a bishopric involved rupture of the Teton Dam and its resulting flood of the Upper Snake River Valley on June 5, 1976. A brief history of the dam rupture and flood will be given in another part of this history, but at this point parts of letters I wrote to Steve in the mission field seem to be appropriate. On June 17, 1976, I wrote: "Forgive me for not writing within the past two weeks. I have thought about you and I have wanted to write, but I have not had time since the flood. I have been busy every day from 8:00 a.m. to 11:00 p.m. pumping basements and cleaning homes. I believe the crisis in Fourth Ward is now over, however . . . the cleanup operations have demonstrated to me what a united and hard-working people the Mormons are. Every day literally thousands of people come into Madison County from places as far away as Brigham City, Utah and Burley, Idaho. For the past two days, Fourth Ward had 1,000 people here to clean up from Brigham City. Today, we had 400 come from Marsh Valley. They are all Mormons and they come up in school buses. They work about nine hours and then return home. Their time and service, of course, are donated."

In a letter dated August 8, 1976, I wrote: "Steve, Rexburg is rebuilding fast. It has to be a modern miracle — the speed with which its people have cleaned up

and rebuilt following the flood. When you get home, you'll hardly notice there ever was a flood. Miracles never cease, and the Church made this one come to pass, for without the help we had from thousands of church members from distant places and places outside the County, we would not have made the progress we have."

In August of 1976, Fourth Ward held its ward reunion at Archer because cleanup operations were still proceeding in Rexburg. In a letter dated August 15, I wrote to Steve: "Fourth Ward had its reunion out at Archer last Monday evening. About 335 people attended and seemed to have a good time. We had hamburgers, corn on the cob, salad, ice cream, cake and punch. The kids rode horses, tried to catch a greased pig, and we all enjoyed a program planned by Florence Bowman."

By Thanksgiving 1976, members of Fourth Ward had much for which to be thankful. And at Christmastime, they renewed their intent to live by Christ's message to the World: "Peace on Earth and good will to men." Bishop Jacobs asked me to give the Christmas message in Sacrament Service on December 19. I was honored and pleased to do this.

While serving with Bishop Jacobs, I was assigned to conduct three funerals. These were for George "Bill" Hyde (July 1976), Alzina Pincock (December 1976), and Micah James Fillmore (September 1977). Bishop Jacobs must have been absent from Rexburg during these times, because I made all funeral arrangements and delivered the remarks that Bishop would have given. Funerals were always hard for me to do, although these I've mentioned, involving older people, were less stressful than if they had been younger in age. I was pleased that I could assist Bishop Jacobs with genuine, significant service, relieving him of personal concerns and adjustment of schedules to meet the needs of ward members.

One of my most challenging and unwanted assignments, while I served with Bishop Jacobs, involved ward athletics. Frequently tempers flared on the basketball court or softball diamond. Occasionally, players fought each other. I was disgusted and ashamed with such behavior, and expressed my feelings frequently to Fourth Ward athletes. I admonished them regularly to play hard and competitively, but to control tempers and be examples of sportsmanship. Ultimately, the situation became sufficiently serious that the Stake Presidency initiated a policy requiring the presence of the bishopric member responsible for ward athletics whenever Melchizedek Priesthood holders participated in stake athletics. I opposed the policy and wrote a letter to that effect. The letter summarizes my feelings not only about the policy, but about church athletics as well. It read: "September 15, 1977, Stake Presidency, Rexburg Idaho East Stake, Brethren: The more I have thought about the new policies regulating

sports activities in the Rexburg East Stake, the more convinced I have become that they violate the spirit of the Gospel. Particularly, I am disturbed with the policy which requires a member of the bishopric to be present at any athletic contest involving participants of Melchizedek Priesthood age, or the contest will be forfeited. Justification for this requirement, as I understand it, is the assumption that the presence of a bishopric member helps to control crowd behavior, keeping it within church standards. Such may be the case, but I feel that any moderating influence I may have, as a member of a bishopric, on rowdy crowd behavior should result incidentally from my presence at a sports activity, not directly because I am there for that purpose. I don't think bishops and their counselors should be expected to function as law enforcement officers. More important than this consideration, though, is my feeling that by compelling a member of a bishopric to be present at a sports activity violates the whole spirit of the Gospel. True, I can choose not to attend a sports activity to which I have been assigned, but in doing so I jeopardize not just my own standing, but the standing of a team of players and the ward which I represent. This means, then, that I have virtually no alternative but to attend the activity.

"I feel that if church members cannot participate in athletic contests, either as players or spectators, and accept the judgment of the umpires and referees without behaving in unacceptable ways, then they should either be banned from participation or we should discontinue the sport. We discontinued stake dances with rock bands because we said the kids were engaging in an activity which did not permit the Spirit of the Lord to be present. Why shouldn't we, logically, therefore, discontinue sports activities in the Stake when our players and spectators fight and quarrel with each other, not allowing the Spirit of the Lord to be present. Or we could look at it in another way. Why didn't we compel members of bishoprics to be present at our stake dances to control the environment and conduct of the dancers?

"I feel that our sports activities ought to be open for those who want to participate either as players or spectators and who will conduct themselves according to Church standards while they participate. Certainly, any policy which compels one to participate in such activities is questionable in my mind.

"Finally, I certainly feel that a bishopric can support activities without always being present at them. We support the Primary, yet we seldom attend Primary meetings. We support the Relief Society, yet we usually do not attend its meetings.

"I want to support Fourth Ward in its athletic endeavors, but I want to support it the right way. I intend to continue to do what I can to support our sports activities in the Ward, but I want to do this without feeling I am compelled to do it. Sincerely, Alyn B. Andrus."

During the 1970's, while I served in the Fourth Ward Bishopric, the Church confronted difficult situations and initiated significant changes. Following is a listing of information indicative of that:

First, in 1974 President Spencer W. Kimball, speaking to Regional Representatives said: "My brethren, I wonder if we are doing all we can. Are we complacent in our approach to teaching all the world? . . . Are we prepared to lengthen our stride? To enlarge our vision?" (*Church History in the Fullness of Times* p. 581). Thereafter, the idea that we must lengthen our stride was used often in the Church.

Second, in 1975 auxiliary conferences at Church headquarters were discontinued. Also, in this same year the First Quorum of Seventy was organized as General Authorities to assist the First Presidency and Quorum of the Twelve. Since then, the First Quorum has continued to grow and the Second Quorum has been organized. The ranks of the General Authorities continue to expand.

Third, in 1976 the Church opposed passage of the Equal Rights Amendment, which proposed giving equality of rights to women as well as to men. The Church claimed that the Amendment, as written, "would strike at the family, humankind's basic institution." Nevertheless, the Church reaffirmed its commitment to "equal opportunities for women" (*Church History in the Fullness of Times* p. 586).

Sonia Johnson, a friend of ours with whom we had become acquainted in Western Samoa, was very active in the Equal Rights movement. I wrote about her in a letter to Daniel, serving a mission in Samoa. I wrote: "Do you remember Rick and Sonia Johnson, who were in Samoa with us and who have been all over the world? Sonia is active in the women's liberation movement, supporting the Equal Rights Amendment. She testified before a Senate Judiciary subcommittee that the Church is very unfair in its treatment of women members compared to the Priesthood. She said the Relief Society can no longer raise its own money, publish its own magazine, and pray in Sacrament Meeting. Nor can its members participate in Priesthood ordinances and plan meetings outside Relief Society. She said this is all very discriminatory. She has made national headlines and has been called in to talk with her stake president. She will likely be disfellowshipped. She feels that in refusing to support the Equal Rights Amendment, President Kimball is out of harmony with the Lord."

As a matter of fact, Sonia was excommunicated. She and her husband, Rick, divorced. She ran for President of the United States as an "Independent," became a lesbian, and suddenly dropped out of the news. Today, according to Rick, she has divorced her children (that is she will have nothing to do with

them), and although Rick could undoubtedly discover where she is if he chose to, at present, her place of residence is unknown. Rick and we are still good friends.

Fourth, in 1977 General Conference was shortened from three days to two. General sessions were scheduled for the first weekends in April and October. This meant that April conference would no longer necessarily include April 6, anniversary of the Lord's birth and the Church's organization. Regional Representative seminars were scheduled for Friday immediately preceding General Conference weekend.

Fifth, in June 1978 President Kimball and the Quorum of Twelve Apostles received a revelation which extended the Priesthood to all worthy male members of the Church. This meant that Blacks who had been denied the Priesthood, could now receive and discharge its responsibilities.

Sixth, in 1978 the mission home in Salt Lake City closed and the Missionary Training Center (MTC) in Provo opened its campus. Since then, missionary training centers have opened in Brazil, Chile, Mexico, New Zealand, England and Japan.

Seventh, in 1979 a new edition of the scriptures was published. This featured "an improved footnote system, excerpts from the Joseph Smith Translation, cross references to related passages in other standard works, more meaningful chapter headings, a 598 page Topical Guide and concordance, a 194-page dictionary section reflecting unique understanding available through latter-day revelation, and a gazetteer and maps." In addition, Sections 137 and 138 were added to the scriptures, the "first additions to the standard works in nearly three quarters of a century." (*Church History in the Fullness of Times* p. 588)

Finally, the 1970's were the beginning of unprecedented temple construction and activity. This has continued to the present time (July 2000) and will continue into the future. Soon there will be 100 temples. These require patrons, workers and names to process which implies more family history research made possible through improved technology. Heightened temple activity will continue right into the Millennium.

The 1970's were indeed a great time to be alive and active in the Church. As times change, the Church too must change. Its policies and procedures must change to accommodate its growth. But its doctrine remains constant. When God announced that He is the same "yesterday, today and forever" (*Alma* 31:17), He was speaking of the principles by which He operates in relation to His children. He was not speaking of policies and procedures.

A significant change in the Rexburg Idaho East Stake during the 1970's was creating the Rexburg Fifteenth Ward. That change was significant in my life because I was called to serve as bishop of this new ward.

Bishop of the New Fifteenth Ward

As early as July 1978, seven months before the fact, I knew Fourth Ward would be divided. In a letter, dated July 27, 1978 written to Daniel in the mission field, I said: "The Ward now numbers over 700 members. I am very certain that within the next six months Fourth Ward will be divided. You may come home to a new ward. If not, you will come home to a reduced Fourth Ward. When I think about who might be the bishop in a new ward, I think of it with fear and trembling. I certainly do not seek that position."

Six and one-half months later, on February 15, 1979, Gloria and I were summoned into President Peterson's office where I was called to be bishop of the new Rexburg Fifteenth Ward. I wrote to Daniel: "The division (of Fourth Ward) will take place on February 25, and the 15th Ward will start out with about 385 members. I was hoping I would not be asked to be the bishop of this new ward. That is a position in the Church I have never desired, but a long time ago, I promised the Lord I would serve Him if He would sustain me in whatever position I'm called to fill."

Actually, I was grateful for another opportunity to prove myself, because I had always felt a little guilty having served as bishop of the Ucon Second Ward for only three years. I told Gloria that my abdicating the Bishopric and fleeing to Rexburg was like Jonah's fleeing God's assignment to preach the Gospel to the Assyrians. But as Jonah discovered, I too found I could not escape God's assignments. So here I was in Rexburg having accepted a call to serve as Bishop of a new Ward.

I have wondered why I was called to serve as a bishop when I felt there were so many others better qualified to serve than I. But through the years, I have decided that church callings have little or nothing to do with intelligence, innate ability, capacity or competence. Neither do they have much to do with spiritual worthiness. But whether or not one is intelligent, able, capable and spiritual, a call to serve in the Church is valid as long as it comes from the proper priesthood authority. Even if it does not come through inspiration from God to His authorized servants, it is still a valid call because God's servants, whether in our opinion their worthiness is questionable or not, represent Him on Earth. Therefore, I think one must have defensible, justifiable reasons for turning down a call to serve, otherwise he is, in a sense, turning his back on God.

On February 25, 1979, President Peterson and his councilors attended the Fourth Ward Sacrament Service to divide the Ward and have members of the new Fifteenth Ward sustain me as bishop. In my remarks to the two wards, I said: "Brothers and Sisters, especially you with whom I have associated during the past ten years as members of the Fourth Ward, I am grateful that our association, for me at least, has been a pleasant experience. You have generously

tolerated my eccentricities in dress and appearance during eight of those years, and you have made me feel not only accepted, but even loved as a member of the Bishopric. I sincerely believe that you are good people.

“Particularly, I have enjoyed my relationship with Bishop Jacobs and Bernie Jensen. I know Brother Jensen as a gentle, patient, temperate soul whose friendship I greatly esteem. I know Bishop Jacobs as a genuinely good man. I know him to be devoted to Gospel principles, dedicated in doing what he thinks the Lord would have him do as a bishop, and keenly sensitive to the needs of others. Bishop Jacobs, I respect and love you, not just because you’ve been my bishop, but because you’re my friend. May our Heavenly Father continue to bless and sustain you in your calling.

“Now, brothers and sisters of the Fifteenth ward, may our Heavenly Father bless and sustain us in our effort to build a strong, dynamic ward. May we work hard and harmoniously together. I know that we will succeed if we will go to work and make success happen, because I feel strongly that success cannot come independently of persistence and hard work. We can talk about and pray for a high level of ward activity and for success every day from morning till night, but until we are ready to get off our knees and make it happen, it will never happen . . . I believe that Fifteenth Ward is filled with good, competent people, and we have the potential to be one of the strong, active wards in the Church.

“In conclusion, I pledge to you my best effort as your bishop, and I feel secure in the knowledge that anything less than this is not possible with two worthy men to counsel and assist me such as Ron Messer and Bob Gentry. I commend them to you and also the others you have sustained tonight as good men, men who are worthy of your confidence and support.

“May our Heavenly Father bless us. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.”

On March 12, 1979, I wrote to Daniel: “As Mom has told you, a lot has happened to us during the past three weeks. Two new wards have been created here in Rexburg — the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Wards, and I am now the bishop of the Fifteenth Ward. Daniel, for a long time, I knew that I would be a bishop when the wards were divided, but I kept hoping it would be someone else. I didn’t want to be a bishop, but I knew that if the call came I would have to accept it. I could not do otherwise and live with myself. Some time ago, I promised the Lord if He would bless me with health and keep me going, I would serve Him in whatever position I was called to fill. I would be ashamed of myself and afraid to face God if I turned down positions in the Church as ward members have recently done whom we have interviewed. They seem to want to work in the Church only if it does not interfere in their personal lives.

“For the last two weeks, my counselors and I have been interviewing ward members and staffing the Ward organizations. We pretty well have the Primary

and Sunday School staffed now. The Young Men and Young Women are all staffed and functioning. We have the Relief Society to work on this week, then our interviews should diminish greatly in number. We must have spent 45 hours in bishopric meetings and interviews during the past three weeks.

“Sunday is a busy schedule. We start meetings at 8:00 a.m. and go straight through without a break until 2:30 in the afternoon. Then at 4:30 we’re back in more interviews or more meetings until about 8:30. Tuesday nights we meet from 7:00 p.m. till about 10:00. When school is out, we’re going to start visiting the families in their homes on Thursday nights. (Incidentally, we visited every family in the ward over the first 2.5 years of our service.)

“I’m pleased with my counselors — Ron Messer and Bob Gentry. They are fun to be with and are very dependable. We joke a lot in our meetings and have a good time. The experience of being a bishop is a little different this time around over the first time. Experience pays big dividends, Daniel. The responsibility is so much easier for me to handle this time than it was the first time. This time, my vision is clear. I know where I’m going and I function with ease. The first time, I was a frightened young man, unsure of himself and not even sure about what he should do. As I look back on it, the experience was a rather traumatic one for both Mom and me.”

As indicated my counselors were Ronald (Ron) Messer and Robert (Bob) Gentry. Ron was a young man, about ten years younger than I. He taught English at Ricks College. He was married to Mary K. (who is now dead from colon cancer), and they had six girls: Paula, Natalie, Sue, Shara, Loni and Ronimarie. This was a very good family. Both Ron and Mary K. were bright, educated and family oriented. He was patient, gentle and easy to get along with. As a member of the Bishopric, he was pleasant, cooperative, absolutely dependable and faithful. He served as my First Counselor for almost seven years, then he too became bishop of the Fifteenth Ward.

Bob Gentry was also a young man (about Ron’s age). He was a principal in the elementary school system of Madison County. He was married to Marilyn and at the time, they had a family of three boys and a girl (Todd, Brad, Eric and Amy). Another boy (Cameron) was born after Bob and Marilyn left Rexburg.

Bob was pleasant, cooperative and responsible. He served as my second counselor for about six months, after which he, Marilyn and boys moved to Orem, Utah. In Orem, Bob was hired as principal of the Dixon Middle School in the Provo School District.

Today (summer 2000), Bob and Marilyn still live in Orem. Bob is principal at Dixon Elementary. Marilyn owns and operates a floral shop. Their children, except for Cameron, are married and have children of their own. Cameron is serving a proselyting mission for the Church in London South.

When Bob left the Bishopric, I requested that Rick Davis become my Second Counselor. Rick was married to Betty and they had four children: Shelby, Tyler, Mitch and Steve. Rick was also a young man about the age of Ron and Bob. He taught Humanities at Ricks College. He was bright, energetic, and although a Republican in his political affiliation, was liberal and experimental. I told him he really fit into the ranks of the Democrats more neatly than into the ranks of the Republicans. Nevertheless, he was a true blue Republican. He had a love for technology and kept the Bishopric in touch with the world of computer technology. Rick served faithfully and responsibly as my Second Counselor for about six years. Later he became bishop in a Ricks College ward.

Rick had an interesting encounter with a Ricks College student from South Africa while he served in the Fifteenth Ward Bishopric. This student's name was Laddie, and she was in love with Rick. Her love sickness, apparently, developed when she took a Humanities class from him. She lived outside Fifteenth Ward, but after having taken the class, she moved into the Ward. She visited him frequently in his office on Campus. She strolled frequently by his house. She phoned him at home, hassled Betty, coddled Mitch (Rick and Betty's baby) in the Ward nursery, and was nothing but a first rate nuisance to the Davis family. Betty, particularly, was stressed by all this improper and inappropriate activity. I sympathized with Rick, but felt sorry for Betty. Finally, she came to me, asking what might be done. I promised her I would take care of the problem. Accordingly, I called Laddie into my office. I told her what I knew about her, Rick, Betty and Mitch. I said that her pursuit of Rick must cease. If it did not, I would convene a bishop's court to consider the matter which, in my mind, was serious because she was trying to break up a family. Shortly after this, she moved from the Ward and when that semester ended on Campus, she transferred to BYU. Rick thanked me, but I was Betty's hero.

The Fifteenth Ward clerk was Raymond Hill. He and his wife, Shanna, had five children: Tony, Angela, Kellie, Andrew, and Sunde. Raymond was the proprietor of the local Ford dealership. The fact that he was a "Ford" man pretty well established his wisdom. He was sincere, conscientious, and hardworking. He was also careful in attending to detail which made him effective in his calling. He served faithfully and well while I served as bishop.

The Ward financial clerk was Reed Squires. He and his wife, Cora Jean, had five children: Trudy, Gina, Doug, Tom and Judd. Reed owned and operated a trucking business dealing mostly in coal and brick. He loved machinery and owned a line of very fine Peterbilt Trucks. Reed was a careful businessman, was frugal with his money, and served as an excellent financial clerk — they just don't come any better than he was. He was absolutely dedicated to his assignment. He was faithful, responsible and accurate. As a matter of fact, he

served for more than fifteen years as financial clerk in the Fifteenth Ward. His service was in demand and he met the demand in the true spirit of the Gospel.

Morris Parkinson served as executive secretary to the Fifteenth Ward Bishopric. He and Afton, his wife, had six children: Naida, Dena, Janele, Bayne, Doney and Var. Morris was a dry farmer in the hills east of Rexburg. Afton was a registered nurse who had served in the Philippines during World War II. Morris had served as bishop of Fourth Ward in its early days. He was conscientious, dependable and hardworking, but his effectiveness was sometimes diluted by a stormy relationship with Afton. In fact, at times their relationship was abusive and violent. Morris had, in a moment of careless conversation, given Afton reason to believe that he was in love with another woman. Through the years he tried hard to dissuade her of this belief, and to amend any injudicious comments on his part which had contributed to her perception. But Afton nurtured her belief and feelings of animosity until her belief turned into fact and her animosity turned into hate. At times she would go at Morris with baseball bats, throw unopened canned food at him, try to stab him with scissors and knives, shouting obscenities that could be heard throughout the neighborhood. The whole Ward, indeed much of Rexburg, knew of their troubled and stormy relationship. They threatened divorce many times and each time consulted attorneys, but when faced with the necessity of signing a legal document, they always backed down and gave their marriage another whirl.

In desperate attempts to cultivate a better relationship, they involved every bishop and stake president in their ward and stake since their problem developed. Some bishops were called during early morning hours to quiet Afton in her rampages and to save Morris (or Afton) from physical harm. Through the years, this couple was involved in countless interviews with bishops and stake presidents during the more quiet times of their life together in an attempt to solve their marital problems. They were threatened with bishop's courts and were told that unless their relationship improved, their temple recommends would be confiscated and withheld. They were referred to psychologists and psychiatrists, but sessions with these experts of human behavior and the mind resulted in little if any improvement. They were an embarrassment to their children, the neighborhood and the Ward.

When I became bishop I knew of their problem and did not relish what that portended for me in the years ahead. Finally, after numerous encounters with Morris and Afton, and noting little progress, my counselors and I decided to convene a bishop's court. With President Peterson's permission, we did. It was an ugly affair, as we anticipated, and Morris and Afton were put on probation. We took their temple recommends until they could demonstrate worthiness to attend the temple. I do not recall all the terms of the probation, but I do

remember how agitated this couple was that we asked for their temple recommends. For some time, I think they turned against us and labored in the Church with darkened minds. Eventually, however, they developed more positive feelings toward us and we all got along with each other much better than ever before. During all these trials, I remember being amazed that I felt nothing but sympathy and love for both Afton and Morris. I told them that, and eventually, I think, they believed me. In time, they were given back their recommends, and after my release, I served as their home teacher. Today they and I are good friends. Do they still quarrel and fight? Probably, but not as violently as before — they are too old and debilitated to generate the energy for a vigorous fight. Besides, Afton is racked with arthritis and is too lame today to throw unopened canned food at Morris with sufficient velocity and accuracy to do damage. Their fight'n days are over. Advancing age has helped solve their problem. This proves my personal philosophy that if one waits long enough, time will solve one's problems.

While I served as bishop of the Rexburg Fifteenth Ward, my Relief Society presidents were top rate. My first president was Merle McDonald, a neighbor lady who lived down street from Gloria and me about five houses. She and her husband, Ronald, had four children: Calvin, Julie, Margie and Wendy. Merle served the Ward tirelessly for two years till she and her family moved to Blanding, Utah. She was dedicated, dependable and sensitive to the needs of others. She was willing, without complaint, to sacrifice her time and energy whenever a demand or need had to be met. I will never forget Merle standing on a mound of dirt by an open grave in the Sugar City Cemetery, trying to remain upright in a 50 mph wind. We had just conducted a funeral and had finished with dedicating the grave. Ron Messer and I had classes to teach at Ricks College so we could not stay to help with flowers or getting family members back to the church building for dinner. Merle said she would handle these details for us. I did not want to leave her alone in such adverse weather to handle details for which I felt some responsibility. I remember praying a silent blessing upon her as we drove from the cemetery.

When Merle left the Ward, Shanna Hill became Relief Society President. Though different in personality and approach, Shanna picked up where Merle left off. The Ward never lost a beat. Shanna served for three years and brought a degree of sophistication and culture to the calling. She is an artist.

When Shanna was released, Denice Rammel was called to serve as Relief Society President. Originally, Denice was from Teton Valley. Her husband, Max, had served as bishop of a ward in Driggs, Idaho. Max was a potato farmer in the Big Hole Mountains between Rexburg and Driggs. He and Denice moved to Rexburg where they retired a few years later. Their family consists of the

following: Jeffrey, Christina, Deborah, James, Matthew, Charles, Rebecca and Jason. Jason came up through the Aaronic Priesthood while I served as bishop.

Denise devoted nearly full time to her calling. I doubt there was a home in the Ward into which she had not gone. All sisters in the Ward in one way or another were the recipients of her timely service. She kept the Bishopric apprized continually of ward member needs, and suggested ways to meet those needs. I felt she was invaluable to the Bishopric in administering affairs of the Ward. She and the two who preceded her (Shanna and Merle) caused me to remark to Gloria one day that a bishop might be able to function without counselors, but certainly he would never function effectively without a competent ward clerk and Relief Society president. Those ward officers are vital.

While serving as bishop of the Rexburg Fifteenth Ward, I married three young ladies who were ward members. They were Margie McDonald (daughter of Merle and Ronald), Shelley Barrick (daughter of Margaret and Jerome), and Linda Peterson (daughter of Wanda and Roger). Margie was married on July 19, 1980 about fourteen months after I became bishop. Shelley was married on May 8, 1981. Linda was married on July 19, 1981.

I never liked marrying couples. I wanted them married in the temple where they could be sealed as an eternal family. Whenever I married a couple I encouraged them to prepare for temple marriage. I tried to make the marriage ceremony over which I presided as simple, lovely and memorable as I knew how. The words I spoke were genuine, direct and brief. Perhaps excerpts from the ceremonies of the three young ladies named above would be appropriate here.

To Margie and Candy, I said in part: “A successful marriage cannot endure on romantic love, because when the going gets rough . . . romanticism simply will not be sufficient to keep you together. Rather, your commitment to each other is the cement that will help your relationship to endure. Determine now that you will stand by each other; that you will honor each other’s rights and personal dignity; that you will not physically or verbally abuse each other, but that you will work out your differences of opinion in a quiet, graceful way. And do not broadcast the problems in your lives for all to see and know about. Try to live your life together as quietly, as serenely, as considerately and lovingly as you possibly can. And certainly, always be willing to forgive each other of mistakes and misunderstandings. . . .

“Candy, I don’t know your parents, but, Margie, I know yours to be good people. Let them be the beacon in your life, to show you the way to go. Follow their example and I promise you, there will be no regrets . . .”

To Shelley and John, I said in part: “Happiness, I believe, is rooted in sharing with others that which will dignify, ennoble and exalt the individual. Thus, we must commit to do this in our lives. Also, happiness is kept alive by the

memories we have of happy experiences. In my life, for example, I have been happy while riding with my father in a 1939 Chevy truck between the coal mines of central Utah and Idaho Falls. We used to sing all kinds of funny songs on these trips and I loved every moment of it. I have also been happy wrestling with Dad, even in the knowledge that he was letting me win. I have been happy while visiting with my Grandma Andrus, eating her bread and jam, or drinking my Grandma Brown's homemade root beer. It wasn't the songs, or the bread and jam or the root beer that made me happy. It was the feeling that I was loved. I felt secure because I knew that Dad and my Grandmothers loved me.

"And so we need to commit to do little things to express our love for each other regularly. I have found that all I have to do to help Gloria be happy is to say kind words to her, help her out by working in the house, and send her a rose occasionally. All of these are simple things. And they cost little or no money at all."

To Linda and Merrill, I said in part: "As children come to you, love them. Teach them the principles of the Gospel. Discipline them when necessary, but do not abuse them. Treat them gently and with patience and kindness. And always love them. You must remember that what children need more than anything else is genuine love, unadorned by gifts that cost lots of money. They need love and security in a family they know will be together not just now, but in the world to come. Being together, and being happy together is what life is all about. And you can make that happen."

Margie McDonald and Candy eventually divorced. Margie married and divorced again. Currently, she is living with her third husband. They and the children live in Idaho Falls. She and her divorced husbands are still friends and occasionally visit with each other.

Shelley Barrick and John were married and sealed in the Idaho Falls Temple one year after I married them. They live in Rexburg.

Linda and Merrill, too, were married and sealed in the Idaho Falls Temple. They live in Rexburg. Their oldest boy is preparing for the mission field (August 2000).

So my encouragement to marry in the temple was 66% successful. These young women are all good. Shelley and Linda are active in the Church. Margie is not active, but is not hostile toward the Church. She has been a concern to her parents, but I believe one day she will make a course correction in her life, attend church and become a source of delight and happiness to those who know her, especially to her brother, sisters, and parents.

While I served as bishop of the Rexburg Fifteenth Ward I conducted 24 funerals involving ward members. Four of these occurred between February 25 when I became bishop and April 25, just two months later. That's two funerals

per month. President Peterson remarked that he was glad his membership was not in Fifteenth Ward; he was not ready to die yet. The total number of funerals divided by the years I served as bishop averaged four funerals per year, or one every three months.

As a result of all the funerals held in the Ward, I felt sorry for my Relief Society presidents, particularly Merle McDonald. Merle had her baptism of fire during the first two months of her service, when she helped me with four funerals. During the two years she served, she helped with eight funerals, one third of the total number I conducted. She and the other Relief Society presidents were indeed a support and comfort to me during these years.

Most of these funerals involved older people in the Ward, but not all. The most difficult funeral for me was Bayne Parkinson's. Bayne was the oldest son of Morris and Afton. He had just returned from the mission field and was killed in a head-on collision when his vehicle collided with another on the Thornton overpass. All who knew the Parkinsons were shocked when they heard of Bayne's death. His parents were "beside themselves." I sincerely wished I did not have to conduct that funeral. How could I comfort the Parkinsons?

The funeral was well attended — the chapel and recreational hall were filled to capacity. The funeral service was spiritually moving. President "Tiny" Grant prayed. His wife, Gaye, gave the life sketch. (The Grants were neighbors of the Parkinsons.) Florence Bowman sang. President Peterson spoke. Bishop Jacobs spoke. I conducted and gave remarks. In my remarks, I said: "Brother and Sister Parkinson, I don't pretend to be able to add anything as comforting or eloquent or beautiful as that which you have already heard today, but I would like to say this: (1) Nothing seems quite so final as the closing of a casket lid over the lifeless form of one of God's choice sons. Yet, somehow we must convince ourselves until we cannot think of it in any other way that our son still lives. Bayne is not dead — only his tabernacle of flesh. He lives in another dimension of life, and we may see him at some future time. (2) What is important in our lives now is that we live them so as to be proud to meet Bayne when that time comes. We must start where we are right now and move forward. And as we move along the road of life we must not stop and look back so frequently that life is absorbed with memories of the past to the exclusion of lofty thoughts about today and the future. We must attend to the business at hand, and plan and execute our attack on the problems that lay before us, for this is the way we grow, and develop, and progress toward exaltation. May our Heavenly Father bless and sustain you during the difficult days ahead. May you enjoy the sweet and uplifting influence of the Holy Spirit in your personal lives and in your home. I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Another difficult funeral for me to conduct was that of Carma Hoopes, the wife of Clint Hoopes, a well-to-do potato farmer in the hills east of Rexburg. Carma closed the garage door, shut herself in her car, started the engine, and expired from carbon monoxide poisoning. Practically everyone in Rexburg knew Clint and Carma Hoopes. But no one knew why she took her life. Her death shocked the community.

At Carma's funeral service, the chapel and recreational hall were packed with relatives and friends. People stood in the foyer and hallways. The invocation was offered by Lois McCulloch. Sue Huskinson gave the life sketch. Randall Shirley sang the "Lord's Prayer." Warren Porter spoke. I gave remarks. Kayleen Parke sang "God Be With You." And Richard Stallings gave the benediction. In my remarks, I said: "I would like to express some personal feelings about Carma and the way in which she left this life. She will be missed by her family and many friends. That has become evident to me as I have talked with her children and others. As I visited with Linda, Jack (a son) and Holly the other day, they expressed feelings about their mother openly and unrestrained. Later, Linda and I talked about her mother, and I was impressed as Linda enumerated the virtues and achievements of Carma during her lifetime. She was a versatile woman. She handled machinery on the farm as competently as she took care of household duties. She loved music and flowers. She was impeccably clean and tidy, making certain her house and yard were as attractive as she was personally. All her life she was civic-minded, involved in service organizations and doing whatever was necessary to advance the cause of the community and political concerns to which she was attracted. As I talked with Linda, I felt Carma was a good mother and a leader among her friends and associates. What else could recommend the virtues of one more highly than these qualities?"

"Finally, the longer I live the more complex life seems to become, and the more difficult life's problems are to answer satisfactorily. A question I have heard discussed considerably the past few days is: Why did Carma take her life? Of course, I do not know the answer to that, and neither does anyone else. Unfortunately, the word "suicide" is fraught with evil and damning connotations in the minds of many. It raises unanswerable questions, provokes unhealthy curiosity, engenders unnecessary speculation and initiates gossip. I suppose for most Latter-day Saints, it means not only a tragic way in which one's life here is terminated, but brings into question one's eternal standing before God. Brothers and Sisters, I believe we ought not to judge. No living person is intimately acquainted with powerful forces at work in the life of one whose mortal experience ends in suicide. Therefore, no living person is entitled to the right of judgment in such a case. In Matthew Chapter 7, verses 1-2, we read:

“Judge not that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, it shall be measured to you again.”

“Let us leave judgment in Carma’s life alone. Let us not condemn her for the way in which she left this life. Let us not conjecture what her eternal status will be. These concerns involve only her and her Heavenly Father. And my testimony to you is that whatever His judgment is, it will be right for Carma, her family, and everyone else concerned . . .”

I never enjoyed conducting funerals. However, I always felt, as I do now, that funeral services reflect more about us, our fears, concerns, expectations, testimonies of the Gospel, and how we regard the dead than they do about the dead themselves. Funerals are for the living, not the dead. Any dead person deserves the dignity of a funeral service, conducted under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. I think every bishop, or any others who might conduct funeral services in the Church, should take that responsibility seriously.

The names of those whose funerals I conducted are as follows: Bayne Parkinson, Ellen Holmstrom, Hugh Drennan, Myra McCulloch, May Bates, Fern Stewart, Florence Benson, Bryant Hawkes, Emma McCulloch, Viola Willmore, Carma Hoopes, Eva Arnold, Eleanor Messick, Myrtle Ard, Floett Peterson, Byron Casper, Sarah Jane Gillespie, Alma Teuscher, Alfred Ricks, Doyle Weber, Lowell Biddulph, Larkin Meikle, Shorland Harris, and Dewayne Wilding.

During the time I served as bishop, eighteen missionaries were called and entered the mission field. Eleven of these were young men. One was an older, single lady named Mildred Lawson. And six were three couples: Donald and Zoe Merrill, who went to Alaska; Charles and Gaye Grant who went to Anaheim, California as mission president and mission mother; and Keith and Fern Grover who went to Texas. Eighteen missionaries averaged three missionaries per year during the six and one-half years I served as bishop.

One week after the testimonial for President and Sister Grant, their son Kendall had his testimonial. He left for the mission field two months later while he was still 18 years old. But Kendall was a good boy, strong in the church, and with his parents already in the mission field, an exception was made in his case allowing him to serve his mission while they served theirs. He got along very well, returning home one year before his parents were released.

At Kendall’s missionary testimonial, I gave the following remarks: “Brothers and Sisters, I appreciate this opportunity to express to you my feelings about Kendall and this ward’s endeavor to support missionaries. This endeavor, incidentally, means that there are now five missionaries in the field representing this ward, and by the end of August there will be five more, making a total of ten missionaries. This figures out to be one missionary for every eleven families in the Ward, or one missionary for thirty-six ward members. The ten missionaries

will represent an approximate monthly expenditure of \$2000. So I think the Ward is to be commended. But I do have some concern. I hope we will not let down. I hope we will not falter in supporting these missionaries financially. In the past, when each missionary has gone, we have given generously of our money to help him get started in the mission field. Last week, we held to that tradition as we contributed to President and Sister Grant's mission, and now, today, their boy is preparing to leave, and I hope we will be just as generous with him. Furthermore, two weeks from now, Rob Searcy will have his testimonial, and in August Tony Hill will have his. I hope we will continue to give unselfishly as each one of these young men leaves on his mission. By the end of the summer, we may feel that we have given more than we can afford to give. Yet, I remember what the Psalmist wrote: 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein.' (*Psalm 24:1*)

"Man, therefore, is a child of God, and lives on earth by the grace of God. Earth and all it produces are God's gifts to man, and when a man's life has run its course, and death waits to receive him, perhaps life beyond mortality will hold the promise of exaltation and eternal life by virtue of another gift, the atonement of Jesus Christ. All that we have, and may have then, we owe to God. And what better way to give it back to Him than by helping to assist missionaries through financial contributions. . . .

"Kendall has served as my first assistant in the Priest's Quorum during the past year. He served faithfully and well, and I want you to know that I am proud of him and I love him.

"Now, in conclusion, brothers and sisters, Kendall is what he is at least in part because through the years he has had good teachers and priesthood advisors. Too often we do not give sufficient credit to a boy's priesthood advisors and the influence for good they have in a boy's life. Kendall's first priest advisor was Preston Haley. Then came Jim Long, who served as advisor to the Priests Quorum during most of the time Kendall was a priest. These men, and many before them, gave of their time with the object in mind that one day the young men they taught would go on missions. That day has come, and I commend these men for the work they have done. And to those advisors and assistant advisors who currently work with the Aaronic Priesthood in the Ward, to Boyd Weatherston, Garth Oakey, Bruce Sutherland, Don Smith and Steve Parkinson, and to the advisors of the Young Women, I express my gratitude.

"But lest we forget, the battle against evil is not won in the priesthood quorums or in the classes of the young ladies. Neither is it won in the Church. Rather, it is won in the home. Usually, parents who are dedicated to the principles of the Gospel and who are conscientious teachers of the Gospel in their

homes, will have children who are as dedicated in living the Gospel. So I compliment President and Sister Grant for the fine boy that Kendall is. . . .”

Besides Kendall, the young men who served missions while I served as bishop were as follows: Roger Lynn Peterson, Keith McPheeters, Bill Searcy, Rob Searcy, Tony Hill, Orson Mabey, Matt Packer, John Barnes, Rick Scheese, and Russell Weaver.

During the years I served as bishop of the Rexburg Fifteenth Ward, only one bishop’s court stands out in my memory. That involved Morris and Afton Parkinson, about whom I have already written. There were other courts, but few in number and frankly I do not remember who was involved and what they were about. Furthermore, I destroyed all the court records before Gloria and I went into the mission field. I could see no reason to keep them. So far as I was concerned, they were valueless, even for this history. I certainly have no desire to remember the sins of those who came to me or who did not come to me, but whose behavior required action by the bishop or bishopric. Today I feel blessed that I cannot remember ward members who confessed their sins to me or who were involved in court action initiated by me. This enables me to treat all alike.

Nevertheless, I remember two occasions vividly. One involved Morris and Afton whom I will discuss shortly. The other involved a pretty young lady in the Ward who was the daughter of a prominent community family. This young lady, at the time, was about sixteen or seventeen years of age. She had become pregnant, had gone to a doctor who had performed an abortion, and had subsequently felt sufficiently guilty that she finally came to me and confessed her sin. She and I talked at some length. I did not know what to do. I finally decided to do nothing. She was obviously going through mental turmoil. She came to me and confessed. I felt that to put her through a bishop’s court would not be necessary. Nevertheless, since that time, according to latest reports, she has led a life of misery — drinking, drugs and not being settled in either mind or physical circumstances. Perhaps I did not do enough to help her. Perhaps I will be held responsible, in part, for the misery through which she has passed.

Morris and Afton were another matter. I’ve already told their story involving the bishop’s court and its outcome. But there is another related story that must be told, much more dramatic and sad than that involving the court.

Before Morris and Afton were summoned to court, during all the trauma that led to court, Afton arose one Sunday morning in Fast and Testimony Meeting to bare her testimony. Almost immediately after I had opened the meeting for testimony bearing, she stood in the recreational hall with microphone in hand and before a large congregation of people began to review her sordid relationship with Morris, and to castigate him for sins and supposed sins long nurtured and nourished in her inflamed mind. For sometime previous

to this, I had contemplated what I might do should Afton do what she was now doing. I had been told that years before when Morris was bishop, he had allowed a woman in the Ward, who had more vindictiveness than good sense, to demean several men in the congregation during testimony meeting by describing amorous indiscretions with women both in and outside the Ward. The meeting had gotten out of hand and left a bad impression in everyone's brain who was there, so far as testimony meetings were concerned. For months after, attendance at testimony meeting was comparatively light. Only the pure and brave could muster sufficient courage to attend and participate in testimony bearing (or baring). I had determined this would not happen in any meeting over which I presided.

As soon as Afton began venting her vehemence against Morris, I almost jumped from my seat behind the pulpit. I announced with a voice loud enough so that all could hear that testimony meeting was not an appropriate time and place to air personal animosities. Afton said, "Bishop Andrus, let me finish." I responded, "Afton, please do not do this." The whole congregation was stunned. Many were not quite sure what was happening. When Afton ignored my request, I said: "This meeting is dismissed." The people sat there staring at me. I then said: "Clear the building! Now!" Members then began leaving their seats. Afton threw the microphone down and ran from the building. Within three minutes most members had left the building. What I did was the talk of the town for a long time. The next morning, my cousin, Tom Ricks, called me to say that men in one of the local coffee shops were split over the question: Should I have silenced Afton? Apparently, some wanted to hear what she had to say.

I have never doubted that what I did was right. I would do it again if necessary. I never felt I needed to apologize to Afton. Though in time, she apologized to me and admitted that what I did was right. But as I have grown older and have thought about that tragic morning, I have understood more keenly than ever before the terrible responsibility which rested upon me. To deny a person the right to bear her testimony is a serious matter. One had better be certain one is right before exercising that power.

There is a happy sequel to the story just told. Last Sunday in testimony meeting (August 6, 2000), Morris stood with Afton as she bore her testimony for the first time since her ignominious experience with Bishop Andrus years before. I could not hear all that was said because she spoke without a microphone, but those who sat nearby indicated it was a good testimony, part of which paid tribute to Morris. After meeting, I hurried back and hugged Afton. I told her I was pleased she had come and expressed her testimony. I told her I loved her. I shook hands with Morris and expressed my love for him. I meant what I said

to both. May God bless both in their years of physical decline. They may not have fought the “good” fight, but they deserve a reward for staying together.

As bishop of the Rexburg Fifteenth Ward, my primary responsibility was the Aaronic Priesthood and Aaronic Priesthood age young ladies. I attended camp-outs, courts of honor, and young ladies classes. I spoke at ward youth conferences, joint meetings involving young men and women during Sunday worship services, and participated in father and son’s outings. I didn’t mind speaking assignments, but I did not care for camp out. The last time I enjoyed camping out, as I recall, was during my Boy Scout days, many years before. Nevertheless, my counselors and I tried to call responsible leaders for the youth, leaders who not only loved young people, but who loved to plan and participate in camp-outs as well. And we attempted to devote as much attention to the young women as we did to the young men. As a matter of fact, Gloria kept me responsible in terms of providing adequate funds for the young women. If I contributed \$100 to the Boy Scouts, she expected me to contribute another \$100 to the young women in the Ward. The young womens’ program, therefore, flourished while I served as bishop.

A bishop in the L.D.S. Church is president of the Priests’ Quorum. So, for six and half years I served not only as bishop of the Rexburg Fifteenth Ward, but as president of its priests’ quorum. During that time, I had excellent counselors (members of the Quorum) such as Kendall Grant about whom I have written. I enjoyed working with these young men. We had fun together, even in priests’ quorum meeting. I remember one meeting in particular for which the advisor had prepared a substantial lesson. He asked a question to which Ricky Stallings, David Brown and Mark Thompson responded with various comments, then Ricky Stallings amplified their comments with an extended litany of wisecracks which essentially covered the rest of the lesson. When he finished, I said: “Damn! Ricky, you’ve just shot the lesson to hell.” We all laughed, and with a few more light comments terminated the lesson. Now, this description of what went on in meeting that Sunday may appear as if nothing worthy of serious comment was accomplished. But that is not the case. First, this meeting was not characteristic of all priest quorum meetings. Second, all of these boys were good. They all served missions. They were all married in the temple. And today they are all raising children active in the Church. Besides this, they and I had an excellent relationship.

In 1980, about one year after I became bishop of the Rexburg Fifteenth Ward, the Church changed meeting schedules. For decades the Church had held Priesthood and Sunday School during Sunday mornings, and Sacrament Meeting during late afternoon or early evening. Relief Society, Primary, Young Men and Young Womens’ activities were held on a week day. With the change,

all these meetings were restructured to fit a single three hour block of time, either in the morning or afternoon. “Such long-standing traditions as the Sunday School half-hour opening exercises were discontinued. The Junior Sunday School was amalgamated into the Primary Association as part of the consolidation. Only a youth activity night, monthly Relief Society home-making meeting, and an occasional activity continued to be held during the week.

“This plan reduced the amount of travel required to attend Church meetings and cut the number of days buildings needed to be heated or cooled. The new plan had obvious energy saving advantages, an important consideration at that time. The First Presidency explained, however, that the more enduring consideration was to give families more time for scripture study and other activities at home. . . .” (*Church History in The Fullness of Times*, p. 595)

Block scheduling was a success from its inception. It not only met desires of the First Presidency, but allowed more wards to use a building without bumping into each other. Block scheduling is just one more indication that as times change, church procedures must also change, but not basic doctrine. The principles of the Gospel never change. In this regard God remains constant.

Something else that remains constant is the need for money to fund ward activities and meet stake assessments. The Fifteenth Ward Bishopric never had a problem raising funds. Ward members were conscientious and generous in their contributions. In fact, we collected sufficient money to open a savings account with the Church in Salt Lake City. As I recall, shortly before we were released as a bishopric, we had accumulated \$12,000 in this account. Our stake assessments were not only paid in full, but were paid when due. We led the Stake in generating funds and meeting monetary obligations. We did this by assessing ward members what we thought were fair and justifiable assessments. We never had anyone complain, so I suppose we were pretty well on target most of the time. Today, wards and stakes are no longer required to request contributions from church members. Rather, they receive funds from church headquarters on an annual basis.

Church meetings, even with the new block schedules, were plethora for bishoprics and stake officers. I grew weary of attending meetings, especially meetings I felt were not necessarily beneficial. Such meetings always were area and regional meetings. These were presided over by General Authorities or their representatives. There were many speakers, each speaker representing a priesthood quorum or church auxiliary. Then we would separate into meetings such as one meeting for bishops, another for Relief Society, another for Sunday School, another for Primary and so on until all organizations were covered. The whole conference would last four hours. And by the time it was over, we were ready to expire. I always left these conferences feeling I had failed as bishop. All

in attendance heard messages that indicated we were not quite good enough, or we were shy of meeting goals the Church wanted us to meet, or we were not performing at the desired level. I felt overwhelmed with messages and left every meeting laden with material I seldom read. To survive, psychologically, I learned to forget most of what was said and go back to the Ward doing essentially what had been done before. And why shouldn't we, as a bishopric, have done this? If some approach didn't work well, we modified it till it did.

Members of the Bishopric wrote Christmas messages, monthly messages in the Ward Bulletin, invitations to tithing settlement and personal letters to ward members when these were needed. An example of Christmas letters composed and mailed to ward members is the one dated Christmas 1980. It read: "The greatest wonder of this wonderful world is the perfect example of the Savior. When Alma asked: 'Have ye received his image in your countenances?' he was asking one of the most profound questions revealed to man. John told us why, 'Beloved now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.' One can only be like Christ to the extent that he has the pure love of Christ.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.' That was the message he taught; that was the life he lived. He was sinless, not merely because he avoided evil, but because he also worked righteousness. In his day, he healed the sick, raised the dead, made the lame to walk; in our day, he not only gave his priesthood, but also enabled scientists to do what he did by faith.

"But where is Christ now? Can we see him? Yes, if he is within us, because then we recognize his hand in everything that is good. And the more his image is found in our countenances, the more we will be able to see him, 'for all things which are good cometh of God.' And it is essential that we do, 'For this is life eternal, to know thee the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.'

"Joseph Smith said, 'And this is the testimony last of all that we give of him that he lives, for we saw him, even on the right hand of God.' May we humbly add our testimony that he lives for we too have seen him, not sitting on his throne, but in his works and in the countenances of many of you who faithfully serve him. Amen. Sincerely, Alyn B. Andrus, Ronald K. Messer, Rick Davis."

The Rexburg Fifteenth Ward was a good one. A few statistics may indicate how good by giving the level of activity at which the Ward operated between 1979 and 1985 while my counselors and I composed the Bishopric. The lowest percentage of ward members to attend Sacrament Meeting during those years was 57. The highest was 67. We liked to send missionaries into the field because

the crowd they would draw increased our Sacrament Meeting attendance. The lowest percentage of home teaching was 78. The highest was 82. The lowest attendance for Young Women at Sunday meetings was 82. The highest was 83. Attendance of Aaronic Priesthood holders at Priesthood Meeting was more erratic than attendance was for Young Women at their meetings. The lowest percentage of attendance for Aaronic Priesthood holders was 75. The highest was 89. About 80% of the Ward were full tithe payers. Of course many of these were children whose tithing frequently was counted in pennies, but children always paid a full tithing.

Other wards in the Stake had higher statistics than Fifteenth Ward, but many had statistics much lower too. Usually, Fifteenth Ward was in the upper one-half to one-third of the wards on the Stake Comparative Report.

The satisfying part of being a bishop was not in presiding over meetings, delivering sermons, collecting tithing, or interviewing on a regular basis, but in visiting ward members in their homes, especially if such visits were felt to be needed. Frequently, I felt impressed to visit a ward member, then a few days after the visit, that person would die. Had I waited, I would have lost the opportunity. I learned to follow my impressions. I don't think an impression ever led me to do wrong while I served as bishop.

I remember one Christmas in particular. The Bishopric had invited ward members to contribute to a Christmas fund for needy ward members. We collected \$250. My responsibility was to identify the needy family to whom this money should be given. I decided Tom and Becky Thornton should have it. The Thorntons were a big family with nine children. Two sets of twins one right after the other multiplied their number quickly, much more quickly than Tom and Becky were prepared to provide for. Consequently, the family struggled financially. They were a good family, deserving of special consideration. So the day before Christmas, I took the money to them. They were pleased to receive it, but not until many years later did I learn just how pleased. In a Registrar's Christmas party, over which Gloria presided, staff members decided that each member would tell of a special Christmas. When Becky Thornton's turn came, she told with tears in her eyes, of my bringing \$250 to her family the day before Christmas. The motor on their furnace had ceased to function. They needed a new motor which would cost \$250. They didn't have the money and faced Christmas without heat. Their prayers were answered when Bishop Andrus appeared at their door with exactly the amount of money they needed. The motor was purchased and installed. And Christmas in the Thornton house was a warm one, indeed. Suppose I had not heeded the impression to give the money to Tom and Becky Thornton. Their prayer would have gone unanswered.

Christmas would have been a cold and unrewarding reflection. And Bishop Andrus would have failed in the discharge of his ecclesiastical duty.

Nevertheless, impressions do not come easily. They usually come only after much reflection, prayer and concern (equivalent to mental wrestling matches). Sometimes, they don't come at all, forcing a bishopric to act according to their own best judgment, then asking God to ratify that judgment. Issuing calls to members for service in the Ward frequently was done without feeling inspired. But such calls were never issued without sincere prayer in which God was implored to bless the person being called in whatever ways would be necessary to have service given as required. I wrote an article for the Ward Bulletin about calls to serve. I wrote: "The call to serve is basic in church government and procedure. When one is called to serve in a ward, stake or church position, the idea is that the call is either the result of God's will made manifest, or at least it conforms to His will, inspires and motivates the one who is called to carry out his/her assignment well enough that the Church not only continues to function, but even grows, develops and becomes more effective in accomplishing its purposes as an organization. Therefore, a thought or two about the call to serve, perhaps, is appropriate as a Bishop's Message in the Ward Bulletin.

"Unfortunately, some in the Church believe that every call is inspired in some rather dramatic and unusual way. That is, they believe the name of the person called to fill a position is revealed to the bishop in a dream, or it may stand out from all other names on the ward roster, or it simply pops into the minds of the bishopric as they think about positions to be filled. As a matter of fact, no one in the Rexburg Fifteenth Ward has received a call to serve from inspiration received in these various ways.

"In the Ward, calls are made only after prayer and a lot of painstaking thought and discussion between members of the Bishopric relating to various candidates worthy and capable of filling a position in the Ward. Even then, at times, the person who is called must turn down the call due to circumstances of which the Bishopric had no knowledge. Seldom is a call made to one, who, if he exerts himself in discharging his responsibilities, will fail because he was not the 'one for the job.' And never is a call made until all members of the Bishopric are in agreement with respect to the person being called. In fact, frequently, the Bishopric experiences a strong impression that what they are doing is right. This is the inspiration by which they are guided, but that impression does not usually come until after prayer and considerable thought.

"What is necessary to understand when talking about calls to serve is that even though the names of those who are called are selected in a rather methodical and mundane way, they may be made in the name of the Lord, because in the Ward the Bishopric represents the Godhead. Thus, when we

accept a call, we commit ourselves to the Lord and to His service through that special assignment. Consequently, we qualify for blessings that otherwise may not come to us.

“Now, what are the blessings that may come to us as we magnify callings in the Church? The whole purpose of the Church is to prepare us for exaltation in the Celestial Kingdom. To the extent that we work hard in the Church, and learn to be of service to others in various ways, we will grow and develop, expanding our abilities and our point-of-view as we prepare to be gods and goddesses worthy and capable of organizing worlds of our own. This, then, constitutes the blessings that we talk so much about in the Church, and, through service, hope to achieve.”

I was released as Bishop of the Rexburg Fifteenth Ward on August 18, 1985. I had served for six and one-half years. I think I was ready to be released because I loathed answering phone calls. When the telephone would ring at home, I did not experience good feelings and pleasant thoughts. Nevertheless, I tried to serve as diligently and pleasantly as possible. But perhaps a trace of impatience manifest itself here and there until the Stake President, Dean Sorensen, decided I had served my usefulness. If President Sorensen did not discern this, God certainly knew and made His will known.

When released, I was asked to speak briefly. The following constitutes my remarks to the ward at that time: “I have mixed emotions about my release. I like freedom from responsibility, but am apprehensive about what callings the future may bring. Thinking about some callings makes me want to be bishop for a long time. But in the Church, one accepts his release in good spirits and accepts calls the same way. So having said that, I thank Heavenly Father for the privilege of being your bishop for six and a half years, and promise to remain active in the Church, serving in whatever ways may please Him.

“During the past six and a half years, if I have offended anyone, I beg your forgiveness. Any offense has been unintentional.

“Basically, I have no regrets for what I have said and done as bishop in this ward. If I were to start over, knowing what I know, I would proceed the same way, select the same persons to fill positions, and teach the same ideas and doctrines. I suffer no guilt feelings, in part, I suppose, because those who have helped me have been dedicated and responsible. I thank you for that. Especially, I thank my counselors and clerks. Brother Messer, totally dedicated to living gospel principles, charitable in dealing with others, and logical in analyzing problems, has been a source of strength to me, and I shall miss working with him. Brother Davis has brought a sophistication and expertise to the Bishopric, enabling us to proceed with efficiency. Brother Hill (Raymond), without complaint, has kept our statistical record accurate. Brother Squires has

helped keep us solvent. I deeply appreciate him, his quiet dedication to his call, and his commitment to accuracy . . . I thank Morris Parkinson, ward executive secretary, who has served faithfully and well, attempting to do more than was physically possible many times. Finally, I thank Sister Squires, who for six and a half years has scheduled my interviews, eliminating much of the hassle that might have sent Gloria and me to Blackfoot. Many of you do not know her because her health will not permit her to move freely in public. She has done her job quietly without expectation of reward.

“In conclusion, Ronald Messer is a good man. That is why he is now your bishop. Love, sustain, and pray for him each day. Don’t bother him with problems you can solve. Remember, he has a wife and children who need him too. I calculated that if Bishop Messer were to serve five years (he served seven), he would contribute in time the equivalent of \$20,000. That is a significant contribution. But remarkably, he will do it pleasantly. If by chance he should complain, he will do so only to Mary K. God bless you, Mary K., for this burden which Ron now bears, you will share. Besides, he would never have been honored with this call had you not been a worthy companion.

“May we all live worthy of God’s choicest blessings. And may He bless this ward during days ahead. I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.”

High Council: Rexburg East Stake

From August 18 to the last of December, the only church assignment given me was to home teach. I felt like a free man. I do not recall feeling bewildered without a bishop’s responsibilities to give me direction and feed my need for authority. I was pleased to be just an ordinary ward member. Then just before the new year (1986) I was called to serve on the Rexburg East Stake High Council. I served in this calling for five and a half years, from January 1986 to August 1991.

I enjoyed my calling as a high council member. I served under President Dean Sorensen, Glen Leak and Garth Olsen. Later, when Garth was called to be president of a new stake consisting of the country wards, Lynn Smith became a counselor to President Sorensen. I got along well with all these men.

When I began serving on the High Council, I occupied chair number 12. I was at the bottom of the “totem pole.” But about a year and a half before I was released, I served as senior member. Regardless of which chair I sat in, I enjoyed the companionship of other high council members, worked with them well, and was happy in my assignment.

A major assignment of high council members was to represent the Stake Presidency in wards comprising the Stake. The wards I enjoyed serving most were the country wards of Lyman, Archer and Sunnydell. I loved the people.

I loved their friendly, unostentatious and unsophisticated approach. They were farmers who spoke a language I had grown up with. I understood them. I understood their point-of-view, though I did not always agree with it when we crossed the line into the world of political philosophy. But they seemed to accept me as one of them and we worked well together. I remember sitting in the Sunnydell Relief Society Room one morning waiting for the sisters to come for meeting. I sat alone with Sister Hacking, an elderly lady. We talked briefly, then she said: "Brother Andrus, I see the love of Christ in your eyes." I looked at her in surprise, and she said: "I see the love of Christ in Brother Howell's eyes too." Then I understood. I said: "Sister Hacking, do you know why you see the love of Christ in our eyes?" She said: "Why?" I said: "Because you feel the love Christ. It is in your eyes." Sister Hacking helped me understand that we see in others what we are ourselves.

Another major assignment as a high council member was to speak in a ward once each month. At first I was a little nervous, but did not mind the assignment. In time, I enjoyed it.

I prepared my assigned speeches carefully, writing them out and delivering them essentially as written. I had heard so many poorly organized, disjointed, and poorly delivered speeches during my lifetime, I determined mine would not be like that if I could help the matter. I never felt sufficiently competent to deliver a speech that was in my head only. Besides, whenever I spoke in a church meeting, I was limited in the time I had. Writing out a talk insured me that I would not go over time but still would cover what was desired.

Regardless of what I spoke about, my speeches were pregnant with scripture. The scriptures were my primary source of information, along with *History of the Church* and *Comprehensive History of the Church*. I seldom used material from secondary sources. Stories usually were from my own life's experiences or from those of relatives and friends. Occasionally, when I heard a particularly interesting story or read one that carried a powerful message for good, I would use it. Most of my speeches, though, were pretty heavy — not really entertaining. So I was complimented frequently, but not overwhelmed with compliments. People seemed to accept me as one who knew the Gospel, was anchored in it and tried to live what he preached.

When I became senior member of the High Council, other assignments included developing speaking topics for high council members and scheduling speaking assignments. I was also responsible for family history research in the Stake, and for temple work, including temple preparation classes, ward baptismal schedules, endowment activity, initiatory and sealing assignments.

The most exciting and rewarding experience I enjoyed while serving on the High Council came when I spoke in a stake high priest's quorum meeting.

President Sorensen asked Gordon Westenskow, David Allen and me to speak on patriotism. Gordon Westenskow had served, and was still serving, as an army chaplain. He spoke on patriotism strictly from a soldier's point-of-view. I got the distinct impression while he spoke that the only true patriots were soldiers who had fought on the front lines, putting their lives in jeopardy and losing their lives in the cause of liberty. David Allen, who had served in Vietnam, also spoke about patriotism from a soldier's point-of-view, but was much more moderate in his presentation than Westenskow had been. I had never been a soldier. So, I spoke on patriotism from a civilian's point-of-view. One of the stories I told featured Edmund G. Ross who cast the deciding vote which saved Andrew Johnston in the United States Presidency. The pressure Ross faced during days preceding the trial was more than most people will ever know, because most people will never have to do what Ross did. Then what happened to him after the trial, he had sensed before he cast his vote. He said he had looked into his "open grave." During the rest of his life, he was politically and socially shunned. His family too suffered with him. In my talk I indicated that his act of bravery not only equaled that of soldiers on the front lines, but may have exceeded it, because most soldiers are drafted and fight because they must. Edmund Ross chose to turn his back on colleagues, who demanded his support, and cast his dissenting vote because he wanted to do right. But in doing that he sensed he would have to endure the terrible consequences of his decision for a long, long time. And I suppose there is nothing to compare with being socially ostracized. Anyway, I felt that the three talks fit the format of a debate which gave those who heard it something of substance to think about.

Before I close this part of my history and go to another, I shall list the names of those with whom I served on the Rexburg East Stake High Council. In 1991, the year in which I was released, the Stake Presidency was Dean Sorensen, Glenn Leak and Lynn Smith. The Executive Secretary was Joseph West. The Stake Clerk was Lynn Thomson. High Councilors, besides myself, were David Allen, James Lofthouse, Les Grover, Shane Webster, Robert Perkes, Greg Sellers, Steve Parkinson, David Rasmussen, Edward Malstrom, Steve Bennion, and Val Erickson. Stake Patriarchs were Gordon Dixon and Leo Smith.

High Council: Ricks College Third Stake

I was released as a high councilor in the Rexburg East Stake because I was requested to serve on the high council of the Ricks College Third Stake. I served in this stake from September 1991 to April 1997. For two of those years, I served with Gloria. She had served for three years in that stake as a Relief Society advisor before I became a member of the Council. To serve with her was a delightful experience.

When I began serving as a high councilor in the Ricks College Third Stake, Brent Moss was stake president. His counselors were Sander Larsen and James Gee. Later, when these men were released, Sylvan Seely served as president. His counselors were Gary Steiner and David Richards. I enjoyed serving under and working with all the men in both presidencies.

I loved President Moss. He was a good man, thought reasonably, was decisive, and frugal with words. He did not enjoy being the center of attention. He only wanted to discharge his assignment responsibly. I thought he would be difficult to replace. Nevertheless, when he was released and Sylvan Seely was called to serve as stake president, President Seely rose to the occasion, earned my respect, and won a place in my heart. This did not happen without trial. His first Sunday with the High Council, he was noticeably nervous. Later, he confided to me that he was indeed intimidated, especially by me. Frankly, I was surprised. I did not understand how I could intimidate anyone. I was senior member of the Council. I had started in seat #12 and had worked my way up to seat #1. Since this happened twice with me over a period of eleven and a half years, I wondered why. Out of any given twelve men on any high council, only relatively few become senior. For that to happen to me in two successive high councils was unusual. I did not particularly enjoy being senior member. The position carried more responsibility than other members carried. But since I sat in the seat, I tried to do what was expected of me as well as I knew how. And other councillors always sustained me.

My responsibilities as high councilor in the Ricks College Third Stake were (1) to schedule high council speaking assignments and help develop speaking topics; (2) to serve as public communications and public relations director; (3) to arrange special periodical testimony-building meetings for prospective missionaries within the Stake; and (4) to serve as stake mission president. I was also assigned to a ward, and was directed to visit other wards as needed.

During years I served in the Ricks College Third Stake, I represented the Stake President in the Twenty-Fourth and Forty-Seventh Wards. When I was assigned to the Twenty-Fourth Ward, Terry Leishman was bishop, with Nile Fullmer and Lynn Perkes as counselors. Bishop of the Forty-Seventh Ward, when I served there, was Vern Kaaiakamanu (an Hawaiian). His counselors were Robert Michaels and Douglas Ricks. Working with the men in these two bishoprics was enjoyable. They treated me as a third counselor, and trusted adviser, which helped me feel that I was part of the decision-making process. In April 1995, I wrote the Stake Presidency a letter giving an account of my stewardship in connection with the Forty-Seventh Ward. In the letter, I wrote: "Brethren, I felt I should give an accounting of my assignment as an adviser to the 47th Ward this year. First, I have thoroughly enjoyed working with the 47th

Ward Bishopric. They have been very accommodating. I feel that Bishop ‘K’ is a good, caring and responsible man. The young people like him.

“Second, I have also enjoyed working with the Elders’ Quorum Presidency in the 47th Ward. President (Mike) Marshall is not only dedicated to the Gospel and Church, but is competent and well-organized. By Friday of this week, I will have held three training sessions with the Elders’ Quorum Presidency this semester. In these sessions, the boys have come to my house and have held presidency meetings there. We have then viewed the three segments of the video tape entitled *Putting the Melchizedek Priesthood to Work*. Following these viewings, we have finished off the evenings with ice cream and cookies. The boys have enjoyed these visits. I think the visits have been good for all of us.

“Third, I have enjoyed the 47th Ward prayer held each Sunday evening at 8:00. We have had consistently almost as many young people attend ward prayer as sacrament meeting. The greatest revelation of how the young people regard me in the Ward came to me recently in a ward prayer. I had borne my testimony previously that day and had permission to continue attending ward prayer throughout April. The young lady in charge of ward prayer that evening announced that she was happy Brother Andrus was going to continue to come to ward prayer. I felt at the time that she was speaking for others as well. Yet, I haven’t done anything unusual in the Ward or at ward prayer. I’ve just been there all the time. I decided that being there consistently, and bearing my testimony occasionally gives the students a sense of stability, a gospel model that they need to see, as well as hear, regularly in their lives. And the clincher came last Sunday when another girl in the Ward took a picture of the Bishopric after ward prayer. She insisted that I stand with the others. Perhaps other high council members could be taught that they are not expected to be flashy or eloquent, but just regular, dependable models of gospel-living (just be relatively silent participants in ward activities). Sincerely, Alyn B. Andrus.”

I also wrote a letter to Sander Larsen of the Stake Presidency, reporting on my assignment as Stake Mission President. The letter was dated March 8, 1995. It read: “Dear Sander, Would you please share this report with President Moss. It concerns missionary work in the Ricks College Third Stake.

“The stake mission presidency and ward mission leaders have met together three times this school year. The last meeting was Sunday, March 5. We had excellent attendance at our first two meetings. In this last meeting, only six wards were represented (out of 11 wards), although choir practice was held at the same hour and some Ward Mission Leaders may have been with the choir.

“This year, out of seven non-members in the Stake, only one has been baptized. Two, who come from outside the U. S., say they would like to be baptized, but can’t because their parents oppose it. The other four are not

interested, even though Ward Mission Leaders and full-time missionaries have met with them.

“The Ward Mission Leaders are all teaching missionary prep classes in their wards. Attendance in these classes ranges from 10 to 30 prospective missionaries per class. The classes I visited were well-taught.

“Many of the Ward Mission Leaders are assisting elders’ quorum presidencies and bishoprics in activating less-active members. They seem to be taking a genuine interest in this endeavor.

“All of the Ward Mission Leaders are involved in ward council meetings. I think the organization is functioning the way it was designed to function.

“Finally, my counselors have given excellent pep talks to the Ward Mission Leaders in our meetings. They have supported me well in their callings. Sincerely, Alyn B. Andrus.”

My counselors in the mission presidency during my last year of service in the Ricks College Third Stake were LaMar Barrus and Nile Garn. When I was released, LaMar Barrus served as Stake Mission President.

Before ending this part of my history, I need to identify a feature that distinguished Ricks College stakes from regular stakes. It was the Moroni Marathon. Each September, soon after classes commenced and wards began to meet, each stake brought its wards together in friendly competition involving relay races, rope pulls and banner designs. Each ward designed and made a banner. Some of these were very attractive and reflected a lot of imagination and work. Others were nothing more than a piece of cloth with printing on it by a felt-tip pen. But everyone had fun at Moroni Marathons. The Third Stake always held its marathons in the Main Gym of the Hart Building. For better than an hour, the noise level was deafening and the activity furious. After Moroni Marathon, we knew we were launched into a new school year.

Finally, the brethren with whom I served my last year (1997) on the Ricks College High Council were President Sylvan Seely and his counselors, Gary Steiner and David Richards. The Executive Secretary was Ron E. Moss; the Stake Clerk was Ron Walker; And the Patriarch was Seth Bills. Members of the High Council were: Kym Ferguson, Warren Porter, David Taylor, Robert Stoneberg, David Reed, Loren Grover, James Lofthouse, Dwain Keller, LaVon Dean Brown, Bruce Barton and LaMar Barrus.

Summary of My Feelings Relating to Ecclesiastical Callings and Activities Through the Rexburg Era

Writing this history, among other things, has helped me see that the Church has been not only central in my life, it has been my life. In my memory, church

callings and activities have been rather loosely connected and spread over an extended period of time. But when condensed in written form on relatively few pages, as they have been in this history, the picture becomes strikingly clear. I owe everything I am to the Church.

Without the Church, I would not have served a proselyting mission to the Indians in the American southwest. Not having served that mission, I would not have met Gloria, the girl who later became my wife. Without the Church, I would not have attended Ricks College and Brigham Young University, qualifying to teach school for the Church, first in Western Samoa and later at Ricks College. Had I not taught school in Western Samoa, Gloria and I would not have adopted Daniel and Steve, nor would we have enjoyed the experiences associated with these boys maturing as members of our family.

Without, the Church, I would not have served in bishoprics nor would I have served as a bishop, experiences I never wanted, but which I would not trade for all the world might offer. Neither would I have served in high councils, enlarging my circle of friends and preparing me for future church assignments.

Without the Church, Gloria and I would not have known the pleasure of raising Diana Narcisco, an Apache Indian girl who lived with us for ten years. Neither would we have had the opportunity and privilege of providing a home for Emmeline Matua who has given us the satisfaction which comes from having raised a good and faithful daughter, for that is how we regard her. And we would not have taken into our home other young women, Ricks College students, with whom we developed close and lasting ties.

Finally, and most importantly, without the Church, Gloria and I would not enjoy the strong family heritage which provides anchorage in strong and enduring values. Certainly, without the Church and our ancestors in the Church, we would not live where we do, and bless the west as a cherished home.

With the Church, we enjoy hope of Eternal Life. We look forward to life with loved ones on the other side of the veil. Because of the Church, our family and friends are good people who help us be good.

Life is good. Gloria and I are happy. The Gospel, as contained in the *Book of Mormon* and taught by the Church, is the foundation of our happiness.

I love the Church, even with its congregations of imperfect people. May God continue to bless the Church that it may discharge its mission in promoting and promulgating His plan for mankind's eternal blessing.

God lives. Christ's atonement is real. Without it, all would be lost. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is Christ's church. Its claims are true. And Gordon B. Hinckley is His prophet today. I pray that this testimony may endure to the very end of each personal priesthood assignment, and until I

kneel at the feet of my Savior, awe-struck and with inexpressible gratitude. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Part Four: My Married Years at Ricks College (1968-1997)

Chapter 5

Our Boys and Other Family Members

Introduction

When we moved into our house on Third East, Daniel was 11.5 and Steve was 14 years old. Moving enabled them to expand their circle of friends. Steve, of course, was a Teacher in the Aaronic Priesthood. Daniel would become a Deacon four months following our move. The boys got along well in their new ward and neighborhood. In fact, so far as the neighborhood was concerned, they were the only children on both sides of the street. Gloria and I wondered what our neighbors thought when they saw this young married couple, with two half-grown boys, move into what had been a very quiet, semi-retired neighborhood. All our neighbors were either widows or older people whose families were raised and gone. They must have viewed us with trepidation. However, the boys were well-behaved and when widowed neighbors learned that the boys would mow their lawns and shovel snow off sidewalks, without pay, they accepted them and us wholeheartedly. Even as the boys grew into their late teens, they were respected by our neighbors.

Delivering Newspapers and Moving Sprinkler Pipe

Both Steve and Daniel delivered newspapers for the Post Register before they became old enough to move sprinkler pipe. They used their bikes; seldom did we take them around their routes in the car. They were responsible in good and bad weather.

One day while delivering papers Steve came down Fourth East by Lincoln Elementary School and crossed over a storm drain, the front wheel on his bike fell into the drain. He was thrown from his bike and picked himself up minus two front teeth. He rode his bike to our dentist, Farrell Young. Farrell called Gloria at work and asked, "Gloria, what do you want me to do about Steve?" Gloria said, "What do you mean?" Farrell said, "Well, he's sitting here in my office without two front teeth." Gloria said, "I'll be right over." Farrell put two temporary front teeth in place; these were replaced several times as he grew. Then, just before Steve went into the mission field, he received two permanent front teeth. We thought Steve demonstrated his unswerving resolve to press on

alone in the face of difficulty even at the young age of 13 years. Daniel, on the other hand, though he was regular and responsible in his delivery of newspapers, encountered a different kind of problem.

There was in Rexburg a pizza place called the Red Baron. As an added attraction, it advertised pin ball machines. Daniel, one day, collected his paper money, stopped at the Red Baron and lost all his money playing the pin ball machines. He came home broke and in debt to the Post Register. We bailed him out, but required payment out of future earnings.

As the boys matured in their early teens, they moved sprinkler pipe for farmers on the hills east of Rexburg. Moving pipe was a hard, muddy job. The pipe segments were light metal about 30 feet in length with sprinkler heads that worked by water pressure. The segments were clamped into each other until they stretched across a whole field. To move these, one would walk through mud to the pipe, unclamp the segment to be moved, pick it up, hug it to the stomach, and walk awkwardly through the mud to the next location. After all segments had been moved, the water was turned on for that line and the pipe remained in place for another eight hours. To move all lines required about four hours. This was done twice each day — once in early morning and again in early evening. So, the boys would arise about 4:00 a.m. and get home about 9:00. In the afternoon they would leave for work about 4:00 and get home about 8:00. Of course, when they finished, whether in the morning or evening, they were always very hungry. I remember one morning, Daniel prepared eight scrambled eggs, ate several cups of yogurt, ate a loaf of bread and drank a quart of milk. I figured his protein intake for that one meal was about 100 grams, twice the daily need for an average individual.

Moving pipe not only taught the boys how to work hard, but helped form their values. They learned to love wildlife because frequently they saw deer and moose in the fields during early morning hours. They also learned to spend hard-earned money wisely. For example, one morning after eating breakfast and taking a shower, instead of going to bed, Daniel announced he was going to buy a radio he had wanted. He came back a short time later with no radio. Gloria asked him if he had changed his mind about wanting the radio. He replied that when he looked at the radio again, and examined the price tag, he started calculating how many pipe he would have to move to pay for the radio, and at 5 cents per pipe, to buy the radio was no longer worth the effort to earn the necessary money.

An additional benefit in moving pipe was physical conditioning. Young men who had moved pipe all summer, were ready to play football when practice began. And both our boys played football. They began in "little league," city-sponsored football while still in the elementary grades.

Little League Baseball and Football

Steve joined a little league football team on his own, without any encouragement from Gloria or me. In fact, till he became involved, we were almost oblivious to city-sponsored little league teams. As I recall, the football season was well underway before I came to my senses and realized that Steve was involved in the sport. When I became aware of this, I attended his ball games, giving him what support I could as a spectator. He played on the line in those early days of his youth. That is amusing now, because in high school he was the fastest runner on the team and played tail back, carrying the ball enough times to average more than a hundred yards per game in his senior year.

Steve also led the way in basketball. He loved the sport and would practice for hours in a neighbor's driveway where a basketball rim was fastened over the garage door. I paid little attention to these practices, but when Steve made the junior high, junior varsity and varsity basketball teams, I paid more attention. He was a natural athlete, and apparently felt a need to develop his athletic ability independently of any encouragement from me.

Daniel too was a natural athlete, but by the time he became old enough to play, I was finally with the program. Daniel started his athletic career by playing little league baseball. He played third base and had a terrific arm. More than once, he fielded hot ground balls and threw out the runner at first base. He also knocked home runs. His greatest home run triumph came one summer while I was in school at Provo. He came to bat and Gloria yelled, "Hit a homer for Dad!" Daniel pelted the next pitch out of the playing field and, according to Gloria, ran the bases with a grin from ear to ear. Before Daniel left little league for junior high sports, I coached his team in baseball and football. I have always been sorry I did not do that for Steve.

I enjoyed coaching little league. I loved the boys. I tried not to put unnecessary pressure on them to win, though that was difficult at times. I even umpired little league baseball games and learned to dislike vociferous parents to whom winning was everything and didn't have sense enough to keep their mouths shut and let their boys have fun in the sport.

Daniel played fullback in little league football. He was not a fast runner, but was big for his age and carried the ball well.

They both participated in the Punt, Pass, & Kick program sponsored at that time by the Ford Motor Company. They both won more than their share of the trophies.

My interest in the boys during little league involvement carried through into college football. Gloria too became sufficiently interested that we attended nearly all games played, both at home and away. (Some of the away games took us over 300 miles from home.) We wanted the boys to know we cared enough

about them to attend their ball games, regardless of the distance. We think that interest paid dividends in cultivating a strong positive relationship with them.

Athletic Activities: Steve

I first watched Steve play tailback for a football team in a freshman game between Madison and South Fremont. He impressed me, especially with a long touchdown run covering nearly the length of the field. He was fast enough that if he ever got one step ahead of an opponent, he could not be caught. His speed locked him into the tailback slot through high school.

Nevertheless, Steve and friends did not try out for football during his sophomore year. Madison football had hit a low during that time. Few potentially good players tried out for the team, because Madison had a dismal record and they could see no chance for improvement under the existing coaching staff. Even Sugar City beat Madison rather consistently in opening season games. A new coach named Greg Shepherd was needed to turn Madison football around.

Greg Shepherd majored in Physical Education and minored in music at Oberlin College. He was intelligent, sociable, an organizer and motivator. He was built like a Sherman Tank probably because he was a weight lifter. He believed if team members lifted weights regularly, as he did, and honed their desires sufficiently, there was no one, within their conference, they couldn't beat in a ball game. His commitment to improving Madison High School football was expressed in his motto: "Bigger, Faster, Stronger." Weight lifting, he said would help him and the boys achieve this motto.

Once at Madison, Greg was a whirlwind of activity. He invited all potential football players to try out during Madison's practice sessions in August. Because he was new, and because his invitation implied that some who had felt their chances to play were nil would perhaps now get a chance, the turnout for practice was encouraging. Greg next called a meeting involving parents of all boys who were practicing with the team. He got us excited about Madison football and proposed that we organize a boosters' club. We did, but I'll write about that later in this history. He encouraged an expansion of city-sponsored little league football, and he coordinated the techniques taught in little league and in junior high with those taught at the high school level. At football games, he hired a "cherry picker" from Utah Power and Light so a camera man could take videos of the ball games. These videos were then studied by him and team members to detect weaknesses in execution. He kept careful statistics for each game and made sure the games were broadcast. All that Greg did began to pay off. There was renewed interest in Madison football, and the team began to win games.

During his first year at Madison, Greg's football team won 6 games and lost 4. The team had a winning season — the first in many years. Steve played a key role in the victories. He was the main ball carrier and averaged over 100 yards per game in each game he played. He was out a couple of games with injuries, so he did not get his 1,000 yards rushing as he wanted. But in his senior year, he got 990 yards even though he missed three games. This year, he averaged between 125 and 150 yards per game. His yards per carry averaged an incredible 4.7. Steve was a threat to any team Madison played, and the linebackers on those teams were told to follow him and not worry about the other backs.

Steve claims the coldest game he played was on the Ricks College football field (Madison played most of its games in Porter Park). It was against Burley and was the last game of the season. It was played in November, and snow had to be removed from the field before the game could begin. Madison won that game, and Steve was carried off the field on the shoulders of teammates for his effort in the victory. Madison's record that year was 7 wins and 3 losses. Steve was awarded the Player of the Week award by KID radio.

After high school, Steve attended Ricks College where he played football on a scholarship. At Ricks, he played corner back which pleased him immensely. He always wanted to play defense and administer a little punishment. In high school, as tail back, he had taken punishment. Ricks' record the year Steve played for the Vikings was 6 wins and 4 losses.

At Ricks, Steve played football one season, then served a mission. After returning home, he went out for football again at Ricks. He made the team and landed his favored spot as corner back, but he was also the kick off return man. In the last practice before the first game of the season, he separated his shoulder while returning a kick off. This injury ended Steve's college football. His shoulder separation was his first major injury in high school and college, a fact for which Gloria and I were very grateful.

Steve was also a good basketball player. He had a beautiful jump shot and could swish them through the hoop from the three point line with regularity. But he was not the star on Madison's basketball team as he was in football. He was sixth man on the team. Four of the first five were taller than he, and Roger Dalling, point guard (the position that Steve played), was a fine ball player — wise in the sport, aggressive and a first-rate ball handler and hustler. The fact that Steve made the team was a feather in his bonnet, because he did it on his own. He received no help from Gloria and me or from anyone else that I know of. Coach Norman Holman gave him chances to play. Gloria and I were always there to see him when that happened.

For three years Steve ran track. He was a sprinter, running the 100-yard dash, the 220 yard dash, and the 440-yard relay. Each year for three years, he qualified for the state track meet at Boise in all three races just mentioned. His fastest time in the 100 was 10.1. That may have been wind-aided. On a warm, windless day he could run the 100 in 10.2 with some regularity. In the 220 his best time was 22.2 to 22.4. These times were fast enough to qualify Steve for competition in Boise, but not quite fast enough to win there. Randy Hyde, Madison's fastest runner, for example won the 100-yard dash in Boise during Steve's junior year by a time of 9.9 — two-tenths of a second faster than Steve. Gloria and I used to quip that we would drive 300 miles to watch Steve run a ten-second race. We think that says something about dedication to family. We would do it again if necessary. We have always felt that Madison sports helped give Steve the identity he needed so desperately at the time. They helped keep him on track, a track that led him to a more satisfying life than that followed by other high school students at the time.

Athletic Activities: Daniel

Daniel, like Steve, was a natural athlete. He was not as fast as Steve, but was taller. During his senior year in high school, he stood 6 feet 4 inches and weighed about 200 pounds. Steve, on the other hand, stood 5 feet 8 inches and weighed about 155 pounds. Daniel's height was his advantage as an athlete. In football, he played tight end. In basketball he played forward and center. His basketball team mate, Mitch Grover, was 6 feet 5 inches high, so generally, he played center, but Daniel frequently out-rebounded Mitch. Statistically, he was Madison's top rebounder, and was acknowledged as such in awards given.

Daniel was a team player. In sports there was not a "selfish bone in his body." Many times when he could have scored, he passed the ball off to let team mates score. Yet at other times, when team mates were not scoring well and needed leadership on the floor, Daniel would come through with flying colors. For example, during his senior year, Madison played Shelley at Shelley. In the third quarter, Madison was down 15 points. Everyone thought the game would be a blowout because Madison was not just hanging on, the boys were falling further behind. Finally, Daniel must have gotten angry. He came alive, as though coach Jerry Grover had administered a shot of super adrenalin to him in the huddle. For a full ten minutes of basketball, he put on a one man show, rebounding, dribbling and shooting. He scored 20 points in that game and brought Madison through to victory. He was hero of the hour and Shelley was stunned.

Daniel's talent in basketball had been evident since junior high. After a ball game with an Idaho Falls junior high team, I heard the Idaho Falls coach identify Daniel's number and say to someone else, "He's a hell of a ball player."

Daniel earned his letter in basketball three years. Coach Norman Holman moved him up to the varsity from junior varsity the last of December during Daniel's sophomore year. He played with the varsity the rest of that year. However, at the time, he suffered from a pain in his right knee. He took pain killers to get through ball games. Finally, at the end of basketball season, Dr. Ed Biddulph, an orthopedic surgeon in Idaho Falls operated on Daniel to remove a bone splinter under his knee cap. This corrected the problem and relieved his pain. His last two years of basketball, he played pain-free except when he sprained his ankle a time or two. His last sprain was a bad one, resulting in a cast and crutches for six weeks. This happened after high school, when Daniel was in college. He went into the MTC with a cast on his right leg.

Madison's record in basketball during Daniel's junior year was 9 wins and 11 losses. The team improved somewhat the next year with 12 wins and 8 losses.

While Daniel played basketball, his girl friend was Tracey Erickson, one of the cheerleaders. During one game, a cheerleader from the opposing school, asked who #45 was. Tracey answered, "He's mine; you leave him alone."

As a football player, Daniel caught many passes though he was a tight end. He had "good hands" and excellent concentration. If a pass could be caught, he caught it. His problem was speed. Once he caught a pass, he was not fast enough to outrun opponents. Also, he was opposed for the tight end position by Mark Prows. I remember one day after practice, Daniel came home a little subdued to report that Mark was playing tight end. There seemed to be some question in Daniel's mind that he would be able to start in that position. I remember telling him that Gloria and I had always encouraged him to be kind and gentle with people. And we still wanted him to be that way. But if he was determined to play football, he must learn that he would not be able to play successfully by being kind and gentle. On the football field, he had to regard his opponents as enemies, and he must vanquish them before they vanquished him. I don't know what happened on the practice field after Daniel and I talked, (I'm not sure that my talk had any bearing at all on his attitude and motivation), but I do know that two weeks later, Daniel had won the right to start at tight end and he never relinquished that right till he played his last high school game.

Daniel's football coaches were Greg Shepherd and Doug Smith. Greg coached Daniel his junior year, then moved on to coach Granger football in Salt Lake Valley. Greg and the team won 7 games and lost 3 that year.

Doug Smith came to Madison in the "Year of the Flood." He coached Daniel his senior year and was an excellent coach. The boys liked him, and under his

direction, Madison did well, although at first everyone questioned just how well they would do.

The flood was a traumatic experience for all who went through it. And to receive a new coach, on top of that, required additional adjustment. Madison lost their first two games in "76." One of those losses was to Marsh Valley. The other was to Jerome. The boys then traveled over 300 miles to Caldwell for a Friday evening game, and we drove over to watch. At half-time the score stood 20 to 0 in Caldwell's favor. Prospects looked dim indeed. Caldwell fans poked fun of Madison. Most people in Rexburg turned off radios and some people in the stadium left their seats for home. But Madison had, in fact, come to play football. They were not to be denied victory. The second half, Madison held Caldwell scoreless, while they scored three touchdowns and three extra points. Daniel caught a long pass and ran the ball to the ten-yard line which set up Madison's first touchdown of the game. Had Daniel been a mite faster, he would have run the ball over the goal line. Madison beat the ball game 21 to 20. Caldwell was stunned. Those in Rexburg who had turned off their radios were stunned the next morning when sports news reported the score. Of course, we drove home in great merriment. That was the shortest drive from Caldwell I have ever made. The remaining seven ball games were all Madison's. In fact, Madison earned the right to play Marsh Valley in the Minidome. Marsh Valley, remember, had beaten Madison in their first game of the season.

The Minidome game between Madison and Marsh Valley was a memorable one. Lynn Perkes took the opening kick off and ran it back 95 yards for a touchdown. Madison never looked back. Daniel caught several passes on scoring drives. One was in the end zone for a touchdown that was not allowed. The referee said the ball touched the ground before Daniel caught it, but Daniel told us the ball never touched the ground at all. The referee was not in good position to see. Madison defeated Marsh Valley 29 to 7. Marsh Valley went home with heads hung low. They had expected an easy victory. Madison's record after the Marsh Valley game was 9 wins and 2 losses.

Daniel ran track. He ran the 440-yard dash and the 440-yard relay. His time in the 440-yard dash was 54 to 52 seconds, not fast enough to win races. Actually, he did not run track consistently. He missed track meets due to illness, and so track season for Daniel was less than satisfactory.

Daniel attended Ricks College on a football scholarship. He played tight end for the Vikings and did well. While he played for Ricks, he received two Player of the Week awards — one after a game with Carroll College in Helena, Montana, and another following a game with Snow College in Ephraim, Utah. His hands were as good in college as in high school. He always caught passes thrown to him. Coach Don Schiess liked him well enough that he wanted Daniel

to play his second year at Ricks before going into the mission field. He told me, "Daniel makes a big target out there." As a matter of fact, Daniel only played one year of football at Ricks. After returning home from the mission field, he started football practice, but before scheduled games started, he quit the sport. He did not see his future in football, and was tired of the physical abuse associated with the sport, and probably wondered why he should continue when there were other, more satisfying activities in which to engage. Gloria and I were not sorry to see him quit. We were tired, too.

The Madison Bobcat Boosters Club

Part of Madison's success in football while Steve and Daniel participated was due to the Madison Bobcat Boosters Club. Before Greg Shepherd came, there was no club. He fired up the parents of team players and proposed that someone organize a boosters' club. Gloria and I wanted to do all we could to support our boys, so we volunteered to organize the club.

The purposes of the Club were (1) to strengthen the relationship between coach, players and parents, (2) to acquire funds with which to pay for filming football games, (3) to promote and organize award banquets, and (4) to begin work on a new football field for Madison High School. We met all those goals, though the Club was never very large. Not all parents participated and even fewer participated regularly. Active membership numbered about 24.

Before the Club was organized, but after Madison had played its first game against Sugar, I wrote a letter to parents of team players inviting them to a meeting in which Greg Shepherd would talk about that game and discuss the upcoming game. The letter was dated September 4, 1973 and read: "Dear Parents, Coach Greg Shepherd has asked me to help him set up a meeting with parents of the football players for Madison High. I'm happy to do this because I'd like to see a going football team and a successful season for Madison this year. I know we have the coach, and I think we have the team necessary to resurrect football at Madison from the doldrums of defeat. All we need now is plenty of support from both students and parents. I see an excellent opportunity for both parents and boys to develop and cement a strong filial relationship as a result of active parental support of the team.

"Accordingly, a meeting has been arranged for eight o'clock tomorrow night (Wednesday, September 5) in the little theater of the old high school building. Coach Shepherd will be there to talk about last Friday's game with Sugar, about the team, and about this Friday's game with Marsh Valley. Marsh Valley will be a tougher team to beat than Sugar, and the Bobcats will need all the support they can get. We'll see you at the meeting. Sincerely yours, Alyn B. Andrus"

Following the meeting announced by this letter, a “news release” was prepared for the local newspaper. It read: “A meeting of the Bobcat Boosters Club met last night in the Washington School Auditorium and heard Coach Greg Shepherd discuss last Friday’s football game with Sugar High. He told the audience that he scouted the Marsh Valley — Shelley game, and then discussed strategy to be used in Friday night’s home game with Marsh Valley.

“An immediate goal of the Bobcat Boosters Club is to raise some quick money to buy 16 mm film to shoot future games. Portions of the games will then be shown the following week at the Boosters Club meeting. Everyone in District 321 is invited to attend these informal Wednesday night sessions . . .

“In the meantime, we are going to be asked to make a small donation to the Bobcat Boosters Club for this film. I understand that if contributions are slow in coming, Greg and his defensive tackles will make the follow-up calls. Mail contributions to Gloria Andrus, Secretary/Treasurer.”

Letters were sent to all Rexburg service clubs asking for money. And they responded generously. As a matter of fact, for the next three years while Gloria and I served as leaders, the Club acquired sufficient funds that all the games were filmed and awards dinners were paid for in part.

We asked Utah Power & Light to donate their “cherry picker” for ball games so the camera man could look down on the field and take better pictures of the games. We got the machine.

We ordered wind-breakers for Club members, and made a little money selling these. We also sponsored an alumni football game (the first of the season) between Madison and Sugar, then divided the proceeds (\$455) with Sugar.

We helped the School District save \$1000 per year by providing volunteer bus drivers to competitive sports activities. And finally, we set in motion an organization which funded and brought to fruition a new football field and stadium. Until the new field was ready, Madison played either in Porter Park or at Ricks College.

We served the Boosters Club while Steve and Daniel played sports at Madison High School. After they moved on, we served long enough to organize for the new football field, then we resigned and turned the Club over to others. We appreciated the opportunity to serve. We feel that time and energy expended benefitted not only Madison High School, but the relationship with our boys, other team members and their parents as well.

Church Attendance: Steve

While Steve and Daniel participated in high school sports, they had little time to attend M.I.A. (Mutual Improvement Association) and get involved in scouting. Gloria and I were not bothered by this. Sports were doing what we

wanted — that is, the boys were involved in healthy, wholesome activities that gave them identity. At that time Steve needed this. Without high school sports, I believe he would have suffered an identity crisis.

When Steve came to live with us at 10.5 years, he was a little Samoan boy true blue through and through. The Samoan and American cultures clashed, and he had a difficult time dealing with that clash. He did not score well on standardized tests, which he was required to take from time to time, not because he lacked mentality, but because the Samoan culture conflicted with the American culture on which the tests were based. The concepts as expressed in these tests were foreign to him. Of course, low scores on tests depressed his ego and damaged his self-esteem. Furthermore, he learned English well, but did not always pronounce his words clearly. He knew this, so he felt some difficulty in expressing himself. Consequently, he was always reluctant to socialize much, especially in places where others might judge him severely in comparison to themselves. To give a talk in church was a great trial for him. In fact, he did not care to participate at the sacrament table as a priest. This, of course, affected his attendance at church.

Asserting Independence: Steve

Gloria and I loved Steve. We felt sorry for him and were frustrated in our attempts to help. He had an alert mind, and learned well, but this was not always evident in his speech and demeanor. As he matured he asserted his independence. Frequently, this meant he wanted to do what we did not want him to do. He loved the latest musical hits which we thought inculcated in subtle ways undesirable values. He decorated his room with large posters of the hit stars who were always dressed in suggestive ways. He even brought home liquor bottles as decorations for his room. One morning, Gloria went in to wake him up and was so repulsed by what she saw, she said in effect: “Steve, we kneel above your bedroom and ask in prayer for Heavenly Father to bless our home. We can’t have your room decorated this way and expect Him to bless our home. Get rid of it, now!” He did. At least the beer cans and liquor bottles went.

Another time, Steve and his friends were caught by the police drinking beer by the old tabernacle. They took them to police headquarters and called me. They explained what had happened and I told them to put Steve in jail. They said they couldn’t do that. When I asked why not, they said other parents had come and taken their boys home. They didn’t want them in jail. I said, “I don’t care. Put him in jail.” They refused, so Gloria and I walked down to police headquarters, got Steve and our car and brought him home. With Steve was a six pack of unconsumed beer. We had Steve pour the beer down the sink, then we sat him on a kitchen stool and Gloria cut his long, thick, wavy hair. Ouch!

That really hurt. He could lose the beer, but he could not lose his hair without crying. Unfortunately, Daniel, not knowing the situation, brought one of his friends home just as Steve's hair was falling to the floor. The kitchen smelled like beer, the floor was covered with black hair, and big tears were streaming down Steve's handsome, but beleaguered face. This was indeed a humiliating moment for Steve. His behavior, thereafter, changed slightly for the better.

I doubt that Steve drank beer with friends often. He could not have done so without jeopardizing his participating in sports.

Nevertheless, these were trying times. As he grew into young manhood, he chose to stay home during church meetings. We encouraged him to attend, but allowed him his agency. Finally, when he attended Ricks College, he became involved in a student ward. I have no idea what those young ward members did, but when Steve emerged from that experience, he was a new boy. Gloria and I witnessed a miracle. Not only did he become active in the Church, but he decided to go on a mission. We could not have been happier. What we couldn't do, his peers, and Kelly Clark (his girl friend) did.

Today, Steve is a good husband and remarkable father. He loves his children and they love him. He has overcome much of his social shyness, and will express himself readily and with force when he perceives the need to right a wrong. His values are solid. We are proud to claim him as a son, and his children, our grandchildren.

Church Attendance and Asserting Independence: Daniel

Daniel, on the other hand, was socially self-assured. He expressed himself well, and was accepted readily by both peers and adults. We never had a problem getting Daniel to attend church. He may not have wanted to go on a mission, but he never expressed that feeling to us. So we felt there was never a question about whether he would go or not. He went, but probably more to please us than because he wanted to go.

Daniel was a responsible young man. He never was a problem to raise, except when he lied to junior high principal, Robert Pedersen.

Steve had gone to St. Anthony to participate in a track meet. Daniel sluffed school to go and watch. The next day, Mr. Pedersen called Gloria to say that Daniel had missed school and gave as an excuse he had to visit with a doctor. Gloria said she would check with our doctor and call right back. She did and found that Daniel had not gone to see the doctor. So she called Mr. Pederson and asked to talk with Daniel. Now, we had told the boys if they ever had to go to the doctor, they were excused to go without asking our permission. So Gloria asked Daniel where he had gone the day before when he sluffed school. Daniel said he had gone to Steve's track meet. Gloria said, "You know I will not lie for

you. Let me talk with Mr. Pederson.” She then said that Daniel was to be punished in whatever way was deemed appropriate. So, for the next two weeks, Daniel scrubbed toilets after school.

Even so, Gloria and I thought Daniel was the ideal son to raise. Consequently, when he asked if he could buy a 1966 Mustang which had been wrecked but repaired, we allowed that. (Steve, on the other hand, was required to drive our straight-six Maverick with the gear shift on the steering column.) Again, when Daniel wanted to organize a rock band, we allowed that also. We even built onto the house so the boys (Daniel, Dallin Larsen, Richard Murdock, Joel Price, and Lindsay Zollinger) could have a practice room. They called their band “Whitewater,” and as expressed previously in this history, played at high school dances all over Snake River Valley. Frequently, Daniel would not get home till 2:00 or sometimes 3:00 in the morning, but we never worried about him. In dealing with personal independence, I feel that Daniel did almost everything right.

The Mission Field: Steve

When Steve announced that he wanted to go on a proselyting mission for the Church, Gloria and I were delighted. He made this announcement after attending Fall Semester (1975) at Ricks College. The students in his campus ward must have stimulated his thinking about serving a mission. Also, perhaps the religion class he took that semester provided an added stimulus. And finally, Kelly Clark from Newdale, Idaho, whom Steve dated while in high school and at Ricks undoubtedly helped activate him in the Church and turn his mind toward the mission field. Gloria and I loved Kelly. We give her and Ricks College credit for Steve’s deciding to go on a mission.

After Fall Semester terminated at Ricks, Steve and we began preparations for the mission field. His call came to serve in the Arizona Holbrook Mission, a new designation for the Southwest Indian Mission where I had served 24 years previously. We were all pleased with his call.

Gloria and I took Steve to the Mission Home in Salt Lake City on February 14, 1976. The following day (February 15), I wrote Steve a letter in which I said, “I’ve had you on my mind almost constantly since we left you at the Mission Home yesterday. Mom and I have talked about you and have wondered what you were doing from time to time. You have left a space here in the home and in our lives which cannot be filled, but we are also happy you are on a mission . . . Many people have asked about you today. We’re all behind you.”

We received a letter from Steve while still in the Mission Home. He never dated his letters, but we appreciated them anyway. He wrote: “Thank you so much for the letter (the one just quoted). I want you Mom, and Dad and Danny

to know that I love all of you very dearly. I appreciate your support on this mission. Thank you for guiding my life the way you did so that I could make it here. Ever since I've been here, the Spirit of the Lord has been striving with me. I fasted from 6:00 Sunday until 6:00 Monday night. We went through two temple sessions, one right after the other. We were in the temple from 5:00 in the morning until 4:00 that night. Mom and Dad, this is a testimony to me that God lives. I have learned so much, and Mom and Dad, I love this mission, and it has just begun. The spirit is so great, I need to have more of it. I will strive to keep that spirit with me always because it's the greatest feeling I have ever had. May God bless and support you in all your efforts . . . Love, Steve."

His first letter to us was the last letter he signed "Steve." All the rest were signed "Elder Danielson." That indicated to us he was trying to obey counsel and be an effective missionary.

The humble spirit manifest in Steve's first letter home was manifest in every letter he wrote home. Recently, after Gloria and I re-read all his letters to us, we were struck by how humble, up-beat and optimistic he was while he served his mission. He wanted to serve well. He wanted to be free of encumbrances that would not permit him to be free to serve well. So, shortly after he arrived in the mission field, he wrote his girl friend, Kelly Clark, that his companion and other missionaries he knew were all getting "Dear John" letters. He didn't want to be the only one without a "Dear John," so would she please write him one. That pretty well took care of Kelly and Steve.

Steve's letters indicate, clearly, a profound love for the Indian people, especially for the Hopis among whom he served for about eight months. In particular, he loved the children, and they loved him in turn. He wrote: "The young kids are really receptive . . . We usually teach the small kids around the age of 4 to 10 years old. They like to hear stories, so we tell them ones out of the Book of Mormon." As a matter of fact, he and companion were so liked, they were invited by the principal to coach the Seventh and Eighth Grade football teams in Hopi Day School. This was in Oraibi. They didn't win many ball games, but they all had fun, and team members developed a love and respect for Mormon missionaries. Steve wrote about this experience: "The school can't find a head coach. Maybe if you can find a friend that would like to come down here and coach, married or single, housing would be paid for and \$1200 a month clear. Anyway the kids really respond well. Every morning at 9:30 we go over to the school and coach. We're really having a great time." One of the games they won was against Greasewood. They won big, 48 to 6. Steve wrote that team members "spirits are up pretty high right now." In a subsequent letter, he wrote: "Through the football team, we've found many that are members of the

Church. Some of them have parents that are members, but have never been to church. We're working on most of the kids to try and get them on placement."

During basketball season, Steve was asked to help coach the high school boys and girls basketball teams. He wrote about coaching the girls in the following words: "Coaching the girls basketball team is a real joke; they are too lousy; basketball just wasn't made for them." In a later letter, he wrote: "The other day, I was trying to teach the girls how to do a jump shot. Wow! It's not worth it, they are hopeless."

Gloria and I wrote Steve regularly for two years till he came home. Once when Gloria missed a letter, Steve wrote: "Mom, I didn't get a letter from you. I love reading Dad's letters, but he can write letters all his life to me and it would never have that mother's touch I need."

Steve worked with and loved the Hopis. But he also worked with the Navajos at Fort Defiance, Window Rock, Gallup and Farmington. He served the Apaches in Cibecue, the Zunis and the Hualapais in Peach Springs. He spent time in Flagstaff where he served a mix of Indians.

While in Cibecue, Steve discovered a little Apache girl who needed a home off the Reservation. Her name was Diana, and her mother was reluctantly going to send her to California on the Church Indian Placement Program. Her mother, years before, had been on Indian Placement and though her life since then lacked moral substance, she recognized sufficient value in the program that she wanted her daughter to participate in it. But she did not want her going to California. So, Steve told her that his mother would be happy to accept Diana into her home in Idaho. He then wrote to us and in the margin of the letter, he said: "Mom, how would you like a sweet little Indian girl for kind of a placement student. She's only 8 years old." This is all that was said about Diana in a letter Steve sent home, so I suppose all arrangements for her coming were made over the telephone. At any rate, she did not come through the Placement Program. Rather, her mother signed papers which made us Diana's legal guardians. She finally arrived late in August just before school started.

At first Diana was terrified of Daniel. Both Gloria and I had to be gone one night, so Gloria told Diana that Daniel would stay home with her. She burst out crying and said, "I don't want to stay home with that "long boy." Gloria reassured her that she would be all right with Daniel, but when we left, she went into her bedroom and cried. She cried until Daniel got his guitar, went into her bedroom and strummed and sang her to sleep. After that they were good friends. More will be written about Diana later.

During Steve's second summer in the mission field, he toured the mission with other missionaries presenting a program (a *Luau*) entitled *Sounds of Hawaii*. Gloria and I saw this presentation in Flagstaff. Steve did the knife

dance in the presentation. He cut a handsome figure as he twirled and tossed the knives into the air. Gloria and I got special permission from President George P. Lee, Steve's mission president, to attend the Flagstaff *luau* and visit with Steve for a few minutes. This was a real treat for us and for Steve, at least that is what he indicated.

Following his tour, Steve was transferred to Peach Springs where he served as District Leader. In Peach Springs, he served where I served in 1951-52. He met people I had known. By the time he served in Peach Springs, the missionaries had a little church house with living quarters in it. When I was there, we met in a building from which we had to throw beer bottles from Saturday night parties. Missionaries between me and Steve had done their work well.

From Peach Springs, Steve was transferred to Lakeside, south of Show Low. Here he served as zone leader for four months till he was released. His zone was extensive, so he and companions traveled considerably. The fact that he was called to be a zone leader speaks well of Steve's dedication to and effectiveness in missionary service. Usually, only those who work hard and are reasonably successful in missionary service are called to be district leaders and zone leaders. But reading Steve's letters one would not know that district leaders and zone leaders were any different (any better) than other missionaries. He never exalted himself. He never even drew particular attention to himself. He was always humble and full of love for companions and people with whom and among whom he served.

In my last letter to Steve (February 6, 1978) before he returned home, I wrote: "Mom and I have felt that keeping you in the mission field has been a privilege. We feel that you have matured in many ways and have grown in your knowledge of the Gospel. We also feel that you have been of real service to the people of the Arizona Holbrook Mission. We congratulate you for that and want you to know that we are proud of you. May our Heavenly Father continue to bless you that you may always live the Gospel and let your happy humble spirit reach out and touch the lives of others for good. May you continue to mature as a leader in the Church is our prayer. Love, Dad."

The Mission Field: Daniel

Steve came home in February 1978 then after reporting his mission in the Fourth Ward, he left for Phoenix, Arizona where he sold used cars with his brother William. So he was not home when Daniel entered the L.T.M. (Language Training Center) in Provo, Utah on May 11, 1978.

Daniel's call was to Samoa. He never wanted to serve his mission in Samoa, although he suspected his chances of going there were better than average. He

wanted to serve in France. In fact, he had taken a class in French at Madison. But we seldom go where we want, or do what we want in the Church. Our test is going where we are called to go and doing well what we are called to do. Daniel did both.

When Daniel entered the L.T.M. he had a cast on his right leg to help heal a severe sprain suffered in a basketball game about a month before. He wore the cast for about two weeks at the L.T.M.

Leaving him in the L.T.M. was hard. Gloria and I cried as he was ushered away. He wrote us a letter his first night in the L.T.M. saying: "This is my first night here. Right after we split up, I was shipped straight to the B.Y.U. barber for a missionary haircut, just like we figured I would. Then I came back to my room and unpacked with my temporary companion, after which we ate lunch. After lunch we went to the bookstore and received our flipcharts and discussions, paper supplies, everything. At 2:00 came a lecture by our mission president, President Pinegar, called Spiritual Keys to Success. After that came orientation, and at 4:30 we met our permanent companions. Mine is Elder Fuga. He is the same one we met this morning from Huntington Beach, Calif. He left Samoa when he was two, but his parents spoke Samoan around the house, so he has a little advantage over me. But I have a feeling I will soon catch up to him. Since then, we have eaten and had our first lesson.

"It is now 9:55 and I am going to prepare for bed. These people work very fast as you can probably tell. But I think I am going to love it here. I have met all my instructors, and Elder Fuga and I are the only 2 Elders speaking Samoan (except for 3 Sisters). I love you. Daniel."

My first letter to Daniel was dated May 14, 1978. I wrote: "For years I have thought about the time when I would write to you as a missionary. Now that time has come, and I find my feelings mixed — I am delighted that you are a missionary, but you have left a big space here in our home. We miss you. Of course, we miss you because we love you. So far as Mom and I are concerned, you are the center of our universe. We are certainly proud of you and expect the best you are able to give . . . We remember you in our prayers. We know God will bless you in your work if you will seek His help. Love, Dad"

Two weeks later (May 28) in another letter to Daniel, I wrote: "We think of you and talk of you every day. We mention you in all our prayers. We all love you more than words can express.

"I am beginning to get the missionary spirit again myself. When Mom and I retire, I hope we can be full-time proselyting missionaries. I can't think of a more satisfying way of closing out our lives. In the meantime, we'll prepare for the experience. Love, Dad."

Daniel stayed in the L.T.M. until July 10, nearly two months. The language teachers assured us that Daniel had done well in learning the language and that he should make a fine missionary. I wrote Daniel a letter dated July 11 in which I said: "Mom and I were both happy to see you leave for the airplane with a wave and a smile. We both knew how you felt — eager to get started; anticipating new experiences in a tropical, sun-bathed island country. We knew how you felt because we assumed you felt the same way we did when we left for Samoa 19 years ago. Your smile and wave typified the optimism and exuberance of youth, and it gratified our hearts. We would not have had your departure any other way. You must know, however, that as the plane pulled out onto the runway, we were alone behind the glass — the others had gone — and we shed silent tears. There is no more definite and impressive way for parents to know that their son has matured and has come of age, and must now leave home and do his own thing in the world, than to get on an airplane and rise into the sky bound for a tiny spot on the Earth 5,000 miles away. We felt alone as we drove home last night, and we've felt alone today, but this is as it should be, and we'll make the necessary adjustments as we grow older and our family matures. We would not have it any other way. Surely, this must be something like our Heavenly Father feels when His spirit children leave Him and their heavenly family to come into this life . . . We love you. Dad."

In Hawaii, Daniel was met at the airport by Elizabeth and Pasi (sisters), Richard (a brother), aunts, uncles, Pat Oler (a friend) and his maternal grandmother. While they waited for his plane to Samoa and visited for about two hours, Grandma held his hand — she never let go of it.

Daniel's mission was a trying experience for him. In the first place, he looked like a Polynesian, but did not speak the Samoan language very well at all when he arrived in the mission field. The Samoan people expected more from him than he could deliver. Moreover, he was not acquainted with their customs and way of life. For example, Daniel wrote home soon after arriving in Samoa: "Priesthood meeting is supposed to start at 8:30. We (his companion and he) arrived at 9:00. There were two men sitting in the chapel talking. They were the first and second counselors in the bishopric. We sat down and began to study. At 9:30, the two men got up and left. I asked my companion if we were going to have priesthood or not. He said, 'It's over.'"

In another letter, Daniel wrote: "It seems Samoans must always cut down the *palagis* (white people) and their funny ways, but they sure like their money and the nice things they have. Sometimes I have trouble controlling myself when they start talking about how nice their 'natural lives' are when you and I know well if most of them had the chance to go to America, they'd take it in a second.

It is very hard to break down family traditions and culture, to get the people to listen to the truth.”

After Daniel had been in Samoa three months, he was still bothered by Samoan culture. He wrote a letter home dated September 18, 1978 in which he complained: “Elder Komatsu (an area authority) says that the Samoan people must humble themselves before the work can go forth. Most (Samoans) seem to think that Samoans are superhuman, both physically and spiritually and are blessed by God. I don’t know, though. They are a people who are very threatened by the influence of *palagis*. I find that they like to use *palagi* things, but don’t remember where they came from or who made them. They seem to become Samoan things and are absorbed into the system. I find I get more help if I don’t tell them I’m half-Samoan. As soon as I tell them my natural mother is Samoan, they seem to withdraw and won’t help me because they are ashamed of me because I don’t speak Samoan that well. But I am not ashamed of myself because of my inadequacy in the Samoan language and culture. They also seem to think I’m stupid because I don’t think like a Samoan and don’t know the language very well.”

Even in March of 1979, nearly a year after entering the L.T.M., Daniel was still struggling with the Samoan way of life. He wrote: “As you know I’ve never been the talkative type, nor do I have any desire to be really that type of person. I have trouble forcing myself to talk about anything except the gospel. I just want to live the way I think I should live, the way I think I should do things. People here say, ‘You’ve got to take the lead, and if your companion steps out of line, hit him.’ I have never cared who my leader is, nor have I ever cared if I was the leader or not. I have never believed in hitting people or forcing them to do anything. I have always been taught to try and see things the way other people see them, to put myself in their shoes. Try and live the way you think you should. Most of all be good to people, especially your companion. Work things out together . . . We have a problem here though because our own elders are ‘other people.’ They have different standards. They see things through different colored glasses. True, we are all L.D.S., but Samoan L.D.S. is different. The Samoan Elders resent being here, Dad.”

In response to Daniel’s comments just quoted, I wrote him a letter dated March 25, 1979 in which I said: “We received a letter from you yesterday and read it with interest. We were particularly interested in your observation that the problem with the Samoan culture is that it suppresses creativity, discourages innovation and individuality. You are correct. That is the very weakness in the whole cultural structure and way of life that has bothered us through the years. That is what we had in mind when we talked with you about Samoa before you left home. And that is what we have had in mind as we have written to you

about Samoa. The whole way of life is so tied to tradition that there is little if any room for change.

“We are delighted that you are finally finding yourself and making the kind of adjustment that will enable you to be a successful missionary. In leading other missionaries, and in dealing with the people, just remember to be understanding and patient, but firm in doing that which is right. Always remember that it is right to preserve the dignity of the individual. Don’t say or do anything that would cause public embarrassment to anyone.”

Daniel never gave Gloria and me cause to be concerned about his testimony while he served in the mission field. In a letter dated August 20, 1978, he wrote: **“I know this is the true church of God and what we teach is true. Joseph Smith received the instruction, power and authority to restore this church, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.”** About six months later, he wrote: **“I just want you to know that I am really enjoying my two years here now and that the work is fast becoming what I dreamed it would be — work and prayer and humble proselyting.”**

By November 1979, Daniel, with all the difficulties he wrote home about, had done well enough as a missionary to become a zone leader. In a letter dated November 18, 1979, he wrote home: **“I am a zone leader in one of the two zones in Tutuila. There is only one stake here, but two zones. I really have serious doubts about the President’s action in making me a zone leader, because I feel that there are many other Elders who are much more qualified than I for the job. But I will exercise a little faith here and try and do everything I can to lead the zone with the spirit of our Father in Heaven.”**

Then on January 11, 1980, President Lueli U. Te’o wrote Gloria and me a letter in which he said: **“I thought I would drop you a note about your son Elder Andrus. As his mission president, I want to thank you for his support, your love and sacrifice in behalf of your missionary son on his mission here in Samoa.**

“He is one of the great missionaries in the mission. He is now the supervising Zone Leader for Pago Pago 2nd Zone, and he is doing an excellent job. He has a good attitude and has positive influence upon the missionaries in his respective zones. I enjoy working with him and he seems to be a very fine missionary. He is very respected.

“He is now companion to Elder Danielson, a native Samoan elder, and both of them enjoy working with each other.

“I would also like to report that Elder Andrus is in good health.

“Please continue to write and encourage him. May the Lord bless you for the sacrifices you are making in behalf of this great missionary program, I remain. Sincerely . . .”

Daniel's companion, Elder Danielson, mentioned in President Te'o's letter was Daniel's cousin, Daniel's surname before he was adopted was Danielson. I am not sure how many knew the relationship between the two boys. I am not certain that President Te'o knew it.

The first week in March, only ten weeks before Daniel's release date, he was transferred from Tutuila back to the Mission Home at Pesega in Western Samoa. In a letter to Gloria and me, dated March 18, 1980, President Te'o wrote: "Your son is in good health and spirits, and is doing a good job in the mission. He has now been transferred out of American Samoa and has been selected to be in a special group who will be touring the entire mission to preach the gospel through music and drama. This will be for a period of about 2 months."

However, the tour never materialized. The lady missionaries assigned to write the script, failed to write one that satisfied President Te'o. So the last two months of Daniel's mission, for the most part, were a time of wondering what he would do. He continued to do missionary work near the Mission Home. In fact, he was given a problem Elder as a companion. Daniel wrote about his companion in these words: "He can't get along with companions and he has trouble with the President. He's had to talk to (Elder) Komatsu twice' the second time being last week in which he asked to be transferred to another mission and Komatsu consented. I have told (Elder) Kelly that changing missions won't help . . . We've talked and talked to no avail. The wheels are set in motion to get him gone. But last night I think I became a true instrument in the hands of the Lord. I tried the arm of the Lord, and, by golly, I think it worked. I just hope his nose isn't broken. Anyway, he says he is going to go back to the President and beg him to stay and finish his mission here, and he will not bother him anymore."

The letter about punching Elder Kelly and knocking some sense into him was the last letter we received from Daniel before he came home. So perhaps we could say that Daniel ended his mission with a happy impact.

My last letter to Daniel before he came home was dated May 11, 1980. In it, I wrote: "This will be my last letter to you before you get home from your mission. Today is just exactly two years since you entered the Language Training Mission. In one way, those two years seem like an eternity. In another way, they seem to have sped by. At any rate, Mom and I are eagerly awaiting your arrival in Salt Lake on the 22nd. Since we received the telegram the other night, announcing the time of your arrival, we've been floating around with our heads in the clouds.

"We are very proud of you and the rational way in which you have dealt with your problems in the mission field. We are proud of the way in which you have persevered. I think we have been able to sense your disappointments and

frustrations. We've agonized over these and have felt absolutely helpless in offering assistance except for the letters we've sent and the prayers we've offered in your behalf. The fact that we were not able to do more was undoubtedly a blessing, for in dealing with these problems alone, you grew and developed in attitude, character and the Gospel, and became a better person because of that growth and development. You are now much better prepared for life's next onslaught — all that you must face and overcome after your release from the mission field.

"Daniel, life will continue to offer challenges. It will be disappointing and frustrating at times. It will be a process of constant adjusting and readjusting, thinking through problems then rethinking them through, repudiating conclusions and developing new ones, making mistakes and repenting of them. Life may even seem severe at times, but if you will believe in yourself and that with God's help there is little or nothing that you can't do, and if you will remain active in the Church, and continue to communicate regularly with your Heavenly Father, and if you will be positive in your approach to life, then I promise you that for the most part it will be a sweet and rewarding experience for you. Also, you must never cease to be of service to others. I think this, more than any other single thing, can make life meaningful and happy for you."

Gloria, Mother, and I met Daniel at the Salt Lake Airport. He got off the plane and entered the terminal clothed in a handsome white dress *lavalava* (a wrap-around skirt for men and women). His 6' 4" frame bearing 220 pounds looked imposing compared to the others disembarking. He was a handsome young man, and we were proud to claim him as our son. I do not know what he thought as he walked into the terminal and saw us. Hopefully, he was happy to be reunited with us. One thing I do know though is this. Daniel told us that going to Samoa had been good for him because the experience helped him know where he belonged. He did not belong in Samoa. He was no Samoan. He was an American, true blue, through and through. And beyond that, he was an Andrus, not a Danielson, though he loved his brothers, sisters and other relatives. His mother (Aiga Danielson) wanted him to abrogate his adoption and return to the Danielson family. But Daniel could not do that. He told Aiga that he loved Alyn and Gloria Andrus. They had raised him. His allegiance was to them. And Aiga was not to hassle him any more about the matter. If going to Samoa did nothing more than this for Daniel, that was enough.

Busy Years for Gloria and Me

The years Steve and Daniel served their missions were busy ones for Gloria and me. In fact, from 1970 to 1990 were some of the busiest and most demanding years of our lives.

We added on to the house during the Summer and Fall of 1975. Steve left for the mission field in February 1976. Daniel left in May 1978, three months after Steve returned.

While we worked on the house, we were in a first class mess. We hired Harry Sutherland to do the work. The boys and I helped. All summer we had plenty to do, pouring concrete, erecting walls, building the roof, insulating, plaster-boarding, painting. We finished late in the Fall of 1975.

After quitting her job with Reed Moss, an attorney in Idaho Falls, Gloria worked in Rexburg. She first served as secretary to Kent Jolley, Madison's prosecuting attorney. While working for Kent, she became a paralegal which enabled her to do work for Kent she otherwise would not have been able to do. She was an excellent paralegal. She loved working with Kent who was considerate, kind and fair, not only with her, but with clients as well. When Kent's term as county attorney ended, he built law offices about a hundred yards from our house, so Gloria did not have far to walk when going to work each day.

Gloria next worked for Forsgren-Perkins, an engineering firm in Rexburg. She was hired as Assistant to the President. She left Kent and worked for Forsgren/ Perkins because they offered her more money and she felt a need to learn and work in a new field of endeavor. She liked her responsibilities at Forsgren/ Perkins, and everyone there liked her, except Larry Perkins. Apparently, he felt threatened by her. So when Ricks College invited Gloria to apply for the Registrar's position, and she landed the job, she gave Larry notice that she would be quitting. She was hired by Ricks in March 1981, but the Registrar's position was not available until August 16. When she told Larry she had been hired by Ricks, but her position there would not open till August, she asked if she might continue to work for Forsgren/Perkins. He said she could. However, about three weeks later, he went into Gloria's office at 4:00 p.m. and told her she was through — she would not be needed anymore. Now, the law requires that when one is terminated, one must be paid all moneys due on the day on which the notice of termination occurs, but Larry asked if Gloria would mind not getting paid until the following day. She said that would be okay. Early the next morning Gloria learned from Diane Siddoway in the accounting office that Larry had given Gloria credit for everything except severance pay. Gloria called Job Service, explaining the situation to them. She was told that she deserved severance pay and to come in and file for unemployment. So Gloria met with Larry at the appointed time and received her check along with the calculation sheet. She brought to his attention the absence of severance pay. Larry said that when one quits a job, one does not get severance pay. So Gloria reminded him of their conversation in which Larry had promised her she might work until August 16. Larry sat there for at least a minute, and Gloria could see

him thinking: "She knows a lot that would get me and the company into trouble. I had better give her the money." He announced he would be back in a few minutes, left the room and returned with a new check, including severance pay. Larry was undoubtedly disturbed by this experience, just as he had been by previous experiences. For example, there was one involving both Gloria and me.

His relationship with Gloria at work was so stressful and unpredictable that frequently she would call me on the telephone crying. She would come home from work and cry. Finally, one day, as Gloria's bishop, I arranged for her and Larry to meet me at the Fifteenth Ward Bishop's Office, and there we had a discussion with each other. Gloria aired her grievances against Larry. He promised to treat her better. And I sat as moderator and witness. I believe Larry felt humiliated as he sat before me acknowledging that he should and would do better in his treatment of Gloria.

At Ricks, Gloria learned the names of all with whom she worked on a regular basis (administrators, faculty and staff). She also learned policies, procedures and processes related to educating students at Ricks. While there, she initiated registration by telephone and the sending of transcripts electronically from Ricks College to Brigham Young University. She served as chairwoman of I.A.C.R.A.O. (Idaho Association of College Registrars and Admission Officers), and participated in numerous Registrar conferences across the United States. She made friends easily and was liked wherever she went.

What is remarkable about Gloria's success as Registrar is that she did not have a college degree when she was hired. While she served at Ricks, she earned her Associate Degree, but never had more than that to commend her among other Registrars who had Masters and Doctoral Degrees. She was as competent as they, and they knew it. So much for academic degrees. Incidentally, when Gloria retired, she was replaced by Kelly Hymas, a computer programmer. His salary as a programmer was \$96,000 and he retained that salary as Registrar. Gloria's ending salary was \$48,000. So much for job and gender equality.

When Gloria retired as Registrar in 1997, there was "weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth." Some said Ricks College would never be as "good" as when Gloria was there. Everyone said she would be missed sorely. And she was. Today (November 2000) administrators and faculty greet her, saying how much she is missed on campus. They would like her back.

While working for Kent Jolley, Forsgren-Perkins and Ricks College from the early 1970s to the late 1990s, Gloria also served as Stake Camp Director, Stake Young Womens President, Stake Public Communications Director, and Relief Society Advisor in a campus ward. She was as thorough, faithful and competent in discharging ecclesiastical stewardships as she was in her professional responsibilities. While serving as stake camp director, she would scout every

trail to be hiked and every camp site to be occupied during her summer activities. I accompanied her on many of these exploratory adventures. We were busy, but we were fit.

While Gloria worked, as described, during these busy years, I taught at Ricks College, served in two bishoprics, served as a bishop, and served on two stake high councils. In addition, during summer months for about ten years, from the mid 1970s to the mid 1980s, I sprayed weeds for Madison County; I served as a gardener for Dr. Lester Petersen, caring for his bushes, lawns, and flowers at home and around his office; and I cleaned office for Kent Jolley. Looking back, I do not know where I got the energy.

I must write more about spraying weeds. My spray partner on the Madison County Weed Control crew was Richard Stallings. I enjoyed spraying with Rick. We had fun together. The spray rigs were Jeep pickups with 200 gallon tanks and small gasoline engines to pump liquid from the tanks through hoses and nozzles. Long hoses would permit the spray man to go as far as a hundred yards from the pickup.

The work was not easy, especially when we sprayed in the hills. Summer temperatures were hot, dragging long hoses was hard, and fighting mosquitos was incessant. We also had our emergencies. Once, in the foothills of Moody, Rick and I had emptied our tank and had pulled up to a farmer's hydrant to fill with water. I was thirsty and picked up a hose, thinking it was a fresh water hose. Instead, it was a spray hose with DDT in it. I started drinking. I thought: "How bitter the water is in Moody." Not until I had drunk about a twelve-ounce glass full did I realize I had drunk weed spray. Rick and I jumped into the Jeep and sped ten miles to Dr. Lester Petersen's office where I was administered a healthy dose of Ipecac. I have never vomited so violently in my life. But apparently, I was purged of DDT. At least I have been healthy and well since.

Spraying weeds, of course, helped finance our building project and kept the boys on their missions. I made about \$200 per month. I gave up weed spraying when I began teaching summer classes on a regular basis. This was much more lucrative than weed spraying. Besides it was my profession, and much safer — I never drank DDT on campus.

Courtship and Marriage: Steve

When Steve came home from the mission field, Kelly Clark, his girl friend had complied with his request for a "Dear John" letter and had married another. Gloria and I did not like this. We loved Kelly. We liked what she had done in motivating Steve to go on a mission. When she was married, we received an invitation to her reception and went. As soon as we walked into the recreation hall of the Newdale Church, Kelly and Gloria saw each other and both started

to cry. I felt sorry for them and for the groom — poor boy. He had no idea what was going on.

I suppose we loved Kelly so much because she was such a contrast to Becky Shepherd from Idaho Falls whom Steve dated steadily during his Sophomore, Junior and Senior years at Madison High School. Becky loved Steve. But she was not good for him. She was a temptress. She hustled him, and her mother encouraged her in the endeavor. She and Steve would stay out until 2:00 or 3:00 in the morning. Once Gloria and I went looking for them at 4:00, found them, and I took Becky home at 5:00. None of us got much sleep that night. But there were other nights almost as trying. When Steve would stay out longer than I had requested, I would withhold driving privileges. That had only a temporary effect. Finally, I began sleeping in front of the doorway through which he would have to come into the house. When he would come in, if I was not already awake, I would awaken and we would talk. During Steve's last year in high school he and I probably had more talks with each other than all the years before and since. But they were early morning talks and covered, for the most part, only what he had done and where he had gone on his date. Somehow we got through those years and survived Becky. Without a doubt, she was something else. Even after Steve was married, he would receive letters from Becky inviting him to come to her.

The only contribution Becky Shepherd made to our family, so far as I can see, was Catta, a beautiful female cat. Her mother gave the cat to Steve and asked him to drop her off somewhere along the highway between Idaho Falls and Rexburg. Steve could not do that. So the cat, which I will write about later, became a member of our family.

Steve dated various girls when he returned home from the mission field. One was a pretty Navajo Indian girl named Rosie. I liked her, and Steve did too, but not enough to refrain from teasing her beyond what I thought was acceptable. For example, one night he gave Rosie a vitamin C pill and told her it was candy. She chewed it, puckered, spit it out and probably never trusted him again. Also, her estimation of me was probably not very positive either. One night, Steve and Rosie came in after Gloria and I had gone to sleep. I heard someone on the back deck and thought an intruder was making his way into the house. So I jumped out of bed and ran to the deck door in my garments only to find Steve and Rosie staring at me. Steve broke out in peals of laughter, but Rosie was too stunned to do anything except stare.

Steve's first serious relationship with a girl friend involved Linn Laeha. She was a pretty Polynesian girl, petite, and likable. She attended Ricks College then finished school at B.Y.U. While at Ricks College, she and Steve dated. They liked each other. In fact, Steve asked Linn if she would accept an engagement

ring. She said, "Yes!" He bought and gave her a ring and she began to plan their marriage. Then suddenly Steve became startled and asked for the ring back. He had not expected marriage preparations so soon. Linn returned the ring. Steve left for Phoenix to sell used cars for his brother William. Meanwhile, Linn left for home in San Francisco, but returned to Rexburg and spent two days with us. She also flew to Phoenix where she and Steve spent time together. Gloria and I were delighted that everything seemed to be going well enough again that perhaps she and Steve would marry. But that did not happen. Linn went to B.Y.U. and her feelings for Steve began to cool. She met a handsome and enterprising Hopi and they were married.

Meanwhile, after a disappointing business venture with William, Steve flew to Hawaii to spend time with family there. He worked in the Polynesian Cultural Center. One Sunday morning Gloria received a phone call from a lady in Idaho Falls who said she and her husband had just returned from Hawaii where they had visited the Polynesian Cultural Center. While there, she and friends were strolling along talking when Idaho Falls was mentioned in the conversation. Suddenly a native dropped from the inside roof of a *fale* (a Samoan house), announcing that he was from Rexburg. Would the lady from Idaho Falls please call his mom (Gloria) and say "Hi!" to her for him. The native, of course, was Steve. Hence, the phone call.

While in Hawaii, Steve met and dated a pretty and talented young lady whose name was Eleena Keiko Ching. Eleena is the daughter of a Hawaiian-Chinese father and a Japanese mother. Steve and Eleena were married on July 25, 1981 in the Hawaiian Temple at Laie.

Steve and Eleena's first child, Tiara, was born two years after marriage. And one year after that (1984), Steve, Eleena and Tiara came to live in Rexburg. They have been here since.

Tiara is now a Senior in high school. She is 17 years old and participates in the drill team. She has three brothers, Chad, a 15-year-old Sophomore who loves basketball and plays it very well. Keala is a 12-year-old Sixth Grader who also plays basketball, runs track, swims well, and plays the E flat Alto Saxophone. Ty is "caboose." He is six years old and a First Grader. He swims like a little fish. These children are beautiful, handsome, bright and talented.

Steve works for Ricks College as a custodial supervisor. He has worked there for about ten years. He is well-liked by the staff, faculty, and students.

Eleena works for the Idaho Engineering and Environmental National Laboratory. She also promotes, with help from Steve and the children, a business featuring handicrafts. Her creations sell well. We love Steve, Eleena, and their children.

Courtship and Marriage: Daniel

Daniel had not been home from the mission field more than an hour until he announced he was going to Tracey Erickson's and he would be home shortly. Tracey had been his girl friend in high school. Daniel had worked for Tracey's father at Erickson Pontiac the summer following high school graduation. His relationship with the Ericksons, we assumed was positive. In fact, we thought Tracey had more or less waited for Daniel to return before getting married (we had no idea what correspondence passed between them). What we do know is, Tracey was not married when Daniel got home.

Daniel was true to his word. He returned in about an hour, announcing that marriage between him and Tracey was no longer a possibility. He declared Tracey had been like a sister to him while they had dated in high school and after. If he married her, he would feel as though he had married his sister. He could not bear that. Gloria and I were disappointed. We loved Tracey. We had hoped that she and Daniel would "tie the knot" and live happily ever after. But we were learning that parents do not tell children whom to marry. Children pretty well marry whom they choose, and that is good.

Tracey eventually married another school mate, Robert Parkinson, who became an accountant and an investment adviser.

I do not recall that Daniel dated any particular girl after he came home, until he met Elizabeth Harris from Shelley. I had met Liz before Daniel did. I had taught an evening class for Ricks College in Idaho Falls High School, and Liz enrolled in that class, though she was still a Senior in Shelley High School. A time or two, she was absent from class, but her mother, Evelyn, came to class and took notes for her.

Liz was pretty. She had dark hair and fair skin. She stood about five feet nine inches, and was a good student. She earned an "A" grade in my class. I did not know then, but she was the oldest girl in a family of three boys and five girls, all of whom were musical (all the girls played the piano and organ). Liz and her mother enjoyed a close relationship with each other.

Gloria and I believe that when Daniel fell in love with Liz, he also fell in love with her family because the boys and Alva, their father, loved sports. And as already indicated, the family was musical. Daniel loved both sports and music. He had sung in the Ricks College A capella Choir, an exclusive group requiring an audition to participate. He learned to play the classical guitar. Today (Fall 2000) he still sings in community choirs and plays his guitar. Of course, I have already written about "Whitewater," a successful, moneymaking rock band Daniel helped organize in high school.

The summer before Daniel and Liz were married, he joined the Air Force Reserve Officers Training Corps (R.O.T.C.) at Ricks College. He qualified to be

a navigator. He wanted to be a pilot, but wore contact lenses and could not pass the requirements. Nevertheless, he expected a full-ride scholarship through college in exchange for four years of service in the Air Force after graduation. He attended Vandenberg Air Force Base in California for six weeks during which time, he flew and attempted to learn discipline, but in fact was known as Mr. Demerit. As soon as he started school at B.Y.U. in September, he withdrew from the Air Force. Simply put, he could not endure the regimentation necessary for success.

Liz did not want Daniel to join the Air Force. Also, she told him that she did not intend to cook or clean house. So, they had their differences and made these manifest even before united in the holy bonds of matrimony on December 28, 1981 in the Idaho Falls Temple.

One might say Daniel and Liz's marriage got off to a stormy start. The day they were married was a first class blizzard. Some highways were snowed in, including Interstate 80 between Boise and Pocatello. Several brides-to-be had to cancel marriage vows in the Idaho Falls Temple because they could not get from Boise to Idaho Falls.

Following marriage, a reception was held in the church house where the Harrises attended ward meetings. Outside, the storm still raged, but the newlyweds were supported very well by a heavy turnout of relatives and friends. I suppose Daniel and Liz were happy to take refuge in the Westbank Motel along the west bank of the Snake River in Idaho Falls. I know I was happy to find my refuge at home that night following festivities.

The Westbank Motel was Daniel and Liz's honeymoon. They spent the weekend there. To have gone further away would have been somewhat difficult because of the weather. Also, Daniel had no money. He rented a room in the motel on Gloria's credit card. So, one might say that all Daniel and Liz had to start with were each other.

Winter Semester at B.Y.U. started soon after the marriage, reception, and honeymoon were over. Daniel and Liz took up residence in an apartment about a block east of campus. Later they moved to an apartment about a block west of campus. They finally settled in Mapleton which is several miles south of campus. And Daniel worked at WordPerfect, several miles north of campus. So, he saw the "Y" from all sides.

Daniel finally settled on a major in computer science. He qualified for a Master's Degree in this discipline. For a time, he worked for B.Y.U., but then accepted an offer from WordPerfect and still later worked for Novell, both in Provo. Today (Fall 2000), Daniel works for "Flip Dog" and "Whizbang," a small computer software company recently organized in Provo.

While Daniel attended school, Liz taught school and gave birth to a baby boy they named Aaron Daniel. Today, Aaron is a Senior in Springville High School. He is 17 years old. He plays center and forward on the basketball team, and tight end on the football team. He stands six feet four inches tall and weighs about 200 pounds. He is a replica of Daniel at that age.

Aaron has four sisters. Tiana is a Junior at Springville High School. She is 16 years old and plays soccer very well. Loni is a Ninth-grader at Springville, and is an athlete of the first rank. When she was younger, she excelled at swimming. She is 14 years old. Anisa is a Sixth-grader at 10 years of age and is a natural at soccer. And Turia is “caboose” and a Second-grader at 7 years of age. All these children are handsome, beautiful, bright and gifted.

Aaron is a talented pianist. Tiana is a gifted violinist. Loni plays the cello well. Anisa and Turia play the violin. When the children were younger, they played for weddings and at other gatherings. They were delightful to hear. We love them all, and regret that we cannot see them more often than we do.

Other Family Members: Diana and Valerie

I have already written about Steve’s sending us an eight-year-old Apache Indian girl while he served in Cibecue, Arizona. Her mother wanted her to participate in the Indian Placement Program, but the Apaches who participated in that program were sent to California, and her mother did not want that. So Steve intervened and said that his mother in Idaho would be happy to take this little girl into her home.

So we acquired a pretty little Indian girl, shy but bright and very loving. Her name was Diana. Significantly, she did not live with us as a participant in Indian Placement. Rather, her mother signed documents which made us Diana’s legal guardians. Indian Placement did not like that and sent a high council representative to investigate. His name was Glenn Munns, a big fellow and dedicated to his assignment. He entered our home, met Diana, talked with her, talked with us, scrutinized our living room and left, but only after informing us that the Church was not happy about the situation. Also, we were visited by a social worker from Idaho Falls. She too talked with Diana, talked with us, scrutinized the house, and informed us before leaving that all seemed to be in order, legally and socially. The crisis with the Church passed, though Brother Munns glared at me whenever we were brought together in church meetings. I believe he was frustrated that he could find no justifiable reason to declare us in error, have Diana taken from us and put on Indian Placement program.

On August 27, 1976, I wrote Steve a letter in which I talked about Diana: “We enjoy having Diana in our home. She is not only pretty, but is chock full of personality, and is a delight to have around. She is both loving and lovable, and

we give her an abundance of love. She must have had some traumatic experiences in Cibecue, though, because she won't sleep alone — Mom has slept with her every night since she came — and she doesn't like to go to other childrens' homes to play — they have to come to our place. She seems to be especially suspicious of boys her age and doesn't want to have too much to do with them. What was her life like in Cibecue?"

About six weeks after I wrote that letter, I wrote Steve about Diana again. I indicated that she was doing very well and said, "She has so many friends, there is always some little girl with her in our house. She is now taking piano lessons, and it's just like when you and Dan used to take them. Since she has been with us, it is as though we turned the clock back 10 years. The only difference is instead of footballs, baseball gloves and basketballs, it is dolls, roller skates, skip ropes and color books. She is beginning to call Gloria "Mom" and me "Dad." Soon after, I wrote that letter, I started calling Diana "Peanuts," because she loved them so much.

After spring came and the school year ended, we took Diana to Cibecue in our car. We had a pleasant trip, but noticed as we drew near to Cibecue, Diana grew somewhat apprehensive. She seemed reluctant to have us "high profile" in her village with her. She introduced us to her mother, Marcia, but was hesitant to have us enter the house.

Diana was a very sensitive little girl, as concerned about our feelings as her own and those of her mother. Gloria and I have speculated about her experience in returning to the Reservation each summer, then three months later returning to Idaho. That must have been difficult, more difficult than we will ever know. We are certain that she was more or less rejected by her peers in Cibecue because she lived with "Whites" off the reservation nine months out of the year. They envied her. While she was in Cibecue, of course, she went back to the Indian (Apache) way of life. Then when she returned to Idaho in the Fall, just before school started, she had to discard her Apache culture and quickly adjust to our culture. In addition, teachings of the Church directly conflicted with the Apache way of life. For instance, we teach that couples should be married in the temple and should remain faithful to each other throughout their lives. The Apaches are promiscuous in their marriage relationships. In fact, frequently they do not marry, but just live with each other. We teach that people should be gentle, patient, tolerant and understanding as they relate to each other. The Apaches, as others do, find that teaching hard to live. They settle their differences by fighting. We teach that liquor should be avoided. The Apaches drink copious amounts of liquor and pay the price in drunken stupors, short tempers and killings. The Reservation is not a safe place to live.

Diana cherished the peace, serenity and loving relationships characteristic of her home in Idaho. Nevertheless, her family was in Cibecue, and family ties were powerful forces in her life. So returning to Cibecue each year was traumatic for her, and for us. Many tears were shed, but we joked that they were not really tears. We just had "something" in our eyes. So, when we would part, Diana would look at us and ask, "Do you have something in your eyes?" We would answer, "Yes." She would respond, "I do too." We would all laugh, hug each other and cry even harder. I remember once, when we sent Diana home on the bus. We took her to Salt Lake City, put her on the Trailways Bus, then while waiting for it to leave, she kept waving at us, mouthing the words, "I love you." That experience just about did us in.

Diana stayed with us eleven years, until she was through high school and into college. We offered to send her to college until she graduated with a four-year degree, but she decided to return home. The attraction of the Reservation was irresistible. It was like a magnet in Diana's life.

Today, Diana lives in Cibecue. She has three children — Randy, a seventh-grader, Courtney, a three-year-old, and Bethany, five-months old. Recently, Diana wrote us a letter in which she said, among other things: ". . . I'm doing O.K. I was working at Holiday Inn, but I resigned this weekend to get things ready for this week (the Whiteriver Fair?). I also had a hard time finding baby sitters. My boy friend, Wayne, usually takes care of the girls on weekends and holidays, but he and my brother (Candy) are out on a fire call. They are there in Idaho for the next 14 days . . . I just wanted you to know that I still think of you, miss you, and love you! I'm so thankful for both of you. You've been such a constant support and have unconditional love. Thanks. Dianna"

For a few years, while Diana lived with us, we also brought into our home her aunt Valerie. Though Valerie was Diana's aunt, she was not much older. The two girls were company for each other, though their dispositions were quite different. Diana, as indicated, was sensitive, shy and pleasant. Valerie was outgoing, almost aggressive, sometimes abrasive, and moody. When she was happy, she was fun to be around, but when she was frustrated, she could make life miserable for everyone.

Gloria and I discovered that Valerie had a hearing problem. I wrote to Daniel about it when he was in the mission field: "Yesterday Val underwent surgery to remove calcification of certain parts in her inner ear. She'll have to undergo another operation similar to this one in another three months. Certain parts of her inner ear which no longer function are being replaced with artificial parts, and after the whole ordeal is over, she should be able to hear with that ear again." Valerie had the second operation and in fact did hear well again.

Also, while Valerie lived with us, she wanted to learn to strum the guitar. So we hired a teacher for her. I wrote Daniel: "Val is learning to play the guitar very well. She strums and sings a variety of songs, we all sing along with her."

After Valerie came, parting with Diana as she left for home was not quite as traumatic for us. I do not know about her. I wrote Daniel about a typical parting involving both girls: "We took the girls to Salt Lake Friday. On the way down we stopped at Lagoon. They had a fun time. They even rode the roller coaster, screaming all the way through the loops. After Lagoon, we spent an hour on Temple Square. Then we ate our dinner, and put them on the bus for Flagstaff at 8:15 that evening. Both Steve and their parents were going to meet them in 'Flag' the next morning."

After Valerie became a teenager, she became so difficult to handle that Gloria and I sent her home. We had no reservations about doing this. She had asked to live with us. We did not invite her. She understood our family rules and that if she refused to conform, she would be sent home. Actually, I do not think she regretted being sent home. Finally, when Valerie went home, we noticed a change in Diana. She seemed more relaxed, more comfortable with us and easier to relate with. Gloria and I felt that Valerie was not good for Diana.

Other Family Members: Matthew Goodman

In January 1979, Matthew Goodman, Gloria's nephew, came to live with us. Matt is the son of Grant (Gloria's brother) and Gayle Goodman who live in Mesa, Arizona. He wanted to attend Ricks College and we offered him free lodging while doing so. He slept in the bedroom that had belonged to Steve. He was a delight to have in the house and got along well with the girls. We were sorry to see him go. Life was never as effervescent without him as it had been while he lived in our house.

Matt came speeding up to Idaho in a yellow 1967-68 Ford Mustang. He loved that car and was a scourge to campus police. He received tickets for illegal parking and for driving his car through Smith Park. He left Rexburg in the Spring of 1980, owing about \$60 to campus police. He thought he had done a number on them and Ricks College, but not so. A few years later, when he needed a transcript of credits, Gloria refused to send the credits until he paid his debt. He squirmed, but the debt was paid.

Today, Colonel Matthew Goodman serves the United States Army in Germany with his wife, Leslie, and their children. Matt is a career soldier who loves military life, especially that which involves sophisticated technology.

Other Family Members: Christa Babenhauserheidi

Another Ricks College student to whom we volunteered board and room was a girl from Germany with a surname that was intimidating. Christa Babenhauserheidi spent a school year with us before the boys went on their missions and Diana came to Rexburg.

Christa was intelligent and outgoing. She was a good student at Ricks, but our arrangement with her was that she would help Gloria cook and keep house for her board and room. She did neither well. She and Daniel had a conflict that was never hidden. Once when she cooked dinner featuring German sausage and cabbage, Daniel accused her of attempting to poison us with only partially cooked sausage.

Christa was too intellectual to be bothered with mundane housework. However, she did leave her mark on her bedroom carpet. Following a pizza binge, she vomited and we never could remove the stain. It remained until we changed carpets. Also, she took with her a vivid picture of me in the nude. She surprised me early one morning while I was preparing for a shower.

Nevertheless, we survived Christa and, for some reason not clear, she seemed to like us. She has sent us a Christmas card nearly every year since she left us and Ricks College. On each card she has kept us updated as to her life which included a husband named Douglas Bradford and four children who by now are grown and on their own. From Christa, we learned that boarding students is not easy, but we are probably better for having had the experience.

Other Family Members: Josee Leung Duncan

Finally, after Daniel and Steve had served their missions and were married, a young lady from the Mauritius Islands off the east coast of Africa boarded with us Winter Semester (1985) while attending Ricks College. Her name was Josee Leung, a cute girl with an oriental heritage. She had made contact with the Church in Mauritius through a female basketball coach who was L.D.S., but was not baptized until she arrived in Rexburg. She was baptized by Bruce Hafen, president of the College, and probably joined the Church more to receive reduced tuition at Ricks College than to achieve salvation. Gloria and I doubt that she was ever converted to the Gospel.

While Josee attended Ricks during Fall Semester (1984) she boarded with Sister Delbert (Helen) Lindsay. During that semester, Josee enrolled in an American Heritage 100 class which was team-taught, and I was a member of the team. Josee was a good student and came to my office frequently for consultation. When Christmas came, Josee went to Oregon with a girl friend, but did not stay the entire vacation, as Sister Lindsay had expected her to do. Sister Lindsay, in fact, had gone to Salt Lake City to spend Christmas vacation

with relatives. So when Josee came home, the furnace had been turned down and the house was cold. Josee called me to come turn up the furnace, which I did. But night was upon us and the temperature was cold. I felt sorry for Josee, being alone in Sister Lindsay's house with several days of vacation ahead. So I invited her to spend the rest of Christmas vacation with us. She was delighted.

Well, vacation passed with fun and games, and I told Josee she would have to return to Sister Lindsay's. But she refused to go. As we talked, I said, "Josee, where do you want to live this semester?" She pointed at the floor of our house and said, "Right here." So, I reluctantly helped her move. When Sister Lindsay returned, Josee was gone.

I will never forget that semester. Josee begged me to take her swimming. She begged me to take her shopping. She indicated blatantly her desire to be alone with me. Gloria lost her cool one evening, shouting so Josee could hear, that Josee was in love with me; could I not see that? I was embarrassed and incredulous. The next day when Josee came breezing into my office, I said, "Josee, are you in love with me?" She denied it, but, significantly, from that time forward, she ceased inviting me to take her places and be alone with her.

As the semester passed, Josee dated Bradley Duncan from Idaho Falls. What a relief we felt to have her gone. Nevertheless, she has remained friendly with us through the years.

Today (November 2000), Brad and Josee are divorced. Brad remarried and Josee lives with another man, only one block from where Brad and his wife live. Brad and Josee's three boys, Mikael, Nicholas and Oliver, are handsome, bright and sociable. They share their time with father and mother. Today Brad works for the Idaho Engineering and Environmental Laboratory. Josee is an accountant in Idaho Falls and does well in her work. We see her from time to time. She is outside the Church — worldly, but friendly.

Part Four: My Married Years at Ricks College (1968-1997)

Chapter 6

Our Cats

Catta

The first cat to join our family in Rexburg, we named Catta (Catta means “female cat”). She was born in Idaho Falls during the Spring of 1972 and passed away in Rexburg during June 1987. She was the most beautiful cat I have ever seen — her markings were extraordinary, from white, to tan, to dark brown. She was talkative, but gentle. She was loving, lovable, and very persuasive.

Perhaps the most thorough way for me to tell about Catta and her life with us is to quote a letter I wrote to her after she died. The letter is dated June 7, 1987. It reads: “Catta, otherwise known as ‘Catta Jane,’ ‘Catta Babe,’ and ‘Lady Cat.’ Dear Catta, I know you cannot read letters. You could not understand them if they were read to you. Besides, you’re no longer around to hear them read. But I’m going to write you anyway because I think it will help me feel better. Since you left us, I have never experienced such terrible emptiness. I long to have you back. Our experience in the Idaho Falls Eastside Veterinary Clinic was an awful wrenching of mortal relationships. If I could have my way, I would never go through it again. But I shall not have my way, so I must psych up for Shiz’s passing. Death is merciless. It spares no one. Even Christ died. It has no regard for sensitive feelings or bonds of affection, and can strike anytime. And when it strikes, it is so final and unyielding. Of course, I realize, in many instances, it means relief. I know it was this to you. That is why Gloria and I decided to let the vet ‘put you to sleep.’

“That sunkissed, windless day when you left to romp in some paradisaical meadow — free from arthritis and the distress of kidney failure — was a catharsis for Gloria and me. We were purged of every mundane concern, and felt nothing but love for you, each other, and all the rest of God’s creations. After learning from the vet that your kidneys had failed and your blood stream was contaminated with toxins that would take life from your body within the next 24 hours, we knew that for your relief and our peace of mind, euthanasia was the only way to go. Your distress was extreme. That was obvious. For three and a half days you did not eat. You drank enormous amounts of water and gradually excreted less and less. As your kidneys shut down, you drank and

vomited, then drank again. You grew so weak, you staggered when you walked. Fortunately, I was home with you during those days. About every four hours, I carried you to the litter box, supporting you while you voided, then carried you back to the bed. By the third day you were too weak to purr when stroked. By Thursday morning, you could make no sound at all. You just looked at us with dull, trusting eyes which once had been alive and expressive.

“Wednesday afternoon you craved water so badly, you attempted to stretch from the toilet to the wash basin in the downstairs bathroom to lick water which, in your memory, during earlier days had dripped from the faucet. The memory of that cool water and your desperate need for it now prompted you to try again. But your physical weakness would not allow the stretch and you fell to the floor. I know it hurt because you cried out. Forgive me for allowing you to try unassisted, but I thought if you could only discover that no water was now dripping or that you were not physically able to do what you once did, you would cease trying. Your fall shamed me, and with eroding hope that you might regain your health, I carried you to the bedroom and sobbed. I offered a little prayer for you and sobbed again. I felt I could not bear to see you waste away.

“Thursday morning, Gloria and I gave you liquid with an eye dropper — a half teaspoonful each hour. Some you kept down, the rest you vomited. You could not rise. When lifted, you were like a rag in our arms. Gloria stayed home from work Thursday, and I called the vet for an appointment. At 10:00 a.m., I carried you to the car. Gloria let the back seat down and prepared a comfortable, shady nest under the trunk lid and we headed for Idaho Falls. For thirty minutes, you rode without moving, exhausted, seemingly too weak to rise, then about a block from the clinic, you struggled to your feet and wobbled to the front seat. You wanted to be held. We were amazed. We have discussed that moment and decided you knew your time was near and wanted not only the security of our arms, but to demonstrate your love for us. Your supreme effort to thank us has touched us deeply.

“So we left you with the vet for two hours for testing. Meanwhile, we drove to a city park and cried together, sensing the trial ahead and recalling how you had blessed our lives for 15 years. Back at the clinic, after making our decision, the vet, a gentle, understanding woman, asked if we wanted to be present while you were given the drug or if we wanted her to do it alone. I was shocked by the implication that many abandon their pets in that traumatic moment by allowing the vet alone to send them on their eternal journey. We said we wanted to be present and asked if we might have the room to ourselves with you for a few minutes before the deed was done. She consented and brought you in. We held you in our arms, and I offered a prayer of thanksgiving for the joy you have brought into our lives and for your teaching us to be gentle, forgiving, patient

and loving. I thanked God for all His creations and asked him to be mindful of you in this hour. We cried and mumbled expressions of love, then gave notice we were ready. I've never seen a drug act so fast and completely. Within 30 seconds you were gone. The vet provided material in which to wrap your little body and Gloria held you in her arms all the way home. For thirty miles we cried. On arriving home, we thought we were emotionally drained, but continued to cry throughout the day.

"I dug a grave near the back door of the house. The deck above provides shade from the sun and shelter from storm. We laid your body on your favorite bear rug, covering it with your favorite blanket. We put your identification tag around your neck and painted your name on the foundation of the house at the foot of your grave. Shiz watched the whole operation. I offered another prayer before we filled in the grave. Our need for prayer that day seemed unending.

"Catta, since then we have continued to cry whenever your name is mentioned, and it is mentioned frequently. There is no place in the house where there is not something to remind us of you. You had free run of the house for 15 years. You spent more time in it than the combined time of Gloria, Dianna, the boys and me. In that sense, it was more your house than ours. There are your scratches on the wall paper in the living room and on the plaster in the family room. There is the cat climb in the family room. Remember how you helped me make it by investigating each nail before it was driven. Then when it was finished, you thanked me by providing a first class acrobatic show. You were all over it, romping and swinging. You were like a kid at Christmastime. Gloria and I sat there and laughed.

"There is the box high in Gloria's closet in our bedroom where you liked to hide and sleep. You always did like high places. There is the cat perch by our bedroom window. As you grew older and less active you spent more time on it watching and listening to the birds in the lilac bush next to the window. There is the bed. You spent more time on it than we did. That was your favorite sleeping spot. At night, you would curl up between my legs, or arm and chest, and sleep the night through. Fortunately, I didn't move much in my sleep. You would go to Gloria's side of the bed for loves in the morning after she had awakened because she's a thrasher while sleeping. When Gloria would make the bed, you would dash under the sheet and play hide and seek. You also liked to climb the red curtain in the bedroom and perch on the cornice high above the bed. Of course, that was in your younger days.

"The bathroom is where you constantly lured us for brushing. Also, you preferred drinking from a little stream of water from the bathtub faucet more than from your water dish. So we would leave a small thread of water running in the bathtub all day and night. Finally, the bathroom is where you would jump

onto the toilet seat meowing for a chance to get at some gold fish swimming in a bowl which hung just above your reach.

“In the kitchen, there is the can opener. You could hear from anyplace in the house and would come running, expecting to be fed. You were a real lunch-mouth. You were certainly not a finicky eater. And remember the fridge in the kitchen? When Gloria would crouch to put something away, or get something out, you would jump onto her back then onto the fridge.

“In the living room, there is the sofa where you positioned yourself exactly at 5:00 p.m. to await our return from work. The sofa was high enough so you could look out the window and see the car drive in. And what about the recliner? When we would sit down and stretch out, you would jump onto our lap and spend an hour or more in lazy repose. We shall truly miss that. The table in the living room can tell an interesting story. Remember years ago as we were blessing our food for Sunday dinner, you jumped onto Steve’s lap and stole his elk steak. When we opened our eyes, you were attacking the steak on the floor. Steve gently took it from you, washed it off, then shared it with you.

“The pantry, of course, is where we kept your food. Some of your favorite menus are still there.

“The downstairs bedrooms were favorite resting places during hot summer days. You fell in love with the bear rug in the big bedroom. Also, you were constantly luring someone into the bedrooms for pets and loves.

“The litter box, of course, is in the furnace room. We remember how fussy you were about litter when we introduced you to the box. We had to fill it with dirt, then gradually mix litter with the dirt till you would tolerate only the litter. And I remember when you used to jump onto the water heater then onto the storage cabinet and sleep for hours. You loved the warmth of the furnace.

“Finally, you liked to walk over the Mustang after it had been freshly washed. I would cuss you and love you while doing it. And you would accompany me to the law office, going from room to room as I gathered the waste, jumping onto desks near the wastebaskets begging for pets and loves. Those were good days, Catta. I loved every minute you were with me. I never regarded you as a bother, but as a little friend.

“And there is Christmastime with the tree lights which you loved so much. As I would open the boxes containing decorations, you would hop in and play hide and seek with me. I shall miss you at Christmastime. The house now seems so empty. I had no idea that a creature so small could leave such a big space in a big house, and have such an impact upon our lives.

“But more important than these memories and lessons in how to live (which you taught us), is the catalyst your dying provided in my life. As I helplessly watched you die, I thought of Gloria’s mother, Grandma Ruth, and how she

alone watched life slowly ebb from her 15-year-old daughter, Rhonda. Ronnie died of leukemia, and in her final moments no one was there except Grandma to comfort and tell her goodbye. Gloria's father was dead, and Grandma had no one to turn to in her hour of extreme emptiness and sorrow. I can empathize with her now more than ever.

"I also thought of my father as he cradled my brother Gordon's crushed head in his arms on the way to the hospital. I had pushed Gordon from the running board of a moving truck, in a moment of playful abandon, and the wheel had passed over his head. As they sped for the hospital in a car driven by a friend, Gordon opened his eyes and said, "Oh! Daddy, Daddy," then died. I have never been able to understand the terrible frustration, the feeling of helplessness and the awful emptiness and anguish of that moment in my father's life till now. Catta, thank you for helping me understand what is truly important in life. You were able to do this because for 15 years you were such an integral part of my life, so when I lost you, I seemed to lose a part of myself. A little bit of me died when you died.

"Catta, if I could awake some night and hear a soft purr between my arm and chest, though my eyes saw nothing, I would delight in the experience. But I suppose that is too much to hope for. Or if Gloria and I could come home some evening and see you walk from the bedroom to greet and gently reprimand us for being gone so long, that would certainly be rewarding. But I do not expect that. I do expect, however, that at some future time we will see each other again. Gloria and I will suddenly find ourselves where you are, and you will come to us in that graceful feline lope through a brilliant flower-garnished meadow. That will be a happy day. Till then, we will get by.

"We certainly must remember to thank Steve one more time for loving you so much that he could not drop you off alongside the highway as his girl friend's mother had requested. He brought you home — you were only a kitten then — and kept you in his bedroom all night, hoping we would not hear your tiny meows. When I discovered you the next morning, I told Steve you could not stay, but he, Daniel and Gloria outvoted me, and I'm grateful they did.

"Finally, I want you to know that Gloria loved you as profoundly as I. Remember, she's the one who fed you your favorite foods. She's the one who insisted on cat doors and ports, giving you access to the outside. She wanted you to have optimum freedom. Whenever, a decision was necessary about whether we should protect the furniture or let you give full vent to your scratching instincts, she sided with you. If you were spoiled, and I'm sure you were, that was Gloria's doing. She indulged you, showered affection upon you, and was as affected by your life and passing as I.

“We made a great pride, didn’t we — you, Shiz, Gloria, the boys and I. You know, some of us humans believe in prides that are eternal, and I told Gloria just last night that our pride will be no pride at all without you and Shiz.

“We love you, Catta. Thanks for helping us be better people. Love, Alyn.”

Shiz

When Catta adopted us as her pride, Gloria decided she needed a feline companion. We inquired and learned that Betty and Robert Shaw in Ucon had a mother cat with a litter of kittens. They promised us a kitten when they were old enough to leave their mother. So a few weeks later, we drove to Ucon and acquired a cute, cross-eyed, half-Siamese, male kitten whom we named Shiz, after the Jaredite warrior mentioned in the Book of Mormon. He cried when we took him from mother and litter. All the way home, he tried to jump out the window. His first night in our house was traumatic for him. He and I slept in the furnace room. He spent most of the night resting on my chest while I tried to sleep. We must have bonded, because from then on we were buddies. Even in his mature years, he would recline on my chest while I slept at night.

As Shiz grew, he and Catta became good friends. He kept her active, and she seemed to be a mother figure for him. When Catta died, as already indicated, Shiz knew she was gone. Fortunately, he only had 2.5 years left before he left.

As I had done with Catta, so I did with Shiz. When he died, I wrote him a letter which will give the reader a good summary of his life with us. The letter reads: “In Memory of Shiz (otherwise known as Shizzer). Born June 1973; Died December 26, 1990. Dear Shiz, The dreaded day is here. You are gone and I feel so empty. When you awoke me at 1:30 this morning with sneezing that would not stop, I went to you with dread. You were sitting on your blanket by the radiator. You had sneezed blood all over the blanket and radiator. I wiped your nose with a Kleenex and saw that the blood flowed in a small but steady stream from your left nostril. I carried you to the kitchen floor and called to Gloria for help. After a dozen or more Kleenex had been used to absorb the blood coming from your nose, we felt there was nothing we could do but call Loren Stegelmeier, your veterinarian. The blood would clot, then you would sneeze out the clot and the flow would start anew. Gloria called Loren and asked him to come and ‘put you to sleep.’ We had discussed for sometime what the circumstances would have to be to make that decision. I said I would not do it unless you refused to eat or did not purr when stroked. Well, while you sat there bleeding, you did not purr as we stroked you. But it was the blood that helped us decide. You had bled slightly from your nose for the past three months. It was mixed with other sinus discharge, but had grown progressively worse. Then you started bleeding from your left eye. Dr. Moe said this was typical of severe

sinusitis, and the day would come when the infection would burst a blood vessel and you would either have to be euthanized or you would bleed to death. You were so miserable. You had been for a year with arthritis, then with sinusitis. When I saw the flow of blood, then, I knew the time had come.

“We spread a towel on the dishwasher and Dr. Stegelmeier injected the deadly serum into your body. Immediately, you began to relax. Within three minutes you were gone, free from pain and disease. And for that I am grateful. But it was so hard, Shiz, to stand there and watch you go. Life is so tenuous. One minute you were very much alive. Three minutes later you were gone.

“I cleaned your face and we placed you in your favorite nest. We then carried you downstairs and placed you on a bed in the big bedroom. Gloria had cried and was exhausted. She went to bed and to sleep. I could not sleep. I spent the night, or what was left of it, on the bed next to you. Now dawn is breaking and I am faced with the task of digging your grave through a foot of frozen soil. But I don’t mind that. What I mind is your absence from our lives. Through the past seventeen and one-half years, you have grown to be such an integral part of our lives, we feel that a part of us has gone with you.

“Shiz, we have nothing but pleasant memories of you. And I thank you for teaching me the real meaning of love. You taught me to be sensitive to the needs of others; to be gentle and patient in dealing with others. These are vital lessons in my life, lessons I may not have learned at all without you. And I have Gloria to thank for you, because she arranged with the Shaws in Ucon for you to come live with us after you had been weaned from your mother.

“You were a cute little fellow. You were active and loved the outside. We gave you free access to our house night and day during all seasons of the year. And until you developed arthritis, you probably spent 75% of your time outside. You’d come in to eat and nap, but otherwise you were outside resting in the shade of the lilac tree or the raspberry bushes. You were an excellent ‘mouser.’ And you would always bring your ‘catch’ home for us to see. You caught birds too. And I always wondered how you did that till one day I watched you come within a feather of batting a low-flying bird from flight. Your timing was perfect, and you were very quick. That particular bird was saved only because it flew about an eighth of an inch higher than you could jump.

“You had a fight or two, defending your territory. I remember after one fight, you came home torn and bleeding. You climbed way back into the storage area off Daniel’s bedroom where you were cool and quiet and stayed there for a couple of days while your wounds healed. We placed water for you in the bedroom. You would drink then go back to your resting place.

“I have no regrets, so far as our relationship is concerned. Gloria and I never mistreated you. We scolded you at times, but we never struck you. In

fact, as you grew older and more infirm, you seemed to need more affection. During the night, you would come into the bedroom and climb upon my chest. I would stroke you for a few minutes before you would jump down and seek a spot to sleep. There were nights this winter when you would come in two or three times to be stroked. Gloria took her turn along with me. And though we were sleepy, we knew you needed that and were happy to meet that need.

“You have been an excellent companion to me through the years. You used to follow me around like a little dog. When I would work in the garden, you were there. When I cleaned Kent Jolley’s law office, you followed me there and would go from room to room with me as I went about my chores. When Gloria and I would take you and Catta on evening walks, you demonstrated a playful tease when you would run and hide. Then as Catta would pass your hiding spot, you would jump out at her. Those were good days, Shiz. I miss them.

“You loved Catta. When she died, you were there to watch us bury her. You sniffed her body, then watched us lower it into the grave. I know you never forgot where she was because frequently, I would watch you walk around the grave sniffing. After she left, you spent most of your time in the house.

“You loved our home. You had nests all over. We kept you well fed. In fact, for the last three months, you ate little but fresh trout three times a day. Gloria remarked this morning that Albertsons had just lost their best customer.

“During the past two years, whenever Gloria and I have had to be gone from home for a day or two, we have had Eileen Peck, our dear friend down the street, take care of you. We didn’t worry about you during those times because Eileen was so dependable. Toward the last, you must have sensed that too because you would even let her pet you.

“But I’m grateful Gloria and I were home when your allotted time was up. The circumstances could not have been better. We were there to hold and bid you farewell. You died in the presence of those who loved you and in the house you loved so much. I would not have had the circumstances any other way.

“This morning, your nests are gone. I even moved your little box from the furnace room. By evening there will be nothing left in the house to remind us of you except pictures and this letter I’m writing. Of course, we have pleasant memories of you. We’ll always have those. They are something death cannot claim. And we expect to see you again, in another time and place where disease and death cannot inflict their torments upon God’s creations. I know there are people who do not believe that animals live as spirits and will be resurrected, but I have read the following passage of scripture in the *Doctrine and Covenants*, Section 77 verse 2 that tells me these people are wrong. The Lord said: ‘What are we to understand by the four beasts spoken of in the same verse? They are figurative expressions, used by the Revelator, John, in describing heaven, the

paradise of God, the happiness of man, and of beasts, and of creeping things, and of the fowls of the air; that which is spiritual being in the likeness of that which is temporal; and that which is temporal in the likeness of that which is spiritual; the spirit of man in the likeness of his person, as also the spirit of the beast, and every other creature which God has created.” Also, the Book of Mormon prophet said that the atonement must be infinite (*Alma* 34:12). I take that to mean it covers all sins, and, because the resurrection is provided through the atonement, all creatures will be resurrected. I take comfort in these thoughts.

“God bless you, Shiz. We love you. Thanks for helping us be better people with happier lives. Alyn.”

Two weeks after Shiz died, Gloria and I received a letter from the Idaho Veterinary Medical Foundation Inc. informing us of a ‘generous gift’ in memory of Shiz. The gift was contributed by Dr. T.W. Moe, D.M.V. of the Eastside Pet Clinic in Idaho Falls. Gloria and I wrote Dr. Moe a letter in which we said: “We were touched by this information and wanted you to know how much we appreciate you and Dr. Alderson.” So Shiz’s name lives on not only in our memories, but in the annals of animal medical science as well.

Blackberry and Remington Steele

About the time we buried Catta, our neighbors, Cameron and Margie Brown, acquired two kittens for their children. The children named them Blackberry and Remington Steele. Blackberry was all black, hyperactive and unusually adventurous. Remington was steel gray (hence his name), gentle and laid-back, loving and lovable — the perfect pet.

The kittens were cute and were all over Browns’ yard and our yard. But Browns would permit them in the house only during daytime and while someone was there to tend them. So as weather turned cold, frequently they sought shelter during late afternoon and evening hours in warm places. Thus, one day when Gloria and I returned home, we found two kittens curled up in our recliner, resting on a sheepskin I kept there. Shiz was warming his old arthritic body on the radiator only a few feet away. The kittens had figured out the secret of our pet door, had come into the house on their own, had courageously confronted Shiz, the old warrior and master of the house, and had made themselves at home. From that moment on, we loved the kittens. Nevertheless, they spent miserable winter nights outside Browns’ home in a box (which I provided) on the porch. When Spring broke, they were big enough to roam the neighborhood. Blackberry did, but Remington stayed close to home.

I rescued Blackberry (whom I now called ‘BB’) more than once from our roof, and from neighbor’s skunk traps. I had never dealt with a more curious and adventurous cat. I also nursed her back to life after she nearly died of some

devastating sickness she contracted from whom or from where no one knew. Finally, one day I found her dead on the street in front of our house. She had been hit by a car. I buried her at the foot of our lot.

When the Browns prepared to move from Rexburg to St. Anthony, I asked them what they planned to do with Remington. They said they would dump him off near a farmstead because they were moving into an apartment complex which would not allow cats. I knew if this happened his chances of survival were nil because his front claws had been removed. So I asked if Gloria and I might keep him. The Browns, I think, were relieved to have us take Remmie (that was what Gloria and I now called him).

Since we acquired Remington from the Browns about 1989, he has been our pet. And after Shiz died, nearly a year later, he was, except in two instances, the sole center of our attention. Today, he lives with us still, a faithful and gentle companion. His name is known by people all over the country, and we have added a title to his name. He is now known as Elder Remington Steele. You see, he went with us into the mission field just three years ago (November 1997). For eighteen months while we served as office missionaries in the Arizona Tucson Mission, Remmie was our faithful and dedicated companion. He tended the apartment while we tended the office. In each monthly letter we mailed to family and friends, we included a report on Remmie and always signed his name with ours at the bottom.

Schwartz

During Remmie's early days with us, a small black cat came to our house during winter's frigid cold. The first I knew of his presence was when Remmie found him in our garage and engaged him in battle. I rescued the little fellow and fed him cat food. He was not only cold, but hungry. I cut a small door in a pasteboard box, put newspapers on the floor of the box, wrapped the box in a plastic garbage bag and placed it next to the house at the north end of our front deck. He found refuge from the bone-chilling wind in the box that night, and for many nights thereafter. As spring broke, we attempted to make him a house cat. We even had him neutered. But the transition was too traumatic, with the neutering and Remmie to oppose. He developed a liver disease brought on by stress. We took him to the Vet, but nothing could be done to save his life. We had him euthanized, while we held him, purring, in Dr. Moe's clinic. We buried him alongside Shiz and wrote his name on the foundation of our house. Gloria had named him Schwartz (German for "black").

Laddie

Now comes the most difficult task of all. That is to write about Laddie, otherwise known as Ladd or Laddie Boy. Laddie was born in the Spring of 1991 and died March 6, 1995. He was pure white with blue eyes. He lived with us for three years. His death had a profound impact upon Gloria and me and, indirectly, upon hundreds of other people who never knew him. His story follows, first in a letter I wrote to him entitled "In Memory of Laddie," then in commentary about the results of his death. In the letter, I wrote: "Dear Laddie, This is the hardest letter I have ever written. I feel the pain of your passing as keenly today as I felt it last Thursday when you died. In fact, I have never experienced, in my entire life, such a traumatic experience, and an experience that has affected me as profoundly as your passing. I loved you, Laddie. I loved you as much, I suppose, as I can possibly love an animal. Gloria loved you too; surely you know that, as kind as she was to you. Actually, she indulged you more than I did. In fact, you would probably still be alive today had I indulged you like Gloria did by opening the door for you when you jumped from your outside window perch and went to the door, expecting me to open it for you. You were always doing that, you know — you never would come through the cat door if you could get somebody to open the big door for you. Gloria would pamper you, but frequently I would make you come in on your own. I don't know why I'm like that. Please forgive me for not pampering you more than I did. I just wanted you to be able to take care of yourself when Gloria and I were not around. My not pampering you was no indication of my feelings toward you. I felt a powerful relationship with you. And that began when you were only a kitten.

"Four years ago this summer, Julie Schlegelmilch, a neighbor girl who lived next to us, found you alone in Smith Park, one block down the street from us. Apparently, someone had abandoned you or you had wandered from home and gotten lost. At any rate, Julie felt sorry for you and brought you home. She thought you were a female, so she called you Lady. Not till you came to live with us were you known as Laddie.

"You were a cute little fellow, attractive and playful. You were pure white with big blue eyes. Julie showed you to me and I petted you and fell in love with you then. I watched you that summer as you romped and played with Julie on her back lawn. That winter (the Winter of 1991-92), you stayed in a shed attached to the back of the Schlegelmilch house. During Christmas vacation, the Schlegelmilchs went to California and asked me to care for you. I felt so sorry for you. I believe you were comfortable enough. I bought a large rubber tub for you. I lined it with foam rubber and Gloria helped me fix a blanket liner for it. You were very comfortable sleeping in that. But you were alone all day and

night, except when I fed and watered you. You stayed in that shed all winter alone. I felt terrible about that, but there was nothing I could do about it.

“While the Schlegelmilchs were gone, I would let you out of the shed occasionally, leaving the door open so you could get back in. One day you left the premises. You didn’t come home all day long or during that night. I was distraught. I thought you were gone, never to return. I called Julie and told her, so when she returned to Idaho, she came not expecting to see you again. However, after a day and a night had passed, I asked the neighborhood children to look in their garages for you, suspecting you might have gotten locked in one of them by mistake. I didn’t know whether that was the case, but when I returned home from school the end of the second day, there you were on our front deck. I was ecstatic.

“I spent what time I could with you that winter in your shed. But it wasn’t much. I even let you into our house a time or two, but our cat Remington, did not welcome you very warmly.

“Then in the Spring of ‘92, Schlegelmilchs moved into the country. I asked Julie what she was going to do with you. She said she would take you to the farm with her and you could catch mice in the barn. By this time, she was falling out of love with you. You were too active for her. You played rough and she was afraid of you. She even had you neutered, thinking that might slow you down somewhat and take a little starch out of your system. But to no avail. You were as active and rough as ever. So I asked Julie if I might have you, and she consented. By this time, you and Remington had gotten a little better acquainted and I thought we could be a happy pride together. And we were.

“You changed our lives radically. Before long you and Rennie had made friends and were playing hide-and-seek and wrestling regularly with each other. Those wrestling matches were always entertaining. And you were a talker. You were always talking to us. In fact, we nicknamed you ‘Loud Noise.’ You demanded to be fed. You demanded to be brushed. You demanded to be let outside. Or you demanded to be picked up and loved. You needed love badly. You’d never had anyone to love you demonstratively until you came to live with us. We showered you with love. And you liked every moment of it. When we were home, you were always where we were, either with me or with Gloria. When we would leave one room and go into another, you followed. Then you followed us back into the room we had just left. When we watched TV, you curled up on the love seat with us and dozed. When we retired to bed, you slept with us on our bed or curled up on a blanket at the foot of the bed. But always about 4:00 a.m. you would wake me by scratching with your clawless front paws on the bed near my head (we had your front claws removed so you and Rennie would be on par with each other). Then you either wanted to be fed or let

outside. I would get up grumbling and complaining about you, but I loved you even then and usually accommodated your need. Oh! Laddie, how I wish I had you back. I'd never complain again, even in the middle of the night.

"You had an insatiable appetite. You wanted to try every food we ate. You especially liked banana nut muffins, applesauce cake, and bacon bits. I told Gloria you thought you were human like us. But then I remembered, you had no mother cat to teach you the ways of cats. You were around people from your early beginnings. So you wanted to do everything we did.

"Also, you had a strange fascination for the toilet bowl. You were always investigating the inside of the toilet bowl. You loved the bathroom. Sometimes you would sleep on the bathroom mats all night long (till 4:00). One reason for your love of the bathroom was your daily love session with Gloria. After she would take her shower and put on her white robe, you would curl up in her lap while she would brush and groom you. You would kiss her with your wet nose. You would lick her chin and gently bite her fingers. Then you would finish off by tussling with the belt on her robe. You were a loving cat, and lovable.

"You loved to walk all over the car and pickup, leaving your wet paw prints on those white vehicles. In the summertime, you would rest on top of the pickup or car, I suppose, because in the garage, the metal was cool. More than once, though, I locked you in the garage.

"You also loved to jump on top of our ancient upright piano and survey your kingdom from its heights.

"You kept us young, Laddie. You were our little spark plug. You were so alive, curious and adventurous — so active. You were so interested in everything and so interesting to have around. I hardly know what we will do without you.

"You loved the outside. And yet, you seemed to possess a fear of what might be out there. In good weather, you would rest for hours on our front deck. You would spend the whole night there, not getting far from the front door in case you needed a quick entrance into the house. You would always jump up on the outside window ledge when you wanted in. And usually, we would open the big door and let you in. But then came that awful day.

"I let you outside on the morning of March 16 about 4:30. When I drew the drapes about 7:30, you were resting under a bench on the front deck. You jumped up on the window ledge and I was tempted to let you in, but decided if you wanted in badly enough you would come in on your own. That was the last time I saw you alive. When Gloria and I left for work about 7:40, you were not to be seen. I was going to call you, but decided there was no need to do that. I fully expected you would go in the house and be there when I got home for lunch.

"About 9:30 a.m. our next door neighbor, Dee Lindsay, called me at the office and said she was afraid you were dead in her car port. I phoned Gloria

and we came right home. You were dirty — indicating a struggle with death. We cleaned you off and took you to the vet, Dr. Kinghorn, in Rigby. We asked him to do an autopsy. When we returned that evening, he said you died from three broken ribs on your right side which had ruptured your liver. You bled to death internally. There were no marks on your hide, so he ruled out a dog bite. Your ribs were the only bones broken, so he ruled out being hit by a car.

“On the way home, Gloria and I concluded that someone had either thrown a rock at you, kicked you, or ridden into you on a bicycle. Since then, I have ruled out the bicycle and a thrown rock (there are no rocks around our house, and a bicycle would have done on a smaller scale what a car would have done). As I see the situation and its possibilities, I think you were kicked in the side (or hit with a club such as a baseball bat) — a careless, thoughtless, senseless and violent act. Whatever happened, you died in pain and you died alone. Moreover, you were a little animal who needed love and never hurt anyone or anything (except for a mouse or two, but that is the natural order for cats). Gloria and I have given you the love you needed. We never abused you in any way. You trusted us completely and I think you tended to transfer that trust to others, especially to neighborhood children with whom you were more or less acquainted. So you would have been especially vulnerable to a neighborhood boy on his way to school, or even to a stranger passing by, who for one reason or another impetuously vented his feelings with a vicious kick. And yet, I have hardly been able to condemn vigorously the person who may have done that because I did it years ago to animals I knew. From time to time, I abused them physically one way or another. And though I have not abused people physically, I have abused them with my tongue. But that is all in the past, Laddie. At least, that is where I intend it to be from this point on.

“I have hardly been able to abide these thoughts. I cannot get the brutality of your death out of mind. It seems so needless to me. Three broken ribs and death. Life is so fragile, Laddie, and death so final. And people are so thoughtless and cruel. I apologize to you for the whole human race. Why can't we be more considerate and careful with each other and our pets?

“I don't like to think that one of our neighborhood children deliberately kicked you on his way to school (although there is one who could have and may have done so). Nevertheless, I asked Brady Lindsay, our neighbor boy, who is considerate and sensitive, to use his influence among other neighborhood children to help them be kinder and more gentle with animals. If he will do that, then perhaps your death will not be for nothing. However, you will not have died for nothing because of the impact your death has had upon me for good.

“I'm sorry, Laddie. I'm sorry I did not let you in when you wanted to come in the house before Gloria and I left for work. I'm sorry there are humans who

brutalize animals. I'm sorry you're gone, Laddie. I've cried bitter tears over and over the last few days. I've had such a feeling of emptiness since your passing. I can understand a little better now how my parents felt when they lost my younger brother, Gordon, to death as the result of a careless, irresponsible accident of which I was the cause. Though I caused Gordon's death, Dad took full responsibility for it (I'm sure he never understood exactly what happened, but that doesn't matter. He would still have accepted total responsibility because he was driving the truck.) I was only 14 years old, too young to understand the significance of what had happened, and too immature to be deeply moved by my careless part in the experience. Through the years I have come to admit my responsibility in the matter, but even so, I don't think I have ever understood until now what Dad went through during the rest of his life. Gordon was a lot like you, Laddie. He was loved by us all, but especially by Dad because he was with him wherever he went. He was not only lovable, but he loved. He loved and trusted people. He loved life, and he had so much to offer. Then one whom he trusted implicitly, through a careless, thoughtless act of irresponsibility brought his life to a sudden, painful, bloody close. Dad, I know, felt what I feel, but much more intensely. Gordon was his son.

"Dad was never the same after that. He lost something of himself in Gordon's passing. And now I understand more clearly than before why that was so and what it means. You have helped me understand this. Thank you for that.

"You have helped me understand more clearly the feelings of all who have lost loved ones in death by those who possess the power to hurt and destroy. I think of the early Latter-day Saints who experienced brutality and hardship from brutality. To have lost children at Haun's Mill or to the savagery of a high plains blizzard would be hard to endure.

"Finally, you have helped me understand more clearly how Father in Heaven must have felt when His Son underwent His Gethsemane trauma, and subsequently His crucifixion between two thieves. Christ was innocent. He came to save men, not destroy them. Yet, He, a god, was born in a stable, raised by a carpenter and his wife, and died between two thieves, put to death by hateful, jealous, proud and brutal men. His father could have intervened to save Him from the trauma and bloody ordeal of the Garden experience and crucifixion. But He didn't, and by not interfering, He enabled all mankind to enjoy immortality and the possibility of Eternal Life. By contrast, had I been home the morning you were killed, and had I known what was going to happen, I would have intervened to save you.

"Thank you, Laddie, for all you've helped me understand by virtue of your death. And thank you for all you taught me about love and patience (you weren't patient yourself, but you taught me how to be patient with you). Thank

you for giving me beautiful memories and a living hope that I shall see not only you, but my other beloved pets in that other world where there will be no hate, brutality, pain, or death. I take solace in the thought that where you are now, you cannot be hurt anymore.

“Perhaps where you are now, we can love as profoundly and as intimately and as completely as our capacities will allow, without interruption throughout eternity. I look forward to that time, when I can be with my loved ones (with Gordon and my father to whom I owe an apology so considerable that it will be beyond my power to give). There I can also be with friends. And I can be with my pets, who have taught me more about the true meaning of life than I can express in this letter. I love you, little friend. That is exactly what you were to Gloria and me. I shall miss you till I come where you are and hear you announce your presence by a demanding meow. That will truly be music to my ears. God bless you, Laddie. And I know He will for He has said that not even a sparrow shall fall without His knowing. Alyn B. Andrus, Rexburg, Idaho, March 19, 1995.”

As Gloria and I agonized over Laddie’s death, we determined he would not have died in vain. So I notified all neighborhood children and their parents that we would hold a funeral service for Laddie in our house at 2:00 p.m. on April 9, 1995. They were all invited. All of the neighborhood children were present, along with four adults. Our living room was packed with people. Normally, we would not do this, but given the violence that caused Laddie’s death, we did not want to lose this opportunity to teach that all of us need to be more humane, more gentle with our pets, more responsible stewards over Earth and her resources.

I talked to those present for about 30 minutes. I described the circumstances surrounding Laddie’s death so far as Gloria and I understood them. I then talked about the need for all of us to be more gentle with our pets and with each other. I said that only those who are nice to their pets will have those animals with them in the hereafter. I mentioned that the heaven I want to be a part of will be composed of only nice people — understanding, caring people — people who live in harmony with God’s law of love and charity. I explained that God created everything as we see it. I said that Laddie’s spirit still lives and that we would only bury his body. I talked some about taking care of Earth’s resources because all that we have, God has given us. I said that I have no problem with hunters killing animals to eat the meat, but when they go into the hills and kill just for sport, I think that is wrong. I ended by talking about how much Laddie trusted Gloria and me because we had never abused him. He transferred this trust to others, and so when someone he trusted bashed his ribs in, that was a

terrible act of betrayal, made even worse because it happened in front of our house where Laddie felt safest.

Everyone listened well, and after I finished talking we all went outside. The wind was blowing and the temperature was cold, but all the children watched while I lowered the box containing Laddie's body into his grave. Gloria then told them they could go home if they wished. But they all stayed until I had shoveled the last bit of dirt onto the grave. I had previously written on the foundation of the house (which served as a headstone for the grave) "LADDIE, May His Death Help Us Be More Gentle With Each Other And Our Pets." I think the burial service had its desired effect upon those present. I believe the children will remember this experience the rest of their lives. I hope they will be more caring and humane because of it.

Watching the reaction of those present while I described how Laddie was killed confirmed our suspicion of the person responsible for the deed. Previously, Gloria and I had decided from conversations involving two neighbor boys that Laddie had been killed with a baseball bat, and we suspected strongly that one of the boys was responsible for Laddie's death.

During days that followed Laddie's burial, I could not get him off my mind, especially the brutal way in which was killed. Finally, one day in June, I went to my office, turned on the computer and for two hours wrote Laddie's story in make-believe. What I composed, I did not modify. The rough draft served as the final draft. Once I developed my ideas and began to clothe them in words, the words came readily. When I finished and read what I had written, I was amazed that I could have written what I did. I liked it and seemed to feel somewhat relieved. I took what I had written home and asked Gloria to read it. She did with tears in her eyes and gave her approval. We decided we would publish it for children to read.

Gloria and I hired an illustrator on Campus named Daniel B. Gardiner. We indicated the illustrations we wanted him to draw. Then we took these to the Ricks College Press along with the story and indicated where we wanted the illustrations placed in the story. We had the Press print and bind 200 copies at a cost of \$10 per copy. The booklet was attractive and sold quite well in Idaho Falls and Rexburg bookstores. We also gave away 100 copies to neighborhood children, relatives and friends. We made \$400 on the copies which sold, and we turned this over to a veterinary research foundation in Boise, Idaho, with Laddie's name attached to the contribution. After all was said and done, I could finally sleep well at night. I felt that Laddie had not died for nothing. Gloria, who supported me in this endeavor, and I had turned a brutal act of violence into an experience which we feel certain had a positive effect on many children. Now, what about the story which did this?

The story I wrote was entitled *Laddie The Angel Cat*. It was written as follows:

“BEFORE NOW: There is a world, not on this Earth, where fish, birds, animals and kind, gentle people live together in peace and happiness. They do not quarrel. They do not fight. They do not kill. They live under the kind and watchful care of their Great Creator and Master who is very patient and loving. We cannot see this world with our eyes, but some of us see it in our minds. It has the bluest sky, the whitest clouds, the friendliest sun, moon and stars that we can imagine. And we cannot go to this world until we hear the angels call. The angels help the Great Creator and Master watch over all his creations.

“Not so very long ago, in this wonderful world of the angels, the Great Creator and Master welcomed a kitten named Laddie. Laddie was a beautiful kitten. He was as white as snow. His eyes were as blue as the morning sky. And he was so full of life that he made everyone around him tired just watching him play. He wrestled harder than other kittens. He chased butterflies harder than other kittens. And he meowed louder and more often, much more often, than other kittens. He seemed to think that the Great Creator and Master had created everything and everyone just for him to enjoy and boss.

“Laddie was very curious and adventurous. He wanted to visit new places, see new things, and make new friends. So he was all over this wonderful world of the angels, getting into all kinds of mischief, causing the Great Creator and Master to sigh now and then as he too grew tired just watching Laddie play.

“As we said, Laddie meowed much. He liked attention, but if he was noisy and bossy, he was also very friendly, happy and loving. The butterflies he chased knew he would not hurt them. And everyone who knew him listened to his meows with patience, and loved him for his friendly, happy ways.

“NOW: Then one day, a comet swept by and Laddie hitched a ride on the comet’s tail. It swept him through the sky far from his happy home. But he was so interested in all the new stars and clouds, and was so excited to be riding on the comet’s tail that he forgot to be afraid. Now as the comet sped past Earth, it flicked its tail and Laddie landed in a place that was very strange to him. There was grass. There were trees, bushes and flowers. And there were people moving about, but none of these things were as pretty and friendly as in his home where the angels were.

“And so for the first time in his short life, Laddie was afraid. He seemed to be all alone. He meowed loud and long, but no one paid attention to him. He was hungry and thirsty, and alone. What could he do? Where could he go? Where were the angels? He was indeed alone and afraid.

“Then kind hands picked him from the grass and stroked his fur. A pretty face spoke kind words, though he could not understand them. He liked this face. It was the face of a little girl. Her name was Julie.

“Julie loved Laddie, and Laddie loved Julie. She took him home, fed him warm milk, and gave him a blanket on which to sleep. Through the summer their friendship grew. Then came winter with snow and cold days, and colder nights. And because Julie spent almost every day in school, she seldom stroked Laddie’s fur and talked to him with friendly words. He meowed as loud and long as ever, but there was no one to hear his meows and give him love. He seemed to have been forgotten. Again he began to feel alone in a strange place. He longed for his distant home beyond the clouds, where he could romp and play with friends and chase butterflies through bright meadows watched over the angels. But he could not go there because he could not hear the angel’s call.

“Then one cold, snowy day, a stranger came. His name was Alki. He spoke kind words to the kitten, fed him dinner and cuddled him. Alki came often. Laddie listened and watched for him to come. Soon, he came so often, he was no longer a stranger, but a friend.

“Then spring came and Julie moved away. But she left Laddie with his new friend, Alki. Now, Alki’s wife, Ruthie, was a pretty lady with a kind face and a friendly voice. She too loved Laddie. And Laddie loved her. Alki and Ruthie were kind to Laddie. They never hurt him. They never spoke unkindly to him. And they let him run through the house and sleep where he wished. The only places where he was not allowed to be were tables, cupboards and stove. But the rest of the house was his, and it was an interesting house. It had many rooms, with closets, chairs and beds. In fact, Laddie soon had a favorite bed or chair in nearly every room in that house. And before long, Laddie became boss of the house. Alki and Ruthie obeyed nearly all his meows. But the best part of living with Alki and Ruthie was their other cat, Remington.

“Remington was nothing like Laddie. He was grey. Laddie was white. He had yellow eyes. Laddie’s eyes were blue. He was quiet. Laddie was noisy. Nothing seemed to bother Remington. He could sleep, and sleep, and sleep. He could sleep longer than any cat Laddie had ever seen. At first, Remington was not much fun because he was always sleeping, but Laddie changed that. He would pounce on Remington while Remington was sleeping and begin to wrestle. At first, Remington tried to pretend that Laddie wasn’t there, but Laddie’s meows, and pounces and attempts to wrestle were too loud and too much to ignore. So Remington wrestled with Laddie.

“Besides wrestling, Laddie and Remington’s favorite game was hide and seek. And before long, they were chasing each other through the house. Laddie usually lost this game because Remington was so quiet and careful in trying to

find Laddie's hiding place, Laddie would grow impatient and reveal himself with two or three loud meows, as if to say: 'I'm over here! Hurry up and find me!' The two cats soon loved each other, though they were quite different.

"AFTER NOW: And so time passed in this happy house. And life for Alki, Ruthie and Remington could not have been happier. Even Laddie thought it was just about as happy as it had been in that far-off world with the angels. In fact, so happy was he with his new family that he forgot about the angels and the Great Creator and Master. But they had not forgotten about him. Ever since he left on the comet's tail, life in that world of the angels was not quite the same. It was still a peaceful and happy place, but everyone missed Laddie. They even missed his bossy meows and his cries for attention. The butterflies were growing lazy because Laddie was not there to chase them. Even the Great Creator and Master missed his noisy and active little friend.

"So, one day in March when the sun shone brightly and the sky was as blue as Laddie's eyes, the Great Creator and Master asked the angels to call Laddie home. He heard their call. And though he did not want to leave his new friends and their comfortable home, he knew he must go. So, he scampered up a sunbeam beyond a billowy cloud in the distant sky and returned to his world of the angels.

"And I know that if you imagine hard enough, you can see Laddie sleeping behind a soft cloud in a deep blue sky, or see him chasing butterflies across a sunlit meadow watched over by angels. Or at night, you may see him rolling in a soft sprinkling of stardust, or chasing his tail around a moonbeam. But you will not hear him. Only those kittens and cats whose time has come to return to the world of the angels will hear his call to come home. And when they hear his call, they will scramble up a sunbeam or moonbeam to that beautiful world beyond the clouds where there is no quarreling, fighting or killing — a world where all creatures live in peace and happiness together under the gentle gaze of angels. Of course, today, Laddie is boss of the angels.

"And I tell you for sure, that some day when we are called by the angels to take our place in that distant world, if we really want to, and if we are kind enough and gentle enough, we may see Laddie. He'll still be chasing butterflies. And he'll be telling the angels what to do, but when he sees us, he will come running, and we must be ready to obey when he meows and asks us to pick him up and stroke his fur. If this happens to you, and you pick him up, he'll purr and lick your chin and thank you in his loving way. Then you will know why this story had to be written about Laddie, the Angel Cat."

We still miss Laddie, as we do our other cats who have passed on. We are grateful that Remington, that constant, faithful old friend, is still here to comfort and cheer us. What will we do when we lose him? We will get along, of course.

But we certainly do not look forward to the day when Remmie hears the angel's call.

Our cats have had a profound influence for good in our lives because we have allowed ourselves to learn from them. We thank God for them.

Part Four: My Married Years at Ricks College (1968-1997)

Chapter 7

Our Cars, Bikes, and Bike Trips

Introduction

Since our marriage, Gloria and I have owned 20 vehicles — cars, pickups, sports utility vehicles, and a van. All but six of these have been new. And 11 of the 20 have been Fords. We love Ford vehicles. We have found them to be dependable and, generally, the service we have received from Ford dealerships has been above reproach.

We have also owned six motorcycles. These have all been Hondas, except the first one which was a British product. We feel about Honda motorcycles the same way we feel about Ford vehicles. We have been sufficiently satisfied with Honda that we have never felt the need to change companies.

In this part of my history, I shall describe our vehicles and the experiences we remember in connection with them. Nearly every vehicle we have driven, including the motorcycles (especially the motorcycles), has an experience associated with it that deserves telling. To leave these stories out of this history would constitute an infraction with which no honorable historian would want to be associated.

Vehicles We Owned Before Coming to Rexburg

Vehicles Gloria and I owned before coming to Rexburg, have already been mentioned in this history, and I have described experiences associated with some of them. But I shall now mention these vehicles again and reiterate, in summary, experiences I feel should be told.

When we were married, I was buying a two-door Oldsmobile 98. This was a big car with a powerful V-8 engine capable of cruising at 100 miles per hour without difficulty (I don't know how fast it would go — I never had the courage to find out). It was expensive to operate, but we surely liked its ability to cruise at high speeds. One summer's day, when I worked in the Snake River Valley for the Bonneville County Weed Control office and Gloria still worked in Provo for BYU and a service station called Allentown, she decided to drive to Idaho Falls for the weekend. This was before freeways. The highway passed through every town between Idaho Falls and Provo. And there was a speed limit on the open

road of 60 miles per hour. Well, Gloria put her suitcase in the Oldsmobile and drove the distance between Provo and Idaho Falls in four hours. We figured she averaged 90 miles per hour. I was incredulous that she had not been ticketed for speeding. She may have been had police officers identified the blur and had they been able to give chase.

Not long after this, as Gloria was coming home from campus following work, a college student ran a stop sign and hit the Oldsmobile in the passenger's door. The impact bent the frame slightly. The insurance company totaled the car. Never again would my speed-hungry wife fly-low from Provo to Idaho Falls at speeds in excess of 90 m.p.h., even over today's freeways.

Following the Oldsmobile's demise, we bought a used (1952) Chevy. This car was much more practical for us while attending the university than the Oldsmobile. It was economical, and we never exceeded the speed limit. In fact, I once drove from Provo to Phoenix, where I joined Gloria and her family for Christmas (she had preceded me by a week), and I never exceeded 50 m.p.h. all the way. I took 14 hours to make the trip, but I saved gas, tires, and car.

Just before we graduated from BYU, we bought a new Volkswagen Beetle. It was one of the first introduced into the United States and was technologically antiquated — it had no signal lights, just signal arms. It was as basic as a vehicle could be. It was black, had two doors, a four-cylinder air-cooled engine in the rear. The trunk was in the front behind the gas tank. It would go from 35 to 40 miles on a gallon of gas. It had no air conditioning and the only heat came from the engine through heat ducts into the car and onto the windshield. Its top speed was 70, and when climbing hills it was the slowest vehicle on the road, but we loved it. It was easy to handle, fun to drive, trouble free and economical. Nevertheless, when we drove to Ucon and showed it to Dad, he was not impressed. In fact, I think he was disappointed. He probably wondered where our wisdom had gone. We sold this car to Rulon Simmons, my cousin, just before Gloria and I left for Western Samoa. However, I need to mention a rather thrilling experience we had in it before we sold it,

We were on our way to Salt Lake City for an interview with a member of the Pacific Board of Education. Just north of Fielding, Utah we hit a large patch of icy road. Gloria was going about 50 m.p.h. and as soon as we hit the ice, the car began to switch slightly from side to side. She kept her head and did not apply brakes, but the switching became severe until the car spun around two or three times and we ended up in the barrow pit with the front end of the car facing up toward the highway. We were on a rather tight schedule. I ran to the nearest farm home, and described our plight. The farmer came to our rescue with his tractor. Before long we were on our way again. The car was not damaged, and

we counted our blessings that no vehicle was coming toward us in the other lane when we spun round and round.

After we returned from Samoa, in an attempt to save money, we bought a used Rambler station wagon. We regretted the purchase immediately. We never enjoyed the Rambler. In fact, after several months, we sold it to Vernon Hill, a Ucon friend, and bought a new red Volkswagen. Vernon liked the Rambler. I do not know whether Vernon had a fault for liking it, or whether we had a fault for not liking it. Apparently, one man's cast off can be another man's treasure.

We loved our red Volkswagen. In fact, we loved it so much that after two years, we sold it to my brother, Kendall, and bought a new blue Volkswagen. We drove the blue one until I graduated from Idaho State University, at which time we bought a new red Ford Mustang. We also bought a used Ford pickup. Why? I don't know. I just wanted a pickup. We didn't need it, and before long we sold it to Alvin Steltzer, a friend and fellow Ucon Second Ward member. We didn't sell the pickup, though, till after Steve had dented the passenger's door by getting too close to a post while backing up. We were fortunate to get rid of this machine. It was too expensive for us to afford.

Our Ford Mustang was undoubtedly the most fun car we ever owned. When we bought it, I was bishop of the Ucon Second Ward and had just previously lectured my priests on how material things don't matter in this life. When they saw the Mustang, they reminded me of my lecture, saying in effect, that actions speak louder than words. Apparently, material things do matter. Nevertheless, they liked the car and I believe it helped them identify with me a little easier than they might have otherwise.

The Mustang was a popular car. The one we bought had a manual shift transmission with four forward speeds. It had a peppy V-8 289 cubic-inch engine. It had two doors with racing stripes along each side. It looked classy, drove like a race car, and Gloria claimed she rode first class whenever she was in the Mustang.

Two experiences I must mention in connection with the Mustang involved my mother, and speeding on a trip into Arizona. The experience involving Mother developed when Gloria and I were going to Idaho Falls in the Mustang one morning. On the southern outskirts of Ucon we encountered a long line of cars. They were moving much more slowly than I wanted to go, but apparently were reluctant to pass on a two-lane highway. I remarked to Gloria that probably some elderly lady was holding up traffic, and, giving vent to my frustration, I shifted down and floor-boarded the Mustang. We zoomed down the long line of cars, and sure enough an elderly lady was setting the pace. She was my mother. We honked and waved as I replaced the frown on my face with a big smile. I felt terrible. I repented. Perhaps God put her there that morning

to teach me a lesson. I've never again put down an elderly person for holding up traffic.

The experience involving speeding developed while Gloria, Daniel, Steve and I were on our way to Arizona. Somewhere in the dreary wasteland of central Utah, we came up behind a woman in a car going slower than we wanted to go, but each time I attempted to pass, she would speed up. I became frustrated and insulted. After all, I was driving a Mustang. Did she think she could stop me from passing? Finally, I shifted down, floor-boarded the Mustang and zoomed around her. But once the passing was accomplished, for some reason (maybe I wanted to show off, or maybe I was just bored and wanted to inject a little excitement into our travels) I kept accelerating. The boys were up against the front seats, shouting: "Go faster, Dad! Go faster!" Gloria was in the passenger's seat shouting: "Alyn slow down! Slow down!" The boys and I outvoted Gloria. We flew low at 125 m.p.h. that day, and I would have gone faster than that had the hood not started moving up and down against its latch. Suddenly, I had the feeling that if the hood should give way, we'd crash and kill ourselves. So, following Gloria's repeated requests, I slowed down. But I've always wondered how fast the Mustang would have gone.

Our Rexburg Cars

We continued to drive the Mustang after we moved to Rexburg, but as Steve approached driving age, we decided to sell it and buy a less sporty car. The less sporty car was a Ford Maverick, a two-door, straight six with the gear shift on the steering column. The Maverick was as basic as cars come. The boys were disappointed, but I think selling the Mustang and buying the Maverick was a wise decision. The Maverick served us well until Steve graduated from high school. That was the only family car we had, which means it was the car Steve drove. He put a dent or two in it and drove it over curbs a few times, but it held together pretty well. I have no complaint about its service.

We replaced the Maverick with a pretty blue Ford Pinto. The Pinto was a small car, equivalent with today's Escort. It had no trunk. Its tailgate was all glass, and when lifted, one had access to the inside of the car. The rear seats could be lowered until there was a flat surface in the back from tailgate to front seats. This enabled the car to be used as a small utility vehicle when that was necessary. The engine was economical and trouble-free consisting of four cylinders. We ordered this car with an attractive luggage rack on top, which we used frequently. We loved the Pinto. And so did Steve. When he returned from the mission field, we sold the Pinto to him and bought a new brown Pinto for us.

Our Pintos served us well. The only trouble I remember was having to replace a timing belt in the blue Pinto and an alternator in the brown Pinto. In

fact, the alternator at one time became an altimeter. Gloria and I were driving home from Salt Lake City. Night had enveloped us. Gloria was driving. I was asleep. Suddenly, the alternator light came on. Gloria awoke me to report that the "altimeter" light was on. So, smart-mouth that I am, I asked what our altitude was? She was annoyed by my question, but we discussed the purpose of an alternator as opposed to an altimeter. At any rate, the headlights grew dimmer with each passing mile until we pulled in front of David and Geniece's house, using street lights to show us the way. Dave and Geniece took us home. The following day, we went to Idaho Falls and had the "altimeter," oops! the alternator, replaced with a new one.

While we drove the Pintos, Daniel also drove a blue Mustang. The Mustang was a 1966 model that had been wrecked and repaired. It had a 289 cubic inch V-8 K series engine. The K series meant that it had a special cam shaft and double points, making it "hotter" than other Mustang engines. It was built for racing. It had great acceleration, but would not top out at speeds such as the red Mustang we owned. Daniel discovered this when one night in Island Park, he was racing with friends as they returned to Rexburg. He was going about 90 miles an hour when a highway patrolman pulled him over and issued a ticket for speeding. Had the Mustang been able to go faster, Daniel may have attempted to outrun the patrolman.

So far as we know, incidents such as the one just described were rare with Daniel. He was a responsible young man. That is why he owned and drove the Mustang. With our permission, he bought the car as a sophomore for about \$1200, then drove it during his last two years in high school and the year he went to Ricks college before serving in the mission field.

When Daniel bought the Mustang, it looked pretty classy, and was in reasonably good repair, but by the time he left for the mission field, it needed repairs badly. Daniel, figuratively, ran its wheels off. He was going to sell it and deposit the money in a savings account, but I talked him into leaving the car with me. I would fund the needed repairs, drive it while he was gone, and give it to him when he returned. Then he would not need to buy another. I did this and when Daniel returned, the Mustang was in better condition than when he had purchased it. I don't recall how much money I spent on repairs, but it amounted to hundreds of dollars.

After returning from the mission field, Daniel once again ran the wheels off the Mustang. Just before marriage, he was going to sell it. But once again I talked him into letting me have the car. I do not now recall the amount of money I paid Daniel, but it was much more than the car was worth on the market. I made monthly payments over the following years till the car was paid for. These payments helped Daniel go to school. I also spent additional money on repairs.

The car was a community show piece. I displayed it in a car show on Ricks College Campus. Many community citizens commented on it during the years I drove it. But as I grew older, I began to think more clearly. Now that it was paid for (that is, now that I was no longer helping Daniel through school by monthly car payments), I could see no practical reason why I should keep it. It was really nothing but a show car, and an expensive one at that. So I decided to sell it. Then Daniel helped me. He bought the car, then sold it to a business in Provo devoted to restoring Mustangs. I recovered my investment, and Daniel recovered his. We were both happy. But never has a car in my life served so many purposes so well.

We gave our brown Pinto to Steve and Eleena, who needed a car desperately, after coming from Hawaii to Rexburg. This left us only with the Mustang. So we bought a new Nissan Pulsar. This was Gloria's selection. She paid for and claimed it as her car, though it served the family. We enjoyed the Pulsar. Among many other trips, it carried us across the country to Washington, D.C. and back. It gave us no problems. We finally sold it to Steve and Eleena. Then one foggy morning in Iona, Eleena was broadsided by another vehicle which ran a stop sign. Because of a neck injury suffered in the accident, Eleena was awarded sufficient money that she and Steve not only paid for the Pulsar, but bought another car and moved into a relatively new house in south Rexburg.

Our next car was a Pontiac Grand Am. This, too, was Gloria's selection. Obviously, she is not devoted to Fords as I am. But the Pontiac was a good car. It was trouble-free, drove and rode well. It was peppy and just sporty enough to satisfy that need. At about 75,000 miles, we gave the Grand Am to Mary Jean, my divorced sister, who needed a car badly. That was in 1995. Today (November 2000) Jean still drives the Grand Am. Its odometer must register 200,000 miles by now. The Grand Am has served Jeanie well with a minimum of repairs.

While we drove the Grand Am, we also drove a used GMC pickup. It was a V-6, 4x4, with an extended cab, and a shell over the back. It had roll bars and fog lights. It was a classy pickup with 72,000 easy miles behind it. We bought it for \$5800 from Alton Hansen who worked in Admissions at Ricks College.

We loved the Jimmy. In it, we toured nearly every mountain road within our area. We slept under its shell at three Andrus reunions, a Rothlisberger reunion, and a Goodman reunion, both in Arizona. When Gloria finished writing two family history books, one about her mother's ancestors, the Rothlisbergers, and the other about her father's ancestors, the Goodmans, we loaded dozens of these books into the Jimmy and hauled them to Arizona where they were distributed.

Shortly before we served in the Arizona Tucson Mission, we told Dianna (our Apache Indian girl) she could have the Jimmy. She needed a pickup badly. Her Toyota was dying. So we prepared the Jimmy for another trip to Arizona where we would meet Dianna and turn the pickup over to her, but at the last minute, for reasons we do not understand, she declined our offer. We then sold the Jimmy to Gloria's brother, Randy, for \$5000 and used the money to buy a lap top computer and printer which we took with us into the mission field and with which I am now writing this history.

When we gave the Grand Am to Jeanie, we leased a 1996 Ford Explorer. This was our first experience with a leased vehicle. The lease was for two years and 24,000 miles. For every mile over that, we paid a penalty of 45 cents per mile. We drove the Explorer about 46,000 miles, so when we turned it in, we paid an additional \$1000. That hurt, but we had enjoyed the machine.

The Explorer had a peppy V-6 engine. We ordered it with a clutch and standard transmission. In addition, it had high and low four wheel drive. We liked this Explorer sufficiently that when we traded it in at the end of the lease, we leased another — a 1998 . This one was essentially the same except it had an automatic transmission. We received \$3000 credit on the Explorer we turned in because it was in excellent condition. In addition we paid an additional \$1000, which we received from Ford as a rebate for leasing another Explorer. This made a \$4000 down payment. We leased the vehicle for \$500 per month for thirty-six months. That was expensive, but the sale price on this machine was \$32,000. Nevertheless, we liked it and had decided, after careful figuring and refiguring, that we could afford such payments even as missionaries. So we rented a U-haul trailer which we loaded with everything we thought we would need in the mission field, and headed for Arizona. The Explorer handled beautifully, even with trailer attached. We loved it.

However, three weeks after our arrival in Tucson, we awoke one Sunday morning to see nothing but space where we had parked the Explorer the night before. It was gone, stolen! We never recovered it. We learned later that it was probably driven into Mexico, loaded onto a ship and sent to Russia where the market for sports utility vehicles was very lucrative. Losing the Explorer taught us with vivid clarity the meaning of the scripture in *Matthew 6:20-21* which reads: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

We missed the Explorer only a day or two. We were so engrossed in missionary work, we didn't have time to think about it. The insurance company paid off our lease, though we never recovered our down payment. Neither did

we recover about \$1000 worth of personal items inside the Explorer such as books, compact discs, and binoculars.

To serve us in the mission field, we leased a Ford Escort for about \$200 per month. It was a pretty deep blue four door. It had a peppy four cylinder engine with an automatic transmission. It was very economical to operate and served us well until October 1999, four months after returning from the mission field. At that time, the termination of its lease was approaching and Madison Ford had a beautiful Windstar van on its lot that Gloria coveted, so we decided to lease the Van. We are driving the van at this time (November 2000).

Leasing the Escort saved us \$300 per month which was significant. Had we continued to pay \$500 per month for the Explorer, our finances during the eighteen months we served in the mission would have been tight indeed.

Nevertheless, the Escort, when time came to return home, could not meet our needs. It was too small to pull a trailer, and we needed more than a trailer to haul our belongings home. So, one month before we were scheduled to be released, we leased a deep red Ford Ranger pickup. We ordered this machine with a plethora of options, installed running boards and covered the back with a shell. It has an excellent V-6 engine, an automatic transmission and four wheel drive. It handles and rides well.

We put \$1000 down on the Ranger; payments amount to \$353 per month for 36 months. Our lease terminates in April 2002. We're planning on another mission, but will have to wait till the Ranger's lease expires. We cannot afford two cars during a mission experience.

As we prepared to return home from Tucson, we loaded the Ranger with belongings and also a U-haul trailer. How we got the trailer is one of our many missionary experiences that bears telling. I quote what Gloria wrote in our Missionary Journal: "We went to the U-Haul office on Oracle Road to request a 4' x 6' trailer. There were other customers in the office asking for trucks and/or trailers. We had failed to remember that the University of Arizona had just graduated, causing a shortage of these items. The young man at the counter, George, told us that if we wanted to leave a deposit of \$20, he would get our request into the central computer system and do a search of local U-Haul suppliers, but that he could not make any promises about availability as to a certain day or time. We gave him the money and left. Elders Thomas Quimby and Shawn Westergard came to help us load the heavy boxes into the back of the Ranger. I tried to stay close to the phone in case George called. At about 4 O'clock Alyn came into the apartment. I told him George had not called and that I felt we should pray and ask the Lord to assist us in securing a trailer. He said he had come to the same conclusion. He offered a sincere prayer, outlining the problem for the Lord.

“For the past several months Alyn had been telling me he wanted to eat at JB’s Restaurant our last evening in Tucson. Because we could find no other restaurant open in which to eat Thanksgiving dinner in 1997, we had the Thanksgiving buffet at JB’s. Alyn wanted to close the circle properly. So we took the two elders who helped us pack and off we went to JB’s. They left early for an appointment, so we finished and stopped by the U-Haul office, just down the street from the restaurant. Faint light came from the office, and I knew we had arrived after closing time. As we turned to leave, I noticed George behind the counter doing some book work. Alyn asked me to go to the door and see if George would open it. He saw me and came to the door. He told me he had been trying to reach me, and that he had a trailer if we wanted it. Alyn joined us and we went to the end of the building. It was an older trailer, 4' x 8'. George said we could have it at the same price he quoted for the 4' x 6', but that Alyn had to be there by 7:00 a.m. the next morning. He did not explain how he got the trailer and we were not going to ask any questions. We gave sincere, but effusive, thanks to our Father in Heaven in prayer that evening.”

When I arrived at the U-haul office by seven the next morning, there were people already there giving George “hell” because they had not yet received trailers or trucks which they had ordered two weeks before. I had backed up the Ranger ready for hitching. George got me a hitch and sent me on my way. He was undoubtedly pleased to have accommodated at least one happy customer. And I was pleased to have been so readily accommodated.

A little better than a year following the missionary experience just described (that is, in August 2000), Gloria and I took the Ranger into the hills east of Idaho Falls. The following quotation from our journal describes another interesting experience. Gloria wrote:

“Since we did not get to have our ride on Wednesday (Alyn had to sign some papers for the CRP program with the USDA on Wednesday afternoon), we had planned to leave early yesterday and drive to Blackfoot Reservoir. Well, we kept being delayed so decided to drive to Idaho Falls, pick up a map for Bonneville County, and make the loop back to Rexburg via the Bone Road, the Kepps Crossing Road, and come out at the Ririe Reservoir.

“We were about 6 miles east of the Bone Road, on the Kepps Crossing Road, which is a dirt road, when we heard an unfamiliar sound. Alyn immediately stopped; I jumped out to look at the rear tire on the passenger side. It was totally flat. This was the third flat tire we’ve had in 30 or so years. We’ve only had the Ranger pickup about 18 months (we leased it just before we left Tucson May 1999). The cause for the flat seemed to be a slash in the tire from a sharp rock, and this was confirmed today by the tire dealer. We weren’t worried at first because we had a sandwich and some juice with us, but we had no

flashlight; however, it was only about 6:30, and it doesn't get dark here in the north land at this time of year until nine o'clock. So, we confidently set out to change the tire. We were able to find the jack and get it assembled, but when we began looking for the key to unlock the spare tire, we couldn't find it. The diagram in both the owner's manual and the instructions with the jack showed this key to be a rather long key, and the owner's manual read that it was located in the glove box. Now, we've driven around in this vehicle for these many months and have never seen such a key. We searched every inch of the interior of the cab to no avail. At that point, we knew we needed some help. We knelt down in the dirt by the side of the pick-up, and Alyn prayed that we would either be able to locate the key to the spare tire, or that we would be able to find someone to help us. We looked for the key again for a few minutes, then Alyn told me I'd better try to reach someone on the cell phone.

"I walked about a quarter of a mile or so back up the road which we had come down until I reached the knoll of the hill where I could get service on the cell phone. Alyn told me to call Kendall since he would know where we were and be able to reach us. No one answered. I called the 800 number for the Ford Motor Roadside Assistance. A woman in Tennessee answered. By this time the wind had come up in connection with a storm front and we could hardly hear each other. She did say that all they could do was to tow the pickup to a dealer — they didn't have keys or spare tires on rims with them. The situation was laughable because she wanted to know what our closest major intersection was. First of all, I couldn't get her to understand "Idaho Falls, Idaho." She thought I was repeating "Idaho." When I told her the last major intersection was on the Bone Road and Kepps Crossing Road about 5 miles back, I really lost her. So when service cut out between the wilds of Idaho and Tennessee due to bad weather, I made no attempt to reconnect with her.

"I called David and Geniece. Geniece answered, and got David to the phone immediately. Alyn actually jogged a ways up the road to talk with David and tell him exactly what we needed. The time now was 6:45. Geniece told us later that she told David the Big O Tire place was open until 7, but that all the other tire stores in I.F. were already closed. So David left immediately to get to Big O Tires with the size information given to him by Alyn. A man at the store loaned him (with no deposit) a used tire on a rim for a Jeep which he thought would fit the Ranger. We waited about 55 minutes for David and Geniece to arrive. Providentially, the tire did fit; the guys had it changed in a few minutes; Geniece gave us each a homemade sweet roll, and we were on our way home.

"On our drive home, Alyn and I discussed in what ways the Lord had answered our prayers. Obviously He could not produce a key if there was no key in the Ranger, so He had to fulfill the second half of the request. This He did

in the following ways: (1) Kendall was not home. If he had been, he could not have reached a tire store before it closed. He could have rescued us, but we'd have had to leave the pick-up on the road overnight and then return this morning to retrieve it. (2) The roadside assistance people (if they had ever made it) would have towed the pickup to a dealer, and we'd have had to have someone drive us to Rexburg, and return this morning to get the tire fixed, etc. (3) David had just walked into the house when I called; if he had stayed at work any longer, he would have been too late to get into the tire store. (4) He lived near enough to the tire store that he could make it before they closed. The whole rescue depended on almost split-second timing. We felt deeply grateful to our Heavenly Father for pulling all that together for us."

We replaced the four-ply tires on the Ranger with six-ply tires. Now we feel safer venturing into the hills on tires that hopefully will endure rocky roads.

Currently, we plan to keep the Ranger till its lease expires. We will then borrow money from the bank, buy the pickup, sell it at a price which will include running boards and shell. We will pay off the bank, pocket the extra money and leave on another mission. At that time, we'll be about six months from having the lease expire on our Ford Windstar van, but we can afford that for six months. When that lease expires, we'll probably lease down for two years while we serve our mission. By that, I mean we may lease another Escort or at least a vehicle cheaper than the van, at a price we can easily afford so as not to be encumbered by financial concerns while we serve.

We love the van. It has four doors, two of which are sliding doors, and a full tailgate that lifts up. It has a peppy V-8 engine. It is the roomiest vehicle we have ever owned. It has four bucket seats and one full seat in the back — all leather — which will comfortably seat seven people. It has keyless entry and almost every gadget Ford has devised for its vehicles, including a compass and an outside temperature gauge. By pushing a button, one can know how many more miles can be covered on remaining gasoline in the tank. One is reminded when the lights are on, when a door is ajar and when the engine needs serviced. About the only information it does not dispense is when one might need to stop for the restroom. We expect that any time now.

The Windstar van cost \$32,000. We put down \$1000 and agreed to pay \$478 per month for 36 months. Our driving limit is about 1200 miles per month. So the van is an expensive vehicle to buy or lease, but we have thoroughly enjoyed driving and riding in it. We feel the expense is justified by the comfort provided not only to us but to our passengers as well. Leasing it and the Ranger together undoubtedly marks the apex of our driving pleasure. After we give up the Ranger and van, we will probably not be able to afford again the comfort and driving pleasure these two vehicles have provided.

Our Scooters and Bikes Before Rexburg

While Gloria and I frolicked (and worked) in Samoa, we bought a B.S.A. (British Small Arms) motorcycle from a young man named Bob Erickson. I have already written in this history about our experience with this machine, but a brief recap is justified here.

We bought the cycle on February 3, 1960 for \$224. Gloria agreed reluctantly to the purchase. Perhaps she sensed the impending personal calamity that overtook us on our first ride. After closing the deal at school, we had to get the cycle home. We could either ride it along the highway and an oiled road all the way to our house, or we could cut through a large malae (a grassy playground) between the school and house. Since I was not an experienced operator, I chose to challenge the shortcut. We mounted the bike, started the engine and gunned out. We immediately encountered vehicle ruts through which we careened wildly until Gloria was thrown from the bike, tearing her skirt. I finally got the damned thing stopped, went back to Gloria lying on the ground and told her to "get up before someone sees you." I was embarrassed. Gloria was furious. She had a torn dress and a gash in her knee. The cycle was fine. Well, Gloria walked home. I managed to ride home. And shortly after that we sold the cycle to Bob Collins, a translator in the legislature. Gloria wrote in our journal: "He (Collins) has yet to pay us anything tho' and nearly three weeks have gone by." I do not recall that we ever got our money.

Following the motorcycle debacle, we bought a B.S.A. motor scooter, and loved it. It served us well until we left Samoa. The day after we left, the scooter's engine "blew up" in the hands of its new owner. Gloria and I never learned what the problem was, but an unanticipated repair bill the day after purchase is never welcome and may be suspect. Nevertheless, our last ride, before we sold the scooter, indicated no problem.

With the scooter under us, we enjoyed freedom most teachers did not have. We explored every oiled road on Upolu (where we lived) and some on Savai'i (where Emmie lived). When we wanted to go downtown, we didn't have to wait our turn for the school car, or beg a ride with someone else. We just jumped on our trusty scooter and went. Gloria drove it as well as I, and it carried both of us without a problem. In fact, when we adopted Danny, we stood him up behind the handle bars and in front of the seat, then all three of us went scooting along. Danny thought this was great fun and became the talk of the Island. Wherever we went people would line up to see us pass, waving at Danny.

Our friends, Rick and Sonia Johnson, also owned a B.S.A. scooter. In fact, they bought theirs first, then talked us into buying ours. So whenever we went for long rides around or over the island, we and the Johnsons went together. We spent many happy hours with the Johnsons on our scooters.

Our Rexburg Motorcycles, and Bike Trips

After we left Samoa, we did not own another motorcycle or scooter until 1974. During spring of that year, one sunny Saturday morning, Gloria and I were lying in bed discussing what a lovely day had dawned and wondering what we would do to make the best possible use of it. Suddenly, Gloria said, "Let's buy a motorcycle." That was all I needed. We dressed and went down to Frank Thompson's Sporting Goods store where we dickered with Frank for a new motorcycle. It was a Honda, but I do not recall exactly what size. It was mid-range, heavy and speedy enough for highway travel. We enjoyed it and rode from Rexburg to places as far away as Swan Valley, Victor and Driggs.

However, as summer passed and we grew more experienced, Gloria enjoyed the rides less and less. Finally, she announced a desire to ride her own bike. She was bored riding behind me, doing nothing but getting drowsy. Also, Steve was old enough to ride, and he did. He and friends mounted up and rode off more than we liked. So, after about one year, we sold the bike.

Steve had served his mission, returned home and struck out on his own. Daniel was about a year into his mission when we decided to buy two motorcycles. Again, we dealt with Frank Thompson; he was a fellow ward member. I bought a blue Honda 500 V-twin CX Sport. Gloria bought a red Honda 450 with automatic transmission. It was comparatively slow, especially climbing hills, but it was as trouble-free as any motorcycle I have ever seen. It just kept going, going and going without giving any problems whatsoever. She and I covered much more territory than we had done on our first bike. In fact, we went as far east as Mount Rushmore, South Dakota, as far south as Provo, Utah, as far north as Coeur d'Alene, Idaho and as far west as Weiser, Idaho.

We had wonderful memorable experiences on our first two bikes, and some experiences that were memorable, but frightening. For instance, on our way to Post Falls, Idaho via Coeur d'Alene, I barely escaped a head-on collision. My sister, Mary Jean Strom, lived with her husband, Brad, and their three daughters, Kelli, Cori and Shaunie, in Post Falls. Brad was a highway patrolman. Jean and the girls were home alone much of the time. They were lonely, and invited Mother and her (Jean's) brothers and sisters to celebrate the Fourth of July in Post Falls with them. Gloria and I decided to ride the bikes. It was a trip we will never forget. I shall quote from our journal:

"On Thursday morning, July 2, 1981, Gloria and I left Rexburg on our motorcycles for Post Falls. . . . The day was clear, warm and calm, a beautiful day for biking. We enjoyed a pleasant ride to Salmon. . . . In Salmon we found a grassy spot by the River and ate lunch. We could not have been more contented or happy.

“Our ride over Lost Trail Pass was fun. . . . We descended to Hamilton, Montana where we bought double-decker ice cream cones and watched a swim team work out in the public pool.

“We rode to Missoula, arriving at about 6:00, registered at a motel and had dinner in a restaurant (Perkin’s Cake and Steak) built over Rattlesnake Creek. We were tired and slept well.

“Friday morning was clear and calm. We had breakfast in the restaurant where we ate the night before, packed the bikes and left for Coeur d’Alene about 150 miles away. The landscape was green and beautiful.

“A few miles east of the Idaho State line, two lanes of the freeway were closed for repairs. I led a line of cars going west. Another line going east passed us in the other lane. Suddenly, a car pulled out of line into my lane. The driver, apparently, had not seen me. I swerved off the highway onto the shoulder (filled with crushed gravel) fighting to keep the bike upright. The driver of the car slammed on his brakes. The rear of the car fish-tailed and I thought it might slam into me as we passed. It could have only missed me by inches. As soon as we passed, I thought of Gloria. She was about 50 yards behind, and I wondered if she had been able to stop in time. Later she said she and cars following could see what was developing and pulled off the highway. She said when the car passed her, it had gotten back into line and the driver’s wife was giving him hell. When it happened, I was going 50 m.p.h. It developed so fast, I didn’t have time to be frightened. What I did was by reflex action. That is as close as I have ever come to a head-on collision.

“The remainder of the day passed without incident. We spent a couple of hours in Wallace (a mining town built in a narrow canyon). . . . About 20 miles east of Coeur d’Alene, we stopped at an old Catholic mission called Cataldo. It was built by a priest named Joseph Hoset in 1846. Much of the church has been restored (it is the oldest standing building in Idaho). In Coeur d’Alene, we gassed and bought drinks. The sky was clear and the sun hot. We eased our way through volumes of traffic, keeping one eye on cars and the other on road signs. We made one wrong turn and without much difficulty got back on the freeway heading for Post Falls.”

We spent a pleasant two days with Jean, her family, mother, Geniece, David, Portia, Ron and their children. Jean was delighted to have us there and took pride introducing all of us to ward members in church on Sunday.

Gloria and I departed for home on Monday morning. I shall let our journal tell the story of our return.

“Monday morning was cloudy, rainy and dismal. Gloria and I didn’t want to leave, but had to in order to keep our schedule. We had no rain suits, but thought the rain might stop before long. Besides, it was only a drizzle. So we

donned our coats, drove to Coeur d'Alene, gassed and headed for Moscow about 90 miles south. The country was beautiful, green and lush, but we hadn't gone 30 miles till our backs, hands and feet were wet. The fairings on our bikes protected our chests and thighs, but if you're cold in one spot, you feel cold all over. The sun broke through the clouds temporarily and nearly dried us off, but about 10 miles from Moscow, we drove through a downpour and were drenched when we stopped at a super market for shelter and food.

"Once more, the sun came out and nearly dried us before the rain began to fall again. By the time we reached Lewiston, rain was falling steadily. We were damp, cold and miserable. We pulled into a little state park a few miles east of Lewiston commemorating Henry Spaulding, a Presbyterian missionary who came to Idaho in 1835 and worked with the Nez Perce Indians. We ate lunch and stayed there for about an hour, hoping the rain would cease. When we began to feel it would last throughout the afternoon, we decided to press forward. For the next 64 miles, we rode in rain. At one point, as we climbed a grade, we saw snow alongside the highway. When we pulled into Grangeville for gas, the time was about 5:00. We decided to find a motel and spend the night there. As I look back, this decision was wise. If we had gone on, I'm sure we'd have become chilled and gotten ill.

"We registered for a room, unpacked our luggage and put all our clothing over chairs, dressers, radiators and any other place where it might dry. We then took hot showers. I think we used most of the available hot water trying to get warm. When we finished, our room was steamy; the windows were covered with moisture. The whole place looked like a Chinese laundry.

"We decided to find a Laundromat and wash our clothes. This took about an hour. We then went to dinner and ate steak. It was delicious. When we went to bed, rain was still falling.

"Tuesday morning was cold. The rain had stopped, but heavy low clouds looked threatening. We were sure we would encounter rain throughout the day, so we bought rain coats and overshoes. Feeling a little better fortified against the weather, we had breakfast and prepared to leave. We wore our overshoes and put our rain coats on over other coats. We bought garbage bags to cover our luggage. We should have done all that before we left Coeur d'Alene.

"As we traveled south on Highway 95 from Grangeville, the clouds began to break and patches of blue sky appeared. The temperature was still cool, but under our coats and rain gear, we were warm. The landscape was beautiful. We passed over stomping grounds of the Nez Perce Indians. As we passed Whitebird, we thought of Chief Joseph and his band, their retreat across Idaho and into Montana as they evaded a United States army. We stopped in Riggins and saw the Salmon River emerge from the mountains and flow north along the

highway, eventually to merge with the Snake. We pressed on through beautiful pine-covered mountains to New Meadows, an attractive ranching community. Here we gassed and ate lunch. By now the clouds were nearly gone, the noon sun was warm and we were contented. . . .

“From New Meadows, we continued south through more mountains and forests to Council, Cambridge and Weiser. From Cambridge to Weiser, the country became semi-arid, almost desert-like in places.

“We took a little side trip to Brownlee Dam across the Snake River. . . . Surrounding it, the hills are barren. The country is not attractive, but the reservoir is popular with fishermen and water skiers.

“That night, we stopped in Emmett. We enjoyed a steak dinner in a fine restaurant. The sky was clear and the evening cool. Prospects for a fine day and good ride tomorrow were bright. We went to bed and slept well.

“Wednesday morning dawned bright and cool. We ate breakfast at a restaurant, washed off the bikes in a carwash, packed and headed for home. We made good time on interstate 84 to Mountain Home. There we took Highway 20 through Hill City and Fairfield. The day was cool enough for coats. We wore them all morning. We had lunch in a little park south of Sun Valley about 25 miles, gassed in Arco, and followed Highway 33 through Howe and Terreton, arriving home about 7:00. The sky was clear and the evening cold. We could tell frost would come that night. As a matter of fact, it did and some gardens and crops were nipped by it.

“We found all well at home. The cats were happy to see us, and we them. Our experience riding in the rain, we felt, was valuable. Never again would we ride wet and cold.”

Another wonderful ride with a near-miss came one year later as Gloria and I journeyed to Mount Rushmore on our motorcycles. This time, Gloria was featured in the drama. An eighteen-wheeler nearly ran over her on a lonely stretch of road in central Wyoming. Once more, I shall let our journal tell the story of our ride and Gloria's harrowing experience.

“On July 6, 1982 at 10:00 a.m., Gloria and I left for Mount Rushmore in the Black Hills of South Dakota. We rode motorcycles and enjoyed every mile of the 1400 mile trip. We rode through Teton Basin, crossed over Jackson Pass and filled with gas in Jackson. From there we went north to Moran Junction then turned east, crossed over 9,600 ft. Togwotee Pass in the Wind River Mountains and descended to Dubois. As we passed over the Wind Rivers, we were so high we wore every piece of clothing we took to keep warm. Snow banks descended to the highway. In fact, at the top of Togwotee a tourist was building a snow man. Yet, by the time we got to Dubois we were so warm, we removed all clothing to our shirt sleeves to keep cool.

“Dubois, a small community, is located in arid country. Apparently, air currents which cross the mountains from west to east dump moisture over the mountains and have little left for Dubois and surrounding countryside.

“Historically, Dubois is important as headquarters for a small army of men called ‘tie hacks.’ These felled timber from which they hacked out railroad ties with axes. They worked all winter, then in spring when the river ran full, floated the ties about 80 miles to Riverton, a beautiful town about the size of Rexburg in a pleasant well-watered valley.

“We liked Riverton. People were friendly, the town was clean. It had a small college, Central Wyoming Community College, as attractive as the town. We filled with gas and bought ice cream cones. At 5:30, we headed for Casper, 120 miles to the east. The sky was clear. The day was warm. We were too excited to feel very tired.

“Between Riverton and Casper there is but one town, Shoshone, and it is twenty miles outside Riverton. That means for 100 miles there is nothing but the high plains of Wyoming, just miles of nothing except sagebrush and an occasional butte. As we got nearer Casper, we noticed large areas of dry land wheat, saw scores of antelope and a few cattle. (The antelope would run parallel to the highway and keep up with us. If they came to a fence, they would jump it gracefully without missing a step. We were cruising about 50 m.p.h.)

“About forty miles from Casper, Gloria was nearly creamed by a large truck. I had turned (left) off the highway to see a historical marker. She signaled to turn and was unnerved to see an eighteen-wheeled diesel bearing down on her. Apparently, the driver did not see her turn signal till the last possible second. (He probably didn’t even see her, having been hypnotized by the long dreary stretch of highway.) He slammed on brakes and turned right to go around her. All eighteen wheels left rubber on the pavement, and Gloria thought her life was over. (I sat frozen on my bike off the highway next to the marker, watching the whole ugly drama. In one terrible moment, I feared I would be a lone man in the world’s dreary wilderness. Instances such as this help me remember that God does indeed watch over us and answer our prayers.)

“We arrived in Casper at 8:30, filled with gas, found a motel, and ate dinner at a restaurant. We were in bed by 11:00 and slept soundly.

“Casper’s population is 80,000 people. It is strung out all over the countryside, which, incidentally, is dry and almost desert-like. We saw oil refineries, and assumed they provided the major industry. Gloria discovered ten Goodman and three Andrus families in the phone directory.

“We left Casper at 10:00 a.m. on July 7. We passed by Douglas about 50 miles east, then left the freeway (which turned south to Cheyenne) and headed for Lusk, Wyoming. As we neared Lusk in the extreme eastern part of the state,

we were impressed by the farmlands. This was a well-watered and cultivated part of Wyoming, a pleasant surprise after the extensive stretches of near nothing over which we had just traveled.

“Lusk is a town of less than 2000 people, but has the appearance of a city. We filled with gas and headed for Chadron, Nebraska about 80 miles east.

“Between Lusk and the Nebraska line there was nothing but more arid-looking prairie lands. The highway was narrow and we traveled for miles without meeting traffic. I felt as though we were alone in a vast country that was becoming more vast and desolate with the passing of each mile. Then I became somewhat apprehensive when I noticed a large build-up of clouds, and the wind began to blow. I thought, ‘Oh, boy! Now we’re going to get one of those famous Nebraska thunderstorms, and no place to go for shelter.’ The storm, however, never developed, and soon we were in country that looked similar to northern Idaho, low hills covered with green grass and pine trees. It was beautiful and I began to feel more at home. Soon we came to a historical site called Fort Robinson. It had served the army from the late 1800s till after World War II. It was large, well-cared for and a first rate tourist attraction. We spent about thirty minutes talking with a girl who served as guide. She showed us through one of the early buildings and explained briefly the history of the fort. We then left for Chadron.

“Chadron, like Lusk, is a small community with a large town appearance. It is surrounded by large well-watered and well-cared for farms. At Chadron, the temperature was hot and the threat of thunder showers considerable. We filled with gas then sought shade on a lawn nearby where we ate a lunch of ham, cheese, crackers, bananas, cantaloupe, nuts and fruit juice.

“From Chadron, we headed north to the Black Hills of South Dakota, about 60 miles away. The country now was all farms and lush rangeland.

“The Black Hills are beautiful. Our first stop was in Custer State Park, an expanse of low pine-covered hills, with lush meadow lands. Our next stop was in Hot Springs, a resort town. It was crammed with tourists, many of whom rode motorcycles. We stopped at a drug store and bought a malt and root beer float. The day was hot and the ice cream was a welcome treat.

“We drove to Custer, about 20 miles distant, and filled with gas. We found a K.O.A. Campground and paid \$10 for a spot to pitch our two-man tent. Custer is also a resort town. Everything caters to tourists. The campground was packed with campers, many in vehicles, others in tents. We took showers, washed and dried laundry, then bought a Hogie sandwich. That was supper. The night was delightful, warm and pleasant. We slept soundly and enjoyed the whole experience.

“Thursday, July 8, we visited Chief Crazy Horse Monument and Mount Rushmore. Both places were not only interesting, but inspirational. I would like to take every student in American Heritage there. Surely, they would catch the spirit of our heritage. I can understand why Indians fought so valiantly to keep land in and around the Black Hills. I too would have fought to keep this land.

“We found the museum at Crazy Horse very interesting. The whole project is under supervision of Korczak Ziolkowski. Ziolkowski is the son of Polish immigrants who were killed in an accident when he was one year old. He was raised by Frederick Pickering Cabot, a juvenile judge in Boston, Massachusetts. While young, Ziolkowski developed an interest in painting and sculpting, but never had a lesson in either. In November 1939, Henry Standing Bear, a Souix chief, wrote Ziolkowski a letter requesting him to carve a mountain memorial to the American Indian. Ziolkowski accepted the invitation and arrived in the Black Hills on May 3, 1947 with \$147 in his pocket. From that time till now, the enterprise has been funded with private contributions. Ziolkowski twice turned down \$10 million from the federal government. He promised Indians that the memorial would be a non-profit, humanitarian project with three goals: (1) the mountain carving, (2) the Indian Museum of North America, and (3) a university and medical training center for Indians. He said, ‘Can you imagine the federal government finishing the mountain and carrying out these humanitarian goals? It would never happen. Mt. Rushmore was never finished. That’s why I’ve kept Crazy Horse a non-profit project and told them what to do with the \$10 million they offered me twice.

“Chief Crazy Horse was selected by Ziolkowski and Indian leaders as a symbol of the Indian people in the mountain carving. Crazy Horse was born on Rapid Creek within the vicinity of the Black Hills in 1843. He was killed by an American soldier at Fort Robinson on September 6, 1877 while under a flag of truce. He was 34 years old.

“At the excavation site, Ziolkowski and family have built a temporary museum which attracts thousands of tourists each summer. All proceeds go to the project. When finished, all proceeds will be used by Indians to promote their educational and medical interests.

“Gloria and I were captivated by the place. We were awed by the enormity of the undertaking. Carving the monument itself is a colossal task, but when you add to it the development of a university and medical center, along with a national museum, you come away thinking Ziolkowski was a first class dreamer.

“From Crazy Horse we proceeded to Mt. Rushmore, just a few miles up the road. When you suddenly come into full view of the monument, the experience is startling. The figures stand out from the mountain distinctly, boldly, causing the viewer to wonder how such a gigantic work of art could be accomplished.

The monument shows busts of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt, each sculptured to the scale of 465 foot statues. The figures were carved from a 700-foot face on Rushmore by an American artist named Gutzon Borglum.

“Borglum was born to Mormon parents on March 25, 1867 in Idaho. He became famous as a painter and sculptor, but is remembered most for his work on the Rushmore Monument. The monument was conceived by Deane Robinson, a state historian for South Dakota, who invited Borglum to visit the Black Hills and select a site for it, then do the work. In 1925, the South Dakota Legislature authorized the Mount Harney Memorial Association to undertake the project, but no funds were appropriated for its development. Nevertheless, by 1927, some money had been collected and Borglum began. Work went slowly till President Calvin Coolidge visited the Back Hills in 1927 and saw what Borglum was attempting to do. Coolidge invited Borglum to Washington, D.C. He went, and under the President’s influence, induced Congress to organize the Mount Rushmore National Memorial Commission with an appropriation of \$250,000 for development of the memorial.

“Borglum worked tirelessly on the project till death in March 1941. It was finished under the supervision of his son, Lincoln Borglum, in October 1941.

“Borglum was as eloquent in speech as he was skilled in sculpture. He said of the monument: ‘I want somewhere in America on or near the Rockies, the backbone of the Continent, so far removed from succeeding selfish coveting civilizations, a few feet of stone that bears witness, carries the likenesses, the dates, a word or two of the great things we accomplished as a nation, placed so high it won’t pay to pull down for lesser purposes.

“‘Hence let us place there, carved high, as close to heaven as we can, the words of our leaders, their faces, to show posterity what manner of men they were. Then breathe a prayer that these records will endure until the wind and the rain alone shall wear them away.’

“Gloria and I were particularly impressed with quotations by President Theodore Roosevelt recorded at the Monument. He said: ‘We here in America hold in our hands the hope of the world, the fate of the coming years, and shame and disgrace will be ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve is dimmed, if we trail in the dust the golden hopes of men.’ Again, he said: ‘Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checked by failure than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat.’

“In that spirit, then, America has grown and developed. Roosevelt’s face on Mount Rushmore helps us remember this. The other presidents who are carved there remind us of other things. Washington helped launch the Republic.

Jefferson, through his purchase of Louisiana, permitted it to expand beyond the Mississippi. And Lincoln helped preserve it for future generations.

“The evening of July 8, we spent in Rapid City. We were impressed by its size and beauty.

“July 9 was overcast, but warm. We ate breakfast at a restaurant, gassed the bikes and headed west for Deadwood.

“Deadwood is an old mining town dating back to 1876. It is situated about 40 miles north and west of Rapid City, about 20 miles east of the Wyoming line, off Interstate 90. It is nestled among the Black Hills, and loaded with history. James Butler or ‘Wild Bill Hickock’ contributed to that history as much as any single individual.

“Butler won the name ‘Wild Bill’ when he fought and killed the McCanles Gang in a gun battle at the Rock Springs Station on the Overland Trail in 1860. At the time, he rode for the Pony Express. Reportedly, he was a sharp-shooter with both pistol and rifle. He could shoot from the hip with ‘deadly accuracy.’ During his lifetime, he killed in gun duels at least 21 men, never taking unfair advantage of any adversary.

“Wild Bill arrived at Deadwood in June 1876, shortly after gold was discovered there. He staked out a claim, working it part-time. The rest of his time he spent visiting with friends in saloons and gambling halls. In fact, he was in saloon Number 10 on August 2, 1876, playing cards with three others, when Jack McCall walked through a door and shot him through the back of the head without warning. Bill’s grave is in the Mount Moriah Cemetery, a major attraction for tourists in Deadwood.

“Another historical character who helped make Deadwood famous was Martha Jane Canary, otherwise known as ‘Calamity Jane.’ She was born in Princeton, Missouri in 1852 and went to the Black Hills while still a young girl. She was in Deadwood in 1876 during its hell-roaring incipency. Jane stood 5 feet 8 inches and weighed about 140 pounds. She was a scout, bullwacker and gambler, was as ‘strong as a man her size; drank her whiskey straight . . . swore a blue streak, rode like an Indian, shot a bulls-eye at every pull of the trigger; yet gave the tenderest care to the sick and afflicted.’

“Jane was married a ‘number of times.’ She died in a Black Hills mining community in August 1903 of pneumonia. She too is buried in the Mount Moriah Cemetery near Wild Bill, where she expressed a desire to be.

“We spent about two hours in Deadwood. We could have spent all day and not seen what we wanted. By the time we left, clouds looked like rain. In fact, we hadn’t gone 20 miles down the freeway till we put on rain gear.

“At Sundance, we filled with gas and headed north off the freeway to Devil’s Tower. We now rode through a steady drizzle of rain. All went well till we came

to a grade about a mile long undergoing extensive repairs. Bulldozers, road graders, and large ten wheeled dump trucks had covered the pavement with mud. The ground off the highway was a quagmire. Nothing could be more hazardous to a biker than mud on a highway, especially with large equipment moving about. Gloria and I crept down the grade. The slightest shift in weight or mismovement could have sent the bikes out from under us. But we made bottom without incident. We came up with as much caution as we used going down and made the top also without incident. Another biker, however, was not as fortunate. He lost his machine. Neither he nor the bike was damaged, just his ego.

“Devil’s Tower looms over the Belle Fourche River in northeastern Wyoming where pine forests of the Black Hills merge with grasslands of the rolling plains. This geological curiosity is a huge stump of igneous and sedimentary rock rising 865 feet above its base and 5,117 feet above sea level. Geologists believe the tower originally was buried, and has become exposed only as wind and water have eroded material around it.

“For centuries it was a conspicuous landmark for Indians, then trappers and settlers. Indians called it ‘Bad God’s Tower.’ Commander Richard I. Dodge, leading a military escort for a U. S. Geological Survey party in 1875, translated the Indian designation into ‘Devil’s Tower.’ Indians were intimidated by the Rock, developing a legend which had a great Grizzly bear attempt to claw its way to the top where a small band of red men had taken refuge. The bear’s claws, according to legend, made striations in the rock which are characteristic of the Tower.

“Devil’s Tower received some potent free advertising in a movie entitled *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* which featured beings from space who established a base of operations on the Tower. I became aware of Devil’s Tower only after I saw the movie, and developed a keen interest in it.

“On our way back to the freeway, we took refuge under the veranda of an abandoned building and ate a lunch of cheese, crackers, nuts, and fruit juice. While we ate, we visited with a husband and wife on a motorcycle from Missouri. A light rain continued to fall. We finished lunch and headed for Sheridan 100 miles away.

“As we moved west, we ran out of rain, but clouds remained low and heavy. With our rain gear on, however, we were dry and warm. We actually enjoyed the long ride across the high plains of northern Wyoming.

“The rolling grasslands were beautiful. Grass was green and plentiful. Livestock looked fat and contented. All the way from Gillette to Buffalo there was nothing but hills and grass with an occasional stubby butte. This was buffalo country of a past age.

“As we approached the city of Buffalo, we could discern beyond a range of mountains partially covered with clouds. These were the Bighorn Range of the Rockies, and we saw them as they must have appeared to the Indians, trappers and western travelers over a hundred years ago.

“At Buffalo, we gassed the machines, then headed for Sheridan about thirty miles north. We pulled into Sheridan about 7 o’clock, tired and muddy, but happy.

“Sheridan is named after Philip H. Sheridan who commanded U.S. troops in the western frontier. The city was founded in 1882 and appears to have a population of about 20,000. We liked Sheridan. Eastward stretched the Great Plains, and westward rose the imposing Rockies.

“We registered in a motel, cleaned the bikes in a car wash across the street, showered and found a Pizza Hut. I’ve never eaten better pizza. We were hungry.

“July 10 dawned clear and bright. We ate breakfast in a restaurant and were off by 10:00 a.m. About ten miles west of Sheridan we began to climb and didn’t stop till we reached the 9,000 ft. summit of Granite Pass in the Bighorn Mountains. The day was calm and beautiful, but at that altitude cool. We enjoyed our ride through the Bighorns, down Shell Canyon to Graybull. As we emerged from the canyon, we noticed a distinct change in landscape and climate. East of the Rockies, weather was wet and the landscape green. West of the Bighorns, weather was dry and the landscape desert. The town of Graybull is built in a desert.

“In Graybull, we filled with gas, shed our coats and headed for Cody, fifty miles west. Shortly, we passed over about five miles of highway undergoing reconstruction. This slowed us somewhat. As we approached Cody east of the Absaroka Range, the landscape lost its arid appearance and looked more like cattle country with grasslands and wild-hay fields.

“In Cody, we refueled, found a shady spot in a little roadside park and ate lunch. We were hungry. Our crackers, cheese, nuts, cantaloupe and fruit juice never tasted better. Cody was filled with tourists. The sun was warm, and our brief stay was pleasant. The town is named after William F. Cody, ‘Buffalo Bill.’ It boasts a large museum which we were unable to visit, but plan to when we need an excuse for another bike ride up that way.

“We left Cody and headed west toward the mountains. As we climbed, we passed the Buffalo Bill Dam and Reservoir. As we reached the east entrance to Yellowstone Park, clouds were gathering and we were chilly. We donned coats and rain-gear. In the Park, we climbed till snowbanks on each side of the highway reminded us we were high above sea level and the summer here had been cool and wet. At Fishing Bridge, we refueled. As we approached West

Thumb, we encountered hail, but shortly the sun came out and the rest of the trip was pleasant. In West Yellowstone, we gassed, ate hamburgers and headed for home. The sun was setting, so much of the distance between West and home we drove in the dark. But we were warm, the night was calm and we enjoyed the ride.

“We arrived home at 11 o’clock, and found all in order. The cats were happy to see us. We were tired, but happy. Biking is great sport.”

During our biking days, we encountered phenomena from lightning, thunder and rain, to snow, sleet, hail and wind. Our most dreaded variables were sand or oil on the highway, lightning and snow, in that order. We frequently encountered wind, but learned to deal with it reasonably well. The worst windstorm we ever faced on the bikes was in northern Arizona on the Navajo Reservation. On May 7, 1983, Gloria and I left for southern Arizona on our new Honda Silverwings (650 cc and 500 cc). We spent a few days with her brother, Grant in Mesa, and her sister, Rita in Phoenix. We had a pleasant trip until we arrived in Flagstaff on our return home. Our journal will tell our story.

“The ride from Phoenix to Flagstaff was enjoyable. It took us three hours since the distance is about 150 miles. The closer to Flag we got, of course, the higher we climbed. This meant the temperature kept going down. Finally, we donned our vests. Also, we noticed ominous-looking clouds in the north. By the time we got to Flagstaff, the sky was heavy and the wind was blowing. The temperature was cold enough that we put on our heavy coats and gloves.

“We gassed up, found a super market where we bought cheese, fruit and juice for our ice chest, then headed north across the treeless, windswept expanse of the Navajo Indian Reservation. Our destination was Kanab, Utah, 200 miles away.

“On the outskirts of Flagstaff, we stopped for prayer. Gloria suggested we pray for protection against drunk Indians and high winds.

“Shortly after we prayed, rain began to fall and the day looked bleak. As we broke out of the timber into the open desert, the wind hit us full force against the left-hand side of the bikes. It was a gale. I estimated its speed at 40-50 m.p.h. We had to lean the bikes into the wind to keep them upright. When big trucks would pass, momentarily they would cut off the wind, making a quick adjustment necessary. Then after they had passed, the wind would hit us again, requiring another instant adjustment. The whole process was tiring and nerve-racking. The highway was a narrow two lanes which compounded our difficulties and anxieties. I worried about Gloria, wondering if she could handle a bike as big as the one she was riding in such conditions. I feared she might become physically exhausted before we reached our destination. But she proved to be a competent biker in adverse conditions and physically adequate to the

task. (My contact lenses were another problem. My eyes were so full of dust, they were constantly full of tears. At times, I could hardly see.)

“We stopped at Cameron, 50 miles out, and ate lunch in the shelter of a trading post, then hit the road again and fought wind and dust for another 70 miles. By the time we reached Page, the wind was beginning to die, but the temperature was turning cold. We stopped at the Dam and put on our rain gear, then headed for Kanab about 80 miles away. I didn’t mind this part of the trip. With my rain gear on, I was warm. The wind had pretty well died down. The bike was running superbly and I was happy we had mastered the test. We were in Kanab by 7:30, tired but happy.

“We found a motel, showered and went to dinner in a restaurant across the street. While eating, we were surprised to see Keith and Fern Grover come in. They are members of the Rexburg 15th Ward over which I preside as bishop. We invited them to sit with us and had a pleasant visit while we ate. The Grovers had spent the winter in Phoenix and were on their way to Idaho for the summer.

“That day would be one we would remember a long time. We slept soundly.

“We arose about 7:00 a.m., had breakfast at the restaurant in which we had eaten the night before, and departed about 9:00 a.m. A couple from France, who were touring the U.S., sat at the table next to us. They took a keen interest in us and the bikes.

“The sky over Kanab was broken clouds. We figured as we headed north, the temperature would drop so we dressed warm. We both had on our thermal underwear. As we went along, we could see patches of snow alongside the highway — remnants of a snowstorm the day before.

“About 20 miles from Panguitch, we felt a few drops of rain. In fact, about 5 miles ahead and to our right we could see snow storms. We stopped and put on our rain gear. At this point, we were wearing everything we had taken to keep us dry and warm. We estimated the temperature to be in the high thirties.

“From Panguitch to Richfield, we traveled under overcast skies with storms all around us. In Richfield, the rain came. We found shelter on the steps of an L.D.S. church, and ate our lunch. About the time we finished, the sky broke, the sun came through and the rest of the way to Provo was warm and sunny. In fact, at Nephi we shed our heavy clothes. By the time we reached Provo, we were too warm with our thermals on.

“We arrived in Provo about 5 p.m. Daniel, Liz and Aaron were well and seemed happy to see us. We stayed with them overnight and had an enjoyable visit. As I recall, we took them out to dinner.

“We headed for home at 10 a.m. The temperature was pleasant, but we could see a storm over the point of the mountain. So before we left Provo, we

donned our rain gear. We hadn't gone 10 miles up the freeway till we hit rain. From there to Pocatello, 175 miles distant, we rode through light but steady rain.

"We had to stop in Salt Lake for a few minutes so Gloria could have her eye doctor adjust her glasses. We stopped again in Tremonton for gas and lunch at Taco Time. At Pocatello, we stopped once more for gas. By this time, the rain had stopped.

"With our rain gear on, we were warm and dry. We didn't mind riding in the rain too much, except it slowed us down. We seldom exceeded 50 m.p.h. in a rainstorm. Sometimes, we go slower than that, depending on how heavy the storm is.

"We had a pleasant ride from Pocatello to Rexburg. We stopped in Ucon and visited with Mother. She was relieved and happy to see us whole and healthy. She worried about us while we were gone. As we approached Rexburg, we noticed heavy clouds gathering. They became black and foreboding. I knew we were going to be hailed upon. Fortunately, we still had on our rain gear. As we turned off the freeway onto Main Street, the storm broke. From there to the house, about two miles distant, we were pelted with hail. It was a furious storm, putting down about an inch of moisture in about thirty minutes. The ground was covered with hail. Leaves on trees were shredded. Sheets of water ran down streets and gutters overflowed. We felt fortunate we were nearly home when the storm hit.

"At home we found everything in order. Diana was well. While we were gone, she stayed with friends, but looked after the house and cats. The cats were in good condition and happy to see us. We were happy to be home and rested well in our own bed that night."

I need to mention two other experiences we encountered on the bikes. One involved hail on the high plains of western Wyoming and the other, wind in Montana.

In Wyoming, Gloria and I were on our way to Rock Springs via Pinedale. We had left home late that morning, had gone up Hoback Canyon and were about ten miles north and west of Pinedale when we noticed black foreboding storm clouds ahead. So we stopped and donned our rain gear.

Along this stretch of highway, there were no trees, bushes or buildings — just highway, grassland and antelope. We started off down the highway feeling prepared for a storm, but shortly I suddenly realized the road had disappeared. For a few seconds, I was baffled. Where had the road gone? What was happening? Then I realized we were entering a hailstorm of blinding proportions. We pulled over to the side of the highway, left the bikes on their kick stands, and headed for the barrow pit. By this time, lightning was flashing and thunder was crashing all around us. We lay face down in the barrow pit

while hail pelted us for about five interminable minutes. When the storm passed, we found about an inch of hail on the highway and a string of vehicles parked along side the road behind the bikes. We made our way slowly into Pinedale where we found the storm had knocked out the town's electric power. We gassed in the only service station in town doing business. It was run by a private emergency generator. We then proceeded to Rock Springs. We had planned to stay in a K.O.A. campground, but decided on the inviting comfort of a motel room instead. The next day was beautiful as we made our way home via Montpelier, Soda Springs and Pocatello.

In Montana, we had visited Custer's Battlefield near Hardin. When we left Hardin for Billings, where we intended to stay for the night, the day was warm and pleasant. However about 25 miles west of Hardin, storm clouds began to gather and a cool breeze turned into a wind. The wind turned into a northern gale. It must have blown against the right side of the bikes at 50-60 m.p.h. That was bad, but what was worse, it was cold. We were only 20 miles from Billings and didn't want to stop to put on rain gear, hoping we could beat the rain. I became so frustrated, I cursed the wind, saying: "Blow! Damn you! Blow!" By the time we got to a motel in Billings, we were very cold, but barely beat the rain.

The next day, we rode home over 11,000 foot Bear Tooth Pass, over Dunraven Pass in Yellowstone Park, followed Yellowstone River through the Lamar Valley where herds of buffalo were grazing and ate hamburgers in West Yellowstone before finishing the journey. The day was beautiful. The bikes performed flawlessly and we arrived home happy.

For me, biking was intoxicating. I knew there would be hard times and challenges that would have to be faced and met. Yet, the satisfaction in surmounting these, along with the exhilaration of the ride overrode all anxieties and reasonable considerations. An experience with rain, hail, wind and cold increased my confidence and whetted my appetite for more biking experiences.

Today (Fall 2000), much to my frustration, I do not ride. A back operation in February 1999 left me hurting and stiff in my left hip and thigh. I cannot yet stretch sufficiently to mount and dismount the bike with ease. And once on the machine, my left leg becomes so stiff and hurtful, I lift it off the peg and put it on the ground with difficulty. Are my biking days over? I don't know. Perhaps next Spring will tell. If so, I have a plethora of wonderful memories involving the gentle and comforting throb of a motorcycle engine as it moves me along highways and byways of the western U.S. with Gloria, my wife and best friend, as faithful companion. What more could be desired?

Part Four: My Married Years at Ricks College (1968-1997)

Chapter 8

The Flood

Introduction

About eight miles north and six miles east of Rexburg is the mouth of Teton Canyon. For hundreds of years, the Teton River has coursed its way through the Canyon, carrying snow melt from the Teton Mountains fifty miles to the east. At times, the river would overflow, after leaving the canyon, inundating farms and washing into buildings along its banks. For many years, people talked about damming the river to control flood waters. But talk did not become reality until 1976. In June of that year, the Teton Dam was completed and its reservoir filled.

Congress authorized the Dam in 1964, and construction began in 1972. The Dam cost \$55 million, was 305 feet high and extended 2000 feet between right and left abutments. It was made of earth-fill, covered by rock-fill. Its core was made of more dense material than that which composed the rest of the Dam. The Dam impounded 288,250 acre feet of water.

The Dam and Flood

From its conception, controversy beset the dam's design and construction. Geologists opposed it because of possible earthquakes. One geologist, as a matter of fact, suggested a series of strategically-placed motion picture cameras "to document the process of catastrophic flooding" when the dam should fail during an earthquake. Environmentalists objected to the dam and its reservoir because these would "ruin the area's ecological balance." A Bureau of Reclamation geologist who was involved in initial assessment of the dam site's reliability, warned that bedrock was rhyolite (a lava form of granite) which was so fissured and porous to water, that a dam should not be built over it. Nevertheless, the Bureau decided to proceed with the project, assuming fissures could be sufficiently grouted, that no "serious consequences" would result. Unfortunately, the Bureau's assumption was erroneous. The fissures, and insufficient grouting, led to the dam's failure. But before its rupture is discussed in detail, the human drama resulting from flood waters must be described. To do this, I shall quote my own history of the flood. It is entitled *A Brief Personal History of The Teton Dam Failure and Flood*, dated August 26, 1976.

“Chapter One, The Day the Dam Broke: While the Teton flood disaster is still fresh on my mind, I want to write down a chronology of what happened to me the day the dam broke. I will also give my impressions of the flood and tell what I have done since the flood.

“Saturday, June 5, 1976 was a beautiful day. The sky was clear. The temperature was warm, and there was no wind. It appeared to be the ideal Saturday — a Saturday for fun and games, rest and relaxation.

“Gloria and I were cleaning house. Daniel had just left for Moody to get his cheque from Danny Summers for moving sprinkler pipe. The time was 11:45 a.m.

“The telephone rang and I answered it. Gloria’s friend, Marilyn Hansen, was calling. She said, ‘Alyn, if I put sod around my windows, will that keep the water out of my basement?’ I answered, ‘Yes, I suppose so. What are you doing, irrigating?’ She said, ‘Haven’t you heard? The Teton Dam is washing away.’ My response was classic. I said, ‘You’ve got to be kidding.’ She said, ‘I’m not kidding. Turn on your radio and hear for yourself.’

“I turned on the radio and Don Ellis, announcer for KRXXK, was saying, ‘This is no joke. The Teton Dam is breaking up. A wall of water is cascading down Teton Canyon. All people who live on the lowlands east, north and west of Rexburg should go to high ground and stay there. Don’t try to save anything. Just get your family in your car and go!’

“I went outside and told Gloria. By this time, I noticed an increase in the volume of auto traffic up the hill past our house. Also, people were coming out of their homes to gather in little groups and talk.

“Gloria and I decided to finish cleaning the house, and to warn people in our area who lived off the hill and who would probably be flooded. Thus, she continued to do the house cleaning while I ran from house to house along the streets telling people about the flood waters. Before I left the house, however, I called Danny Summers to see if Daniel had arrived. Moody was directly in the path of the flood waters, and Gloria and I were concerned that Daniel would not get out of the area before it was hit by the flood. No one answered at the Summer’s residence; that only increased our concern.

“I finished warning the people about 1:30 and had started to return home when Daniel drove up, grinning from ear to ear. He said, ‘Hi! Dad.’ And seldom have I been so relieved as I was to see him.

“I went back via Main Street which was almost deserted by this time. Police were patrolling the street in their cars. A few business men were taking a last anxious look at their stores. I passed the Valley Bank where someone had placed a strip of plastic covering along the bottom of the doorway and had scattered gravel along the plastic to hold it down. Word had gone out by this time that the

water along Main Street was not expected to be any deeper than two feet. Other information, however, was that Teton City was inundated and a fifteen-foot wall of water was approaching Sugar City. No one knew what to believe, but I was certain that the flood waters would be deeper than two feet on Main Street. In time, the radio station informed us that Teton City had not been hit by the flood, and the water was expected to be from four to six feet deep in Rexburg. I felt that our house would be safe enough because I estimated its elevation above Main Street to be about twenty feet.

“By the time I arrived home, people had begun to gather in crowds along our street. Cars were streaming up the street. Police sirens could be heard all over town. Airplanes and helicopters were flying overhead. And the fire siren could be heard, periodically, warning people of the coming flood.

“I had often wondered what Rexburg would be like in the face of disaster, and now I was finding out. Everyone was quite calm, which was reassuring, but the sirens and aircraft made life in Rexburg seem unreal and a little frightening.

“I had also wondered what flood waters would do to Rexburg if the Teton Dam should ever rupture. Now I would soon find out, and the thought sickened me.

“As reports came over the radio about where flood waters were and what they were doing to the country-side, I kept thinking of the thousands of horses and cattle that were struggling vainly for their lives in the rushing waters. Reports that I heard later said that when horses and cattle saw they could not outrun the water, they would turn and dash into it, perhaps wanting to hasten what they sensed to be certain death.

“About 2:00, Marilyn Hansen called to ask if she and her children could come over to our house and stay with us during the afternoon and evening. They came and brought with them Marilyn’s sister-in-law and her children. I suggested to Gloria that we drain off all the fresh water we could for surely the flood would pollute our water supply. Also, Gloria and I decided that the toilets should be flushed sparingly, because there would undoubtedly be sewer problems.

“The flood water hit the northeast outskirts of Rexburg at about 2:30. By 3:00, we stood on our front lawn and watched it roll over Smith Park and across 3rd East. It rose to five feet on Main Street, bringing with it dead animals, exploding gas tanks, cars, trucks, tractors, houses, and all kinds of debris. We could hear the water as it hit buildings. We could hear crunching sounds, and walls crashing to pieces. We saw a complete house crash into a pine tree and come to rest in the middle of a street. Only then did we begin to sense how destructive this flood would be.

“I set up a tape recorder and began recording a description of the flood for Steve, our missionary son, who, at the time, was in northern Arizona working with the Apache Indians. I had not talked into the recorder long until I heard a tremendous explosion in the northwestern part of town, and saw a billowing cloud of black smoke coming from where I estimated the saw mill to be. I later learned that a gasoline bulk plant near the saw mill had exploded and burned. Shortly after this, another fire broke out in a house west of Porter Park and burned the house to the ground.

“I left the recorder and walked down to the water’s edge where I took some pictures. By this time I felt the flood water had crested, so I decided to walk over to the Fourth Ward Church Building to see if any water had gotten into it. I was certain that it had, and was surprised, therefore, to see that the church had not been touched by the flood or mud. The water flowed across part of the parking lot, and missed the church by a few feet. I was relieved to see this because I thought we could now use the building for a headquarters during the emergency and as a temporary shelter for the homeless if necessary.

“I found Bishop Jacobs, and he invited me to go with him to a meeting involving other bishops and stake presidents of the flood area. The meeting lasted about an hour — just long enough to discuss how to organize to meet the emergency. In this meeting, President Ferron Sondereggor of the North Rexburg Stake announced that he had been in touch with the General Authorities of the Church, and welfare machinery was already operating to meet the needs of flood victims.

“No one laughed or joked in this meeting. The men who were there were somber. I got the impression they wanted to cry, and were fighting to hold back the tears.

“Following our meeting with the stake presidents and bishops, Bishop Jacobs and I went to the Bishop’s Office in the Fourth Ward Building and attempted to organize the priesthood to take care of those people in our own ward who had been flooded out of their homes. We knew this was a situation which would test the efficiency and effectiveness of our home teachers, and so we tried to handle flood problems through the home teachers and priesthood quorums at first. Before long, however, we saw that our home teachers could not be relied upon in most cases to give immediate and continuous assistance to flood victims. As it turned out, we used a few reliable home teachers, mostly from the high priest’s group and leaders of the high priest’s group in the ward to do most of the work that had to be done. We were able to administer a tremendous amount of assistance during the weeks that followed, but only because a handful of ward leaders and a few home teachers did most of the organizing, surveying, supervising and other work we expected home teachers to do.

“The most sensible reason I can give as to why the home teachers did not function effectively during this emergency is that many were flood victims themselves and concentrated their time and energy in cleaning out their own homes and businesses, or those who were not flooded spent most of their time helping family and friends who were flooded rather than families to whom they were assigned as home teachers.

“During the afternoon of the flood, Bishop Jacobs and I decided to go ahead and hold our Sunday meetings as scheduled. We had some doubt about whether we should do this, but we felt that perhaps some of the people would want to feel the security of the Church by attending a priesthood or sacrament meeting. They did, but only long enough to talk with priesthood bearers about the emergency, then we dismissed them and canceled all other meetings. We went home, changed, and started mucking out houses.

“After our bishop’s meeting of June 5, I went home and found that Gloria had everything well in hand. I went out on the deck from which I could look west over Rexburg, and turned on the tape recorder to finish my account of the flood for Steve. As I sat there talking into the recorder, I became very conscious of a strange, almost eerie feeling I had about the city. The time was about 10:00 p.m. The sun had sunk below the horizon, and darkness was enveloping Rexburg. There was the smell of water, mud, diesel and burning things. I could hear the lowing of cattle from various parts of the city — animals surviving the flood had sought refuge in the city and were wandering through the streets, over lawns and into buildings. I heard the drone and beat of helicopters as they flew out over the flood waters searching for survivors. Then, as night came on, I was aware that flooded Rexburg was without light. The only lights to be seen were on the hill. The rest of the city was dead.

“I felt isolated and uncomfortable when I realized that for miles to the west and north there was little or nothing more than devastation — ruined farmlands, wrecked homes and businesses filled with water, mud and debris. That night, I felt that we lived on the very edge of desolation.

“Chapter II, Cleanup Operations: Sunday morning, June 6, Gloria and I rode around the business district of Rexburg before I went to priesthood meeting. We were astonished. Words cannot describe, adequately, what we saw and how we felt. I remarked to her, ‘It was as if someone had declared war on Rexburg and Rexburg had lost.’ Mud and debris were all over. Buildings were wrecked. Cars, trucks, tractors and trees were scattered around the streets and throughout lots and buildings. Houses had been moved off their foundations. Some had floated away, leaving basements marked by naked foundations. Some had collapsed and were now great heaps of junk. Light poles were down. Some were suspended only by the lines they had previously supported. The task of

cleaning up looked insurmountable. At that time, I was certain that cleanup alone would require all summer. As Gloria and I made our way home, we were overwhelmed by all that we saw, and for an instant I felt a sadness and helplessness that I had never felt before.

“Cleanup operations began on Sunday, June 6. No Sunday services were held in the Upper Snake River Valley on that day — everyone was mucking out houses. Gloria, Daniel and I got together a little crew and started cleaning Alice Tout’s house. We also helped Eldon Hart clean out his basement.

“Alice Tout had no basement, so we simply moved all the furniture either outside or into one corner of a room, then we commenced to scoop out the mud with snow shovels. Mud about one inch thick covered floors throughout the house. We started in the back rooms and gradually worked our way toward the front door. This house was full of expensive, elegant furniture, and to think that much of it would have to be destroyed nearly made me sick. One might wonder why it could not be salvaged, but the water weakened the glue till it lost its bonding power, and frequently furniture would just fall to pieces. Besides, we found that in most cases, furniture warped and cracked so severely that repair was out of the question.

“Eldon Hart had a full basement under his house, all of which was divided into rooms. The basement, of course, was full of water and several inches of mud. The first task was to remove the water. This was done by using a large liquid manure spreader operated by a diesel tractor. The spreader was a tank of one-thousand gallon capacity, with a large hose and pump attached. The tractor provided power for the pump.

“After water was removed, the next job was to carry out the furniture, food storage (including wheat), and debris. This was a filthy and revolting task. Everything was water soaked and covered with mud. The debris looked as though it had been washed in from the barnyard. The smell was repulsive — remarkably like a pig pen or a potato cellar with rotten potatoes in it. By the time we finished hauling out furniture and removing debris, we were wet and covered with muck from head to feet. I never dreamed I could see people wallowing in filth like the cleanup crews did following the flood. Men, women and children wallowed in muck with a driving desire to clean out their stinking homes.

“Finally, after furniture and debris were removed, we were ready to pump out the mud. This was done by running water into the basement to dilute the mud, and by moving the diluted mud toward the suction hose by means of snow shovels, scoop shovels, and large brooms. We would start in the most remote rooms and work toward the room in which the hose was placed.

“After the basement was cleaned out, walls and ceilings were stripped from studs and floor joists. All insulation was removed and destroyed. All doors and windows were opened, and drying out began.

“This was the procedure followed in each basement in which I worked. I helped ‘muck out’ twenty-five homes. As a matter of fact, because I was a member of the Fourth Ward Bishopric, I organized crews who went from place to place, within ward boundaries, pumping out water and mud, and cleaning the homes. Frequently, I directed several crews, all operating at the same time in different homes. A crew normally consisted of from four to ten men. We worked from nine in the morning till about eight or nine in the evening. When I would get home, I would shower and collapse on the bed. Seldom have I been as tired as I was for two weeks while I ‘mucked out’ flooded homes.

“I was impressed with the way in which people worked during the cleanup. Nearly everyone got involved and got muddy. Neighbors would trade time and service. Those who were not flooded worked with those who were, donating their time and energy. Volunteers from outside the county worked as hard as the flood victims in ‘mucking out’ homes and businesses.

“I can give two examples of how generously people donated time and effort in clean-up operations. My brothers, Kendall and Robert, spent every day for two weeks in Rexburg helping to clean up. Kendall got farmers from Milo where he lives to donate their tractors, manure pumps, and fuel for a period of two weeks. Kendall hauled these outfits to Rexburg on his transport, and when they were through, he hauled them back. To get an idea of the personal sacrifice these men made in terms of dollars, multiply \$6.00 per hour, as a minimal cost of man and machine (actually, the cost of the machines involved would triple that figure easily), by ten working hours per day. Then multiply this sum by twelve days that were worked. The product of these multiplications is \$720 per man. Of course, under emergency circumstances such as these, a man and his machine could demand and get significantly more money than \$6.00 per hour, in which case the total contribution per man would be much higher than \$720 (I suppose Kendall’s total contribution would be somewhere around \$2,500).

“Another example involves volunteers, organized and sent into the flood area by the Mormon Church. These people came to Rexburg by bus loads from places as far away as Salt Lake City, Utah and Twin Falls, Idaho. They paid their own bus fare which in some cases amounted to \$6.00. They brought their own lunches and tools, and many came for more than one day. On some days, the Church dispersed several thousand people throughout the flood area to assist with clean-up. One day I helped to disperse and supervise more than 600 people who came from Brigham City, Utah. Most of these worked in an area making

up about three city blocks. At the same time, other thousands of volunteers were working in other parts of the city.

“Church members who were big-equipment operators and contractors hauled in front-end loaders, and brought their dump trucks into the flood area. For the most part, all of this equipment, and its operating expense, was donated. To illustrate, I tell the following experience: One day, as an organizer of cleanup operations within Rexburg Fourth Ward, I needed a front-end loader to keep a couple of trucks hauling debris from a city lot. I noticed a big outfit on a transport with a California license plate. Two men were sitting in a pickup truck by the transport. I asked them if they belonged to the machine. They said they did. I asked them if they wanted work. They said they sure did. I then asked them if they were here to earn money or donate their time and machine. They said they were from California, and their boss had sent them to the disaster area to make money in the cleanup operations. I told them I could not afford to pay them for their time and machinery. One week later, I noticed their machine was still loaded on the transport, and the transport had not been moved. So many big machines had been donated for clean-up, there was no need for one to be hired.

“Ricks College played a major role during flood-day and in post-flood activities. On the day the flood came, people who evacuated their homes were instructed to register at the college. Subsequently, they were assigned rooms in the college dormitories. They stayed in these rooms until the U. S. Department of Housing and Urban Development found them other temporary shelter. Some, however, remained in the dorms until students began returning to Ricks in late August for the 1976-77 school year.

“In addition to providing rooms, the college food services served from 18,000 to 32,000 meals each day. Most of the food served came from the Church welfare resources.

“Finally, the College served as headquarters for government agencies involved in disaster operations. Most of these agencies were located in the field house of the Physical Education Building or in trailer houses parked on college parking lots. Without the College, the distress of thousands of homeless people would have gone unmitigated for an extended period of time.

“I was impressed with how optimistic and convivial people were during cleanup operations. Their sense of humor was delightful. For example, an announcement in a church meeting was that there would be a ‘watered down version’ of Whoopee Days in Rexburg on July 4 (Whoopee Days is Rexburg’s annual July 4 celebration).

“Our son, Daniel, and four boyfriends have organized a rock band. They play for dances in the area and call themselves ‘Whitewater.’ After the flood,

they suggested changing the name of their band to 'Floodwater' from 'Mudison' County.

"One day I passed Dr. Keith Zollinger's elegant, but flooded home. I noticed a sign stuck in the front yard which read, 'Texas Slough.'

"Finally, during Rexburg's 'watered down' version of Whoopee Days, a local artist named Don Ricks drove his van down Main Street with a sign painted on it which read something like this: 'Welcome to Wrecksburg, by courtesy of the Bureau of Wrecklamation.'

"Chapter III, Working for Senator Church: On June 21, I received a telephone call from George Klein who manages Senator Frank Church's office in Boise, Idaho. Senator Church was setting up a temporary flood disaster office in Idaho Falls, and needed a Democrat, preferably from the flood area, to help staff the office. Richard Stallings recommended me, and I was hired for the summer.

"George Klein, Randy Furniss (Senator Church's staff member in Pocatello, Idaho) and I manned the office in Idaho Falls. We went to work at 8:30 a.m. and closed the office at 5:00 p.m. Monday through Friday until August 27.

"In the office, our job was to help flood victims cut through government 'red tape,' and deal effectively with government bureaucracy. Each day we dealt with government agencies such as Housing and Urban Development, Small Business Administration, Army Corps of Engineers, Bureau of Reclamation, Farm Home Administration, Soil Conservation Service, Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service, and the Federal Disaster Assistance Administration. There were agencies other than these with whom we dealt less frequently.

"Perhaps three examples taken from our case files in the office will demonstrate what the problems were like with which we dealt, and how we dealt with them. These examples involve the Bureau of Reclamation, Housing and Urban Development, and the Small Business Administration.

"First Case: On June 23, _____ called Senator Church's office to say that he owned a farm in Menan, 150 acres of which were under water as a result of the flood. The Department of Health had notified _____ that the flooded area constituted a health hazard, and the water would have to be pumped off. _____ went to the Soil Conservation Service and was told to hire pumps and the expense to S.C.S. Later S.C.S. informed _____ that it would not absorb the expense. _____ had already hired Burggraf Construction Company to pump the water. At this point, he called us, asking that we get the government to pay pumping expenses. I wrote a summary of _____'s problem and sent it to our congressional representative at the Federal Disaster Assistance Center, requesting a written reply. Shortly after, I received a call from the Bureau of

Reclamation assuring us that the Bureau would pay the pumping expenses for _____. Subsequently, pumping operations began on the _____ farm, and three weeks later _____ thanked me for the help he received from the Senator's office.

“Second Case: On July 13, Mrs. _____ called the office and talked to me about a problem she was having with Housing and Urban Development. _____ and her family qualified for a H.U.D. trailer as a result of the flood. A trailer was pulled onto their property and left for two weeks without being hooked up to water, sewer or electricity. Mr. _____, during this time, was recovering in the hospital from back surgery. At the time Mrs. _____ called the Senator's office, her husband was ready to come home, but there was no home to come to, and the hospital bill was growing needlessly.

“I called H.U.D. about Mrs. _____'s problem, and H.U.D. put her on top priority. The following day, H.U.D. had the trailer strapped down, hooked up to sewer, water, and electricity. It was ready to clean and occupy. Mrs. _____ was delighted. On July 15, she brought her husband home from the hospital, and thanked us for the help we had been able to extend.

“Third Case: Mr. _____ lived in Firth. His house was damaged by the flood. He applied to the Small Business Administration for a loan, and then filed his claim of loss with the Bureau of Reclamation. He had not heard either from the S.B.A. or the Bureau when he called us. He was anxious to get his house repaired, but had no money. He wanted the Senator's office to speed up S.B.A. and the Bureau.

“I called S.B.A. and found that _____'s loan had been approved and he could expect his first cheque in a few days. I called the Bureau and was told the loss verifier would call the next day for an appointment to verify _____'s losses in the claim. I called _____ and told him this. I also told him to think seriously about withdrawing his claim and resubmitting it after he had used his S.B.A. money to repair his home. He would then have firm figures and documentary evidence to present to the Bureau. He said, he hadn't thought of proceeding that way, but it sounded reasonable, and he would think about it.

“Most of the people who called the Senator's office, we were able to help. Frequently, we did nothing more than help them cut through a maze of government 'red tape,' or intervene to see that a government agency didn't give them the 'run around,' but they were very grateful for these small favors and would declare their undying faith in and devotion to Frank Church.

“The climax to my summer's work came when Senator Church toured the disaster area during August 17 through 19. I met him then for the first time, and on the morning of the 17th, I had the privilege of driving him from Idaho Falls to Rexburg in my Ford Pinto. On the way we talked about the flood and disaster problems. During the rest of that day and the two days which followed, I was

with him most of the time, and concluded that he is an effective leader and a sincere representative of the people.

“I was amazed to see how people flocked around him wherever we went, eager to talk with him about their problems. They seemed to feel that if they could only explain their problems to him, he would be able to solve them to everyone’s satisfaction. When people still feel this way about a man who has been in political office as long as Senator Church has been, I believe this is eloquent testimony of his ability to lead.

“During the tour, we visited Rexburg, St. Anthony, Roberts, and Blackfoot. At each place, we met the people in a predetermined place such as the courthouse or a school auditorium. For the first hour to hour and a half at each place, the Senator met with the people in a public meeting during which they were invited to ask questions, present complaints and discuss problems of a general nature. Throughout this meeting, the Senator had with him the heads of government agencies such as the Bureau, H.U.D., S.B.A., F.H.A. and the F.D.A.A. to answer questions and hear complaints. This gave the agencies a clear idea about what the problems were that flood victims were encountering.

“After each public meeting, the Senator met with people individually on a first-come-first-served basis. Each of these conferences lasted only about five minutes, but seemed to help the people feel that the Senator was interested in the personal problems of those whom he represents.

“I appreciate the opportunity of having worked for Senator Church this summer. It has been a rewarding educational experience for me in government operation, and at the same time, it has given me the chance to be of service to those whose lives were hit so hard by the flood.

“Chapter IV, Conclusions: So far as the flood itself is concerned, and the multitudinous problems it generated, this summer is, of course, one I will never forget. It is also one I am glad to have behind me, and I suppose all others involved in the flood feel the same way.

“In the first place, it brought them face to face with the unpleasant realization that we in the valleys of the mountains are not protected from, and immune to large scale disasters. Disasters are a distinct possibility, and we must be prepared for them emotionally and physically. In this connection, perhaps we who experienced the flood will be better able to empathize and sympathize with people in other parts of the world who experience extreme hardship. And out of this empathy and sympathy, perhaps, will come help and solutions to problems that otherwise may have gone unsolved.

“In the second place, the flood has demonstrated, I think, that people today have the faith, courage, determination and tenacity to deal with seemingly insurmountable problems and unbearable hardships just as their ancestors had.

The flood, I think, has helped people rejuvenate faith in themselves to face hardship and deal with difficult situations.

“Finally, the flood has provided a situation for the L.D.S. Church in the Upper Snake River Valley to test its organization in dealing with emergencies. Leaders in the Church should now know how to strengthen that organization to enable the Church to deal more effectively with emergency problems.

“In conclusion, I have heard some of our church leaders declare: God caused the dam to burst so that the Church in this area can be prepared for more difficult times ahead. That nowhere else in the world is there such a high concentration of Mormons than in the Rexburg area, and this qualified the area for a test.” I don’t believe this. I am not saying that we will not experience hard times in the future. Neither am I saying that the flood has not helped prepare us for these hard times, but I do not believe, for an instant, that God caused the dam to break. Let us not blame God for that catastrophe. The disaster was man-caused. Let man shoulder the blame for it. Also, I do not believe that the Rexburg area qualified for a test such as the flood provided because a higher concentration of Mormons lived here than elsewhere. Numerous Mormon communities throughout Utah (Logan, Brigham City, Provo, St. George), I am sure, have as high a concentration of Mormons as Rexburg. This, however, is not the important consideration. What is important is that the people who were wiped out by the flood have surmounted the task of cleaning up. They are now surmounting the task of rebuilding. And ultimately, the Upper Snake River Valley will be a better place in which to live than it was before.”

Gloria’s Flood Account

During the flood experience, Gloria kept a journal. It is not extensive. It covers from June 5 through June 8 and includes “Random Thoughts About the Flood.” A description of the flood, its impact on people, and our response to it would not be complete without including what she wrote.

“June 5, 1976: I was outside the house, hosing off my plastic plants. Alyn was in the house, doing his Saturday morning vacuuming. My friend, Marilyn Hansen, had been digging up part of her lawn so she could have concrete poured for a patio. She called on the phone and asked Alyn if he thought if she packed the sod around her basement windows it would keep the water out. He asked if she was going to be irrigating that heavily. She was incredulous that we had not heard about the breaking of the Teton Dam. He ran outside and told me and we immediately turned the radio onto KRXX. Don Ellis was broadcasting. He tends to get a little overly excited, but I’m glad he did that day. About that time sirens all over town started screeching as police officers tried to make sure everyone had been advised and was getting out of their homes. Everyone was

advised to head for Ricks College and the hill. An emergency center was established at the Manwaring Center and for one month that was the place to call for absolutely any question you needed answered. About the time I thought about calling Steve to tell him that we would be all right, our phones went out. We knew the water was a couple of hours away so we finished vacuuming the house. Alyn went around the Ward to see if he could help any of the widows living on the 'flats.' I hurried to my law office and picked up all law books and files which were lower than a couple of feet. I hoped we wouldn't have any more water than that. I felt at that time that there would be a lot of heart attacks from the stress and the over exertion. I was correct. Marilyn's children were hysterical so she brought them up to my house, along with Blackie, her dog. We stood out in the road in front of our house and watched the water coming into town. As it came through Smith Park it was carrying with it animals, cars, gas tanks, which were exploding, and houses. It was so absolutely unreal that you hoped it was a nightmare from which you would awaken soon. Then we went through the house out onto our deck on the west of the house and watched the water enter the plaza where my office is located. A new office building had just been completed in the Plaza. The water surged around it. We could hear walls on the lower level giving way and wondered if the structure would stand. It did. Cows and bulls which had made their way to the edge of the water started running through our yards in an attempt to get away from the water. One poor cow was so exhausted that she just laid down and a group of men had to hook a chain around her and pull her out of the water with a pickup. That was right in the middle of the Plaza. A house from over by the new high school (owned by a widow, Neva Newton) came to rest in the middle of the road between Dr. Petersen's office and the house across the street. It was almost a month before it was removed.

"I can't begin to express the horrible feeling I had. My stomach ached all day and I felt like I had to vomit. If I had known the work involved in cleaning up afterward I may have. People roamed in and out all day. We fed anyone who could eat. We had to borrow a baby bottle from Betty Davis as Marilyn's sister-in-law had not brought one for her baby. The water started going down late in the evening and people who could get to their homes went to inspect the damage. All of our 'guests' left about midnight. Marilyn's family went back to Driggs up over the dry farms.

"June 6: Most of the wards held priesthood meeting just long enough to get organized and we all put on our grubbies and started shoveling mud. Alyn, Daniel and I went to Alice Tout's house. She does not have a basement so that made it a good house to start on. Pumps were limited that first day so few basements were pumped out. At Alice's house we just moved furniture to the

side and scraped mud off the carpets as best we could. We didn't want to move furniture outside at that time as the ground was still so wet. Later when we got into homes with basements, the procedure went something like this. First, the pumps would pump the water down far enough that you could start hauling the garbage out onto the lawn or sidewalks. Most of the homes here have basement apartments so that meant taking chairs, couches, etc. out. Magazines, food storage, etc. After all that was thrown away, then the bucket brigades would start. Mud was shoveled into buckets with scoop shovels and carried outside and dumped in the gutters. When you could get the pump back again, water was added to the mud and made liquid enough to be pumped out. This required a crew of about 6 persons to keep stirring and shoveling toward the pump. Alyn's brothers, Robert and Kendall, came from Ucon with a couple of liquid manure pumps. They brought crews with them and came every day for several weeks. I told Alyn that Fourth Ward ought to build a monument to them as they really helped.

“June 7 (Monday): We all went to Eldon Hart's home (Millie's parents) and worked there all day. More of the same.

“June 8 (Tuesday): I finally got up courage to go to the law office and start cleaning. The water line on the exterior of the building was about 2 feet high (we are situated on the beginning of the hill). The glass door and window did not break so all we had in the building was that which seeped under the door. It was only a couple of inches deep. Brent Eames, one of the partners whose house did not get flooded, was there shoveling up. He was such a wild shoveler that I also had to clean all the walls and in one place there was mud on the ceiling. I had stacked the law books up on the library table. We had those splattered with mud also. I called him all sorts of uncomplimentary names. We removed all the mud we could and then decided to let the carpet dry and see if it shrunk. We had ordered a special jute-backed carpet for that area as we were afraid the ditch might overrun sometime and flood the lower level. We have since had it cleaned and it will be fine. In most homes, we just pulled the carpet up and cut it and the pad into strips and dragged them out to the junk.

“On Wednesday, the disaster center at Ricks College, sent word to the radio station KIGO from St. Anthony that typists were needed. I decided to clean up and go do a little white collar volunteering. After an hour or so I felt so guilty that I turned in my resignation, put on my grubbies and caught up with Alyn and the pumping crew.

“Random Thoughts About the Flood — Water: At first we had no water; then in a day or two we had water which we had to boil for 10 minutes and add Clorox. I became so absolutely weary of boiling water I was reduced to tears. They did not turn the gas back on in our part of town for about 10 days. Daniel

had been going to Ricks College to shower after pipe moving, but Alyn and I just sponged off in cold Clorox water. Each night we would wash our grubbies in Clorox water and wear the same ones again the next day. I gave myself a very short 'flood' haircut. Daniel complained that our house smelled like the local swimming pool. We didn't get ill anyhow.

"I still can't remember what clothes I had in the cleaners. I'm sure I will think of them when fall comes and I start reviewing my winter wardrobe.

"On Friday, I had picked up an order from the Sears catalog store. When I got home, I only had the jacket of Daniel's leisure suit. I called the store the next morning to see if I had left the package containing the pants there. They found it and I said I'd be down later to pick it up. The flood got there before I did.

"The flood waters reached the parking lot of Fourth Ward, but didn't get into the building.

"Madison High School is built on two levels — all the records and what equipment they could carry were moved up onto the upper level. The water did not come high enough to get on that level. About two weeks later, when the building had been cleaned by wonderful volunteer groups from Utah, etc. and the school people were just getting ready to move back into the lower level of the high school a very freak accident occurred. A filled water truck without a driver rolled down the hill and hit the back of the high school. It ran through the wall and into the library area. Besides all that damage, it activated the ceiling sprinkler system and the entire school was soaked again. Is Rexburg jinxed or not?

"Marilyn: After Bill and Marilyn had their basement cleaned out and the walls scrubbed with a brush and Clorox water, they decided that there might be mud behind the walls so they cut up about 6 inches from the bottom of the floor to let the mud and water out. The house just kept stinking so this week — one month after the flood — they pulled all the wall boards off and tore out the ceiling. Mud and water came pouring out of the ceiling in the basement. So Marilyn has expended a lot of unnecessary energy by trying to save the walls and ceiling in the basement. She would have been better off to have torn them out right at first. They would have dried faster and the smell would have been gone sooner. About the third Saturday after the flood, she was getting antsy about her lawn so Alyn and I took our mower down there and mowed her lawn. It improved her spirits considerably.

"Volunteers: Bus loads of people have come from Utah and western Idaho. They leave home about 4 a.m. to get here around 9. They bring their own lunches and working tools. They really pitch in and help. We could not have cleaned up the town without them. Take Porter Park. About 70 of them stood

shoulder to shoulder and raked the park. We had been so depressed about that, but felt it would have to wait until we got the homes and businesses cleaned up. A landscaper from Idaho Falls came up and repaired one of the flower beds in the island in the middle of East Main. He then planted it with petunias. Just little things like that really helped our morale. And they announced one Friday, a week ago, that there would be 300 electricians in town and if your home needed electrical work to hang a white flag on your door handle (if you had a door left). Students from B.Y.U. have been here this past week. They have donated labor, machinery (trucks, front end loaders, etc.).

“Looting: The looters moved right in before the rest of us had time to wonder what to do next. I told Alyn that they ought to be shot and then charged with crime. I mean, the damage done by the flood wasn't bad enough, but looters had to steal that which was not damaged. For example, Daniel helped Erickson Pontiac move cars, used and new, to high ground when word was received that flood waters were coming. Keys were left in the cars. Soon, thieves were driving the cars down hill and out of town. Another example: One man's trailer house had floated off its foundation but was not damaged. By the time he located a truck to pull it back in place, it was gone. It was later located in a trailer park in Missoula, Montana. Furthermore, truck loads of cattle were found on the way to Nevada. And finally, El Gene had about 13 color TVs which were high enough not to get damaged. A truck pulled up and told her (the wife) that he had made arrangements with her husband to take the sets to Idaho Falls for safekeeping. Of course, they didn't end up there. The Idaho State Police have set up road-blocks and imposed a 10:30 p.m. curfew. They check cars coming into the area for items which may be stolen and they check cars coming into the area to make sure that they have either a pass or a Madison County license plate. If you reach the checkpoint after 10:30 p.m., they watch pretty carefully until you get to your house. I have thought so many times this past month what it would be like to live under those conditions all the time.

“Alyn: Alyn worked his little heart out the first 2.5 weeks after the flood. At that time Senator Frank Church wanted to hire a man living in the Rexburg area to work in his Idaho Falls office as a flood disaster liaison person. Alyn did not want to take the job, but knew that his weed spraying job would not get going until later in the summer, if at all this year. He did not enjoy the job the first day or two, but has now had some rewarding experience and seems to enjoy it more. Hopefully, the job will last until he starts school at Ricks. He listens to sad stories by flood victims, tells them where to go to get assistance, and in most cases he puts in calls to HUD, SBA, etc.

“Daniel: Daniel, too, has really worked hard during the flood. All of his friends' homes were damaged and he said he felt so guilty that he just had to

help. Of course, he had to keep moving pipe up on the bench so the crops would not burn. All of Whitewater's musical equipment was in the practice room at our house, so none of that was lost. But Daniel lost his bike and Sunday suit in flood waters. His bike was in a repair shop and his suit was in the cleaners. He filed a claim for both and was paid.

“Gloria: Gloria has tended dogs, tended kids, kept Rich, Millie and Reed for about a week, typed one morning, bucketed mud for a week, helped serve meals in the Manwaring Center, organized young women to help in the Bishop's Storehouse (she was Stake Young Womens President), cooked, etc. She was surely glad when Kent Jolley said it was time to open the law office again. She loves her old house up on the hill. She is glad she is a member of the Church and is really proud of the way the people have responded during those trying times. Right after the flood, Red Cross officials predicted that in about two weeks people would start committing suicide, shooting each other, etc. We all smiled and kept on working. None of that has come to pass. President Kimball came and talked with us and gave us such good practical advice — pace yourselves; work a normal day; take time to play and sing with your families; keep your little families together so the children will not suffer any undue trauma, etc.”

Interviewing Flood Victims

During the autumn of 1976, in the evenings and on Saturdays, I worked for Ross Peterson at Utah State University interviewing flood victims. Peterson received a grant of money to create a reservoir of information relating to personal experiences of flood victims. This information was stored in the libraries of U.S.U., Ricks College, and the Idaho State Historical Society in Boise. Peterson hired several interviewers including David Crowder and Richard Stallings, besides myself. We recorded our interviews on tape, then transcribed them to paper. I don't recall now how many people I interviewed, but a sufficient number to keep me busy for some time. Two interviews, in particular, I remember.

A family lived in Wilford on a farm not far from Teton Canyon. Their property was in direct line of the flood as it washed over the Canyon's west rim. Consequently, they had little time to escape once they received warning to go.

The husband and father had gone to Island Park (about 40 miles northeast of Wilford) to fish. He had taken the family car. The family pickup was at home, but unknowingly, Dad had taken the only set of keys to the pickup with him. They were in his pocket, he discovered later. Nevertheless, he didn't worry. The family should not need to operate the vehicle until he returned.

When the family received word to leave their house immediately, they could see a 30-foot wall of water in the distance coming towards them. They ran to the

pickup, turned the key which was in the ignition, started the engine and left just in time to save themselves. Later when Dad returned from Island Park, his wife handed him the pickup keys. He felt in his pockets and the keys which had been there previously, now were gone. How did the keys get from his pocket to the ignition switch in the pickup? There is no doubt in the minds of these family members that God helped them in time of dire need.

Another story involved a mother and her son from St. Anthony. The couple had inflated their rubber raft and had gone up the Teton River the morning of June 5 to fish. Eventually, they noticed the water becoming agitated and seeming to rise somewhat. They supposed that water was being released from the reservoir, perhaps over the spillway. Suddenly, the water began rising rapidly and the river was filled with debris. About this time, they noticed their husband and father on the canyon rim waving them to get off the river and out of the canyon. They made the shore and began to climb with the fishing poles in hand and the water lapping at their feet. They made the canyon rim exhausted and traumatized. So frightened was the woman that her fingers had to be pried from around the fishing rod. As she told me her story, she cried. About a month after recording this interview, I had transcribed it and sent a copy of the transcription to the woman and her family. Soon after this she phoned me and requested that I not make the interview a part of any information that might become public. I promised her I would destroy my copy of the transcription. The experience was too traumatic for her to deal with. I have often wondered what her life has been like since the flood. I suppose her psyche has not been, nor will it ever be as healthy as it was before the flood.

Conclusions

In conclusion, perhaps, for some, the official and technical reasons identified for the Teton Dam's failure might prove interesting. Soon after the Dam's rupture, Idaho's Governor, Cecil Andrus, hired a panel of experts to investigate the causes of the rupture. The panel finished its work in December 1976 and published its conclusions in January 1977. The following is the panel's report as published in the *Rexburg Standard/Journal* Thursday, January 13, 1977:

(1) "The design followed USBR practices developed over a period of many years from experience with other Bureau projects, but without sufficient consideration of the effects of differing and unusually difficult geological conditions at the Teton Dam site. Every embankment can be said to have its own personality requiring individual design consideration and constructing treatment.

(2) "The volcanic rock at the Teton Dam site is highly permeable and moderately to intensely jointed. Water was therefore free to move with almost

equal ease in most directions, except locally where the joints had been effectively grouted. Thus, during reservoir filling, water was able to move rapidly to the foundation of the dam. Open joints existed in the upstream faces of the right abutment key trench, providing potential conduits for ingress or egress of water.

(3) “The wind-deposited nonplastic to slightly plastic clayey silts used for the core and key trench fill are highly erodible. The Panel considers that the use of this material adjacent to the heavily jointed rock of the abutment was a major factor contributing to the failure.

(4) “One construction condition which affected the Bureau’s ability to control the rate of filling of the reservoir was the delay that occurred in completion of the river outlet works. However, the panel believes that the conditions which caused the piping and consequent failure of the dam were not materially affected by the fact that the reservoir was filled at a more rapid rate than had been originally planned. A slower rate of filling would have delayed the failure, but in the judgment of the Panel, a similar failure would have occurred at some later date.

(5) “The Panel’s on-site tests and other field investigations showed that the rock immediately under the grout cap . . . was not adequately sealed, and that additional unsealed openings may have existed at depth in the same locality. The leakage beneath the grout cap was capable of initiating piping in the key trench fill, leading to the formation of an erosion tunnel across the base of the fill. The Panel considers that too much was expected of the grout curtain, and that the design should have provided measures to render the inevitable leakage harmless.

(6) “The geometry of the key trenches, with their steep sides, was influential in causing transverse arching that reduced the stresses in the fill near the base of the trenches and favored the development of cracks that would open channels through the erodible fill.

(7) “Stress calculations by the finite element method indicated that, at the base of the key trench near Stas. 14+00 and 15+00, the arching was great enough that the water pressure could have exceeded the sum of the lateral stresses in the impervious fill and the tensile strength of the fill material. Thus, cracking by hydraulic fracturing was a theoretical possibility and may have led to flow of water in the base of the key trench . . . and erosion of the key trench fill.

(8) “Following the first working session, the Panel reported that it then seemed apparent that the failure resulted from piping, a process by which embankment material is eroded internally and transported by water flowing through some channel in the embankment section. That conclusion remains valid.

(9) “The fundamental cause of failure may be regarded as a combination of geological factors and design decisions that, taken together, permitted the failure

to develop. The principal geologic factors were (1) the numerous open joints in the abutment rocks, and (2) the scarcity of more suitable materials for the impervious zone of the dam than the highly erodible and brittle wind-blown soils.”

This analysis supports what farmers supposedly told the Bureau of Reclamation before dam construction began: If this soil can’t provide an effective dam against water in an irrigation ditch, why should one assume it might provide an effective dam against water in the Teton River? Perhaps the Bureau should have listened to the farmers.

Recently, a movement got underway to have another dam built across the Teton River. For sometime it drew considerable publicity in the local newspaper. But support for such a future project apparently eroded, just as dam material had done, and the movement died. Today, prospects for another dam across the Teton River seem highly unlikely. If such occurs, the project is too far into the future for me to see.

Part Four: My Married Years at Ricks College (1968-1997)

Chapter 9

Politics

Introduction

I am a Democrat. I have been a Democrat since I was old enough to think about politics. For most of my adult life, I have been surrounded, almost overwhelmed, by Republicans whether in Samoa, Bonneville High School, Bonneville County, Ricks College or Madison County. As a result, friends and some family members are Republicans, a fact to which I have learned to accommodate myself. But also a fact which led to a decision never to permit politics to separate me from loved ones. I believe that forming and maintaining positive relationships is one of the most important tasks in which we engage during our lifetimes.

Since making the decision not to let politics interfere with personal relationships, I have tried earnestly to abide by it. And for the most part, that decision and subsequent endeavor have made my life happier, and more meaningful within the gospel context. Nevertheless, I have spent much time explaining my perceptions and positions, involving political issues, to family, friends and community, through private letters and letters to the editor. So throughout this chapter, I shall quote many of those letters, but not before I describe why I am a Democrat.

Why Am I a Democrat?

In September 2000, I was asked to address the Ricks College Political Science Club and lead a discussion involving political issues marking the presidential campaign. The club had listened to Blake Hall, Idaho State Republican Party Chairman, who had spent an hour advocating Republican candidates in the forthcoming election. Now they wanted to hear from a Democrat. So for nearly a month I developed material, and prepared transparencies for an overhead projector. I asked Gloria to help me which she readily agreed to do. We spent an hour and twenty minutes presenting the material I prepared and discussing the campaign issues between George W. Bush and Al Gore, Republican and Democrat presidential candidates respectively. We were well received by club members and their advisor, Kent Marlor. They

listened attentively and when we came to the “Issues” part of the presentation, the discussion was lively and beneficial for all. At the end of the presentation, Gloria and I were complimented and invited back. I felt sufficiently comfortable with the material I presented that I have decided to quote it here just as it was given, except for the part entitled “Issues 2000: Where Do I Stand?” That part of the material, initially, identified issues in the campaign which I modified for this history to show what I think and where I stand in relation to those issues.

“POLITICAL PARTIES AND ISSUES 2000

Alyn B. Andrus

Political Parties Under the Constitution

When the Founding Fathers wrote the United States Constitution, they did not anticipate the development of major, powerful political parties such as the Democrats and Republicans. They knew from reading and experience that political parties in England and the American Colonies had existed for a long time and had played an important part in government. They also knew that self-interests, or special interests to us, are present in any political system and can play a powerful role in what that system does. Nevertheless, the Constitution says nothing about political parties as such. George Washington, in fact, abhorred political parties and feared they would tear the Union to pieces if they were allowed to develop.

Regardless of how Washington felt, the development of political parties was inevitable, given the freedom allowed by the Constitution and the pluralistic nature of American society. Thus, during the years immediately following ratification of the Constitution, political factions developed either supporting a strong national government under the Constitution or a weak national government such as existed under the Articles of Confederation. Out of these factions, two political parties emerged which eventually dominated America’s political scene during the early period of our constitutional history. These were the Federalists and the Democratic-Republicans. The Federalists were led by Alexander Hamilton, President Washington’s Secretary of the Treasury. Hamilton and the Federalists were staunch supporters of the national government under the Constitution. The Democratic-Republicans, on the other hand, were led by Thomas Jefferson, President Washington’s Secretary of State. They believed the country would be better off with a relatively weak national government and stronger state governments. The Democratic-Republicans, incidentally, were the predecessors of today’s Democrats, although they appear

to be more like today's Republicans in terms of wanting stronger state governments in relation to the national government.

Hamilton and Jefferson, both brilliant men, bitterly opposed each other and would argue fiercely in meetings involving President Washington. Washington tried to avoid taking sides in these quarrels, though he tended to favor Hamilton's views. Had I lived during that time, given my present feelings and point-of-view involving a relatively strong national government in relation to state governments, I would have favored Hamilton and the Federalists. My favoring the Federalists would have had little, if anything, to do with their commercial interests. It would have had everything to do with where I think the power of government should reside, especially during this early period of time in our country's history. The Articles of Confederation, allowing for strong state governments, had proved ineffectual in providing for a national political union. The times demanded a national government relatively stronger than the states if a union were to be established and survive.

Nevertheless, in this current day and age, I am a Democrat. As such, I tend to favor a strong national government in relation to state governments. We see, then, how political parties change over a period of time until they hardly represent what they once did.

Even though the Democratic-Republicans became today's Democrats, the Federalists did not become today's Republicans. The Federalists controlled the Government until the Election of 1800, then the Democratic-Republicans came to power. From that point, Federalists gradually lost influence and power until they faded out of existence. Other parties, however, such as the Whigs and American Party, developed and played a part in national politics until the American Civil war. During prewar years these parties united as the Republican Party.

The Republican Party was organized on July 6, 1854 in Jackson, Michigan. Its primary objective was to oppose slavery. So, it was a sectional party. That is, it represented northern states. The Democratic-Republicans, now known as Democrats, found their support primarily in southern slave-holding states. So, generally speaking, Republicans opposed slavery. Democrats supported it.

From the Civil War to 1914, there were seven Republican presidents and only one Democrat, though he was elected twice with an interval of time in between. During this period, big business grew without restraint. These were the days of John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie who made hundreds of millions of dollars without paying taxes on their incomes. And these were the days of exploited, sweat shop laborers which helped Rockefeller and Carnegie accumulate their millions.

As labor began to organize and protect itself against business interests, the progressive movement put Democrats and progressive Republicans back in power. President Theodore Roosevelt, a Republican on the ballot, was a powerful reformer, undertaking to control enormous business trusts. Then when World War I broke out, Woodrow Wilson, a Democrat, was elected president and served two terms.

Following the War, a time of business prosperity swept the country again, in the midst of which President Calvin Coolidge expressed the sentiment of business when he said, "The business of America is business." Again, during this period, the three American presidents were Republicans. But rapid industrial growth and unbridled speculation in the stock market led to a terrible economic crash and a prolonged depression.

In the deepest trough of the Great Depression (in 1933) Franklin D. Roosevelt, a Democrat, was elected president. The general American voting population, sick and tired of depression, hoped that President Roosevelt could lift them to better times. He tried and in the process introduced into our way of life programs such as social security, public welfare, and promoted government-funded programs to help people return to work and feel useful again. Roosevelt was both loved and hated — loved by laboring people who saw him as an economic savior, but hated, generally, by big business whose interests he attempted to curb.

Since President Roosevelt, five Democrats have occupied the President's chair and five Republicans. Each has accused the other of mishandling the economy, and all have probably been more wrong than right in their accusations. The economy is greater than any one man. No president can claim sole responsibility for economic prosperity, and no president can completely distance himself from economic inflation or recession. But generally speaking, what counts during an election campaign is rhetoric, not cold facts. Also, political campaigns since President Roosevelt have tended to label Democrats as liberals, supporting a strong national government and promoting government-funded programs to help the working class and those without work. Republicans claim these programs are socialistic and are, consequently, inimical to the American way of life under the Constitution. Finally, Democrats during this period have been linked closely with labor unions and their drive for power.

On the other hand, campaigns since President Roosevelt have tended to label Republicans as conservatives, supporting strong state governments in relation to the national government. Also, Republicans have supported private interests and government programs designed to promote large corporate business enterprises, and to protect private wealth.

During years while I have grown from boyhood to manhood, I have associated Republicans with big business, big money and wealthy entrepreneurs. I have associated Democrats with the laboring class, the disadvantaged, and programs designed to promote their interests. Given this perception, I have never understood why poor people would vote for Republicans, except here in eastern and southern Idaho where a majority of the electorate may be Mormons. Most Mormons in Idaho vote Republican and have helped make Idaho a one-party state. Why?

Mormons from Joseph Smith to about 1900 were Democrats. In political elections they voted for Democrat candidates as a block. That is, they voted the way their leaders voted. Joseph Smith once promised Justin Butterfield his vote if Butterfield, who was an attorney and a congressional candidate, would defend him in court. Butterfield agreed because he knew if Joseph voted for him, the whole body of Saints would vote for him too.

During latter years of the nineteenth century, enough Mormons lived in eastern Idaho to swing elections. And they were all Democrats. During these years, 25 percent of Idaho's territorial electorate were Mormons. Yet, a majority of Idaho's remaining electorate were Republicans, or at least voted Republican. Idaho's political leadership during these years were Republicans, just as our national leaders were. One of Idaho's influential and powerful territorial leaders was Fred T. Dubois, a dedicated Republican and Mormon-hater who became a Federal Marshall. One reason, perhaps the most valid reason, why he hated Mormons was because they were Democrats and posed a threat to his political future. Consequently, he went on a hunting rampage during which he arrested Mormons, or had them arrested, who were practicing polygamy. He once boasted he could assemble a jury that would "convict Jesus Christ." Under the influence of Dubois, Idaho's Territorial Legislature passed a Test Oath which required a person to say whether he was a polygamist or bigamist, and whether he belonged to any organization which taught or counseled him to practice polygamy or bigamy. All polygamists who were identified by the test oath were prohibited from voting in Idaho elections. This meant that 25% of Idaho's territorial electorate lost the right to vote. The United States Supreme Court declared the test oath to be constitutional in February 1890.

In time, Fred T. Dubois felt his political fortune could be enhanced if he switched parties. So he became a Democrat. About the same time, Mormons in Idaho, for whatever reasons, switched parties too. They became Republicans and have voted Republican ever since.

Today in the Church, Democrats are viewed as second class members. In fact, one church leader claimed that an active Democrat could not be a good

Mormon. Consequently, here in eastern Idaho, Democrats are few and far between. Figuratively, they could hold their caucuses in a telephone booth. A few, very few, still tread the political path, kicking against cactus thorns and raising their lonely voices in protest against Republican domination. I am one of those. I am a Democrat. I come from a family of Democrats. So far as I can tell, I'll be a Democrat till I pass from this life. But I want all to know that I am also an active member of the Church who tries to live the Gospel. I have been a bishop twice. I have served on three stake high councils. My wife, Gloria, and I recently returned as office missionaries from the Arizona Tucson Mission. We are living testimonies that church members can be good Mormons and active Democrats at the same time.

Now why am I a Democrat? That is a reasonable question, given the political situation I have described. As already indicated, if I had lived during the 1790's, I probably would not have followed Thomas Jefferson as leader of the Democratic-Republicans because he advocated strong state governments in relation to a weak national government. My political point-of-view, rather, favors Alexander Hamilton's point-of-view that we should have a strong national government, with state governments at least somewhat subservient to the national government. So, favoring Hamilton's stance as it relates to government power, I would have been a Federalist. Furthermore, if I had lived during years of the slavery issue, I would undoubtedly have been a Republican because I do not believe in slavery. But following the Civil War I would certainly have been a Democrat because I would have opposed the dominating power of big business and its exploitation of the laboring class.

Now, back to the question: Why am I a Democrat? I began as a Democrat because my father was one. But as I matured, I searched for and discovered my own reasons for being a Democrat. Today, I am a Democrat, first because Democrats in Idaho have been driven from office by the vote and constitute a feeble voice in opposing Republicans who control the State. This is not healthy politics. Second, I am a Democrat because I perceive Democrats to be more people-oriented than program-oriented. Because I think Democrats are more people-oriented, they seem to care more about the poor and are more inclined to propose and support programs designed to help the poor. Frequently, these programs are funded with government money, but I am willing to accept a taint of socialism for help that poor people might not otherwise enjoy.

Republicans, on the other hand, seem to me to be program-oriented and the programs they promote tend to favor the wealthy. Every Republican proposal I know about favors the wealthy over the poor. If I were a millionaire, I might be a Republican because I would want legislation that would protect my wealth.

When I match what I read in the *Book of Mormon* with Democrat philosophy, my perception is that Democrats line up fairly well with Gospel teachings in terms of their proposals. For example, in *Mormon* 8:37, we read: “For behold, ye do love money and your substance, and your fine apparel, and the adorning of your churches, more than ye love the poor and the needy, the sick and the afflicted.” Whatever we do in this country, I believe, must be done with these people in mind (the poor and the needy, the sick and the afflicted). When we neglect them, I think we come under God’s condemnation. Now, I don’t want to be misunderstood. Republicans can be as close to God as Democrats. Given the last two presidential terms, some may be closer in terms of sexual morality. Many of my friends are devoted Republicans. But generally, I think Republican proposals tend to favor the wealthy more than they favor the poor. Democrat proposals, on the other hand, seem to favor the wage earners and poor people. Others may not agree with me. That is their privilege. Nevertheless, what I have written is my perception.

The Value of Political Parties

Now we come to the question: What is the value of political parties? We have had them from the beginning. Today they are such an integral part of our political process, we could not rid ourselves of them if we desired to do so. But I cannot believe we would desire to rid ourselves of political parties. They play a useful, even a vital role in national, state and local politics.

First, political parties serve as a check against each other. Without two or more active parties, the party-in-power pretty well has its own way. No organization other than an active, respected political party is sufficiently pervasive, or widespread in its support, and strong enough to challenge decisions and actions of a party-in-power. Here in Idaho, Republicans pretty well have their way in elections. Without Democrats and others to challenge Republicans, though that challenge may be feeble, Republicans would cater so much to special interests they represent they would not only dominate Idaho’s political world, but would tyrannize it. And if Democrats were the party-in-power, without Republicans and other parties to hold them in check, they would dominate and tyrannize just as Republicans would do. Neither party (no party) is so endowed with public virtue that it could control its tendency to tyrannize.

We see the logical result of one-party government in pre-World War II histories of Italy, Germany and the Soviet Union. In these countries, the Fascists, Nazis and Communists overcame and destroyed all organized opposition, then tyrannized these countries so completely that only the War could change the situation, at least in Italy and Germany. The Soviet Union did

not change until its economy teetered on the brink of collapse in the late 1980s. Political parties competing for votes in a country is healthy.

Second, political parties help define and publicize issues. Debate on issues is healthy, even vital in a political system such as ours. Presidential debates epitomize this concept at the highest political level. Instead of anticipating a winner in a presidential debate, we need to anticipate a defining of issues and decide where we stand in relation to these. The winner in a presidential debate is not identified until the election is over and the votes are in. Even then, the winner may not be the most effective choice in terms of what should be done for the good of the country. I believe, unfortunately, that many voters select candidates on the basis of appearance and rhetoric. Image, in this day of television, is everything.

Third, political parties provide opportunities for membership in an organization which serves the public. Thus, people who want to give public service can do so through a party organization. They may either register as candidates for office, or may work "behind the scenes" for the good of the party and its candidates. Without political parties, many people would be unable to satisfy their need for public service.

Fourth, neither Democrats, Republicans nor independent parties are good or evil. They are simply organized parties involved in the political process, most members of which are decent, responsible citizens. What differentiates one party from another is point-of-view. Our differences are differences in perception, and no one is sufficiently omniscient to judge which perception is right and which is wrong, although most of us arrogate that prerogative unto ourselves consistently.

Now I shall attempt to describe where I stand in relation to major issues identified in the 2000 presidential campaign. In each case, my description will be brief.

Issues 2000: Where Do I Stand?

Abortion

I do not believe in abortion. Especially repugnant to me is partial-birth abortion. Life is sacred — all life. In *Doctrine and Covenants* 42:18, God commands us not to kill. In *Genesis* 1:28, God made Adam and Eve (and us) stewards over Earth and all life on it. We should be wise and frugal in managing our stewardship.

There may be exceptional circumstances requiring abortion, but these, I think, would be extraordinary and rare.

Budget

I believe the nation should handle its finances like I handle mine, as nearly as possible. We should pay our debts and keep them paid, including our debt to the U.N.O. We should be careful and responsible in managing money we collect from the people, as well as other income. Certainly, we should not be wasteful. We should try to balance the budget and keep it in balance. We should save some of our income by investing in such programs as Social Security. We should use any surplus to pay off debts and shore up savings. Generally, I do not favor tax cuts because, I think, they benefit the wealthy far beyond any benefit others may realize. And I certainly do not subscribe to the philosophy that since the wealthy earned the money, they should get the breaks. In earning, and spending, what they have earned, they have their reward. Now let them help the "have nots," even if they are required to do so.

Civil Rights

The Constitution declares legal equality for all who live in the United States. This does not mean we all enjoy legal equality, but I believe in it. The Asian, the Black, the Indian, the Mexican laborer, all who live under the government for which the Constitution provides, should enjoy legal equality. Color of skin, cultural differences, economic status, educational titles should make no difference. What does the pledge of allegiance say? "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the republic for which it stands, one nation, under God, indivisible, with justice and liberty for all." If the United States were suddenly attacked by a foreign nation, we would not send all foreigners home before attempting to defend ourselves. They would be treated as citizens and would benefit from national defense just as bona fide citizens would. So why should we treat them differently when there is no national emergency?

Defense

I believe we should build and maintain effective military forces to defend the United States. Such forces would be highly trained and technologically advanced so as to be effective, but fighting should be defensive, not offensive. We should never be the aggressors in any war. To the extent that we are not, we will merit God's blessings. This concept is taught in the scriptures, both in the *Book of Mormon* (Alma 48) and in the *Doctrine and Covenants* (Section 98).

If we are requested by another nation to help fight in preserving human rights and freedom, then not only would intervention be justified, but necessary to please God. In those circumstances, He would bless us. This concept is also taught in the *Book of Mormon* (protecting the Anti-Nephi-Lehies).

Education

I believe that everyone should have a chance to be educated, regardless of social standing or economic status. Even the mentally retarded should have this chance. And historically, this has happened best in our public schools. Public education is what has helped make the United States a great nation. The Land Ordinance of 1785 embodied the idea of public education for all by setting aside certain sections of land within each township for the purpose of funding public education — the government at that time did not have money to fund such an endeavor, but it did have land. Today, we need to maintain and promote the spirit of that early land law.

We need to fortify our public schools with suitable laws, policies and funds. But the primary responsibility in managing public schools at the elementary and high school levels should be local school boards. State colleges and universities, of course, come under the authority of state legislatures.

I do not believe in vouchers, and would be reluctant to vote for anyone who does. Private education should be financed by private interests, not with taxes.

Environment

I believe we should be concerned about our environment, and support any reasonable measures, local or otherwise, intended to protect the environment. Some environmental problems are so pervasive and expensive to deal with that only intervention by the national government can make solutions possible. As our population increases, a clean and healthy environment becomes harder to achieve and maintain. Traditional ways of dealing with environmental problems may need to be modified or discarded in favor of other ways.

Industry and business, unless controlled, will destroy a healthy environment in their greed for wealth and power. Self-interest is manifest strongest in big business. Unless controlled, big business would tyrannize us just as some have feared a strong government would do. I believe that in its drive for wealth and power, big business, if left alone, would destroy not only the environment, but the world as well, including, of course, itself.

Foreign Policy

We should lead and encourage the world to embrace and promote civil rights. We should negotiate on the basis of principle, seldom, if ever, on the basis of expediency.

If asked to intervene in a country's affairs to maintain or restore order, we should do so if that country is willing to meet our criteria based on the principles by which we have chosen to be guided. Moreover, we should send money, food, clothing and other essentials, when needed, to any country, if possible, regardless of its government. We should always be concerned about helping people in need. To the extent that we share our resources with others to help better the world,

I think God will bless us. He told His disciples to go throughout the world teaching His Gospel. None was to be excluded regardless of color, culture, education or wealth. In like manner, the United States should be willing to share its wealth with the world's needy.

We should always work for and encourage peace in the world. We should not threaten, boast about or show off our military strength, material blessings or envied way of life. I have never liked the idea that we should "rattle the saber" or speak "loudly" or "softly" and "carry a big stick." I am not a military man, though I recognize the need for well-trained and well-equipped military forces to be kept under control by civil government.

Generally, I believe in free trade. Over an extended period of time, I think free trade would tend to bless the lives of all participants more than those lives would be blessed otherwise. Generally, I do not like tariffs. They are too restrictive and in my mind run counter to the spirit of the Gospel which requires us to share with others.

Guns and Gun Laws

My interest in guns is zero. I have never owned a gun. I do not intend to own a gun. I have never felt the need for a gun. The only hunting I have ever done was when I hunted jackrabbits while a teenager. Now, I wish I had not done that. I abhor killing. I could not kill an animal today unless I needed its meat desperately for food.

The only guns Gloria and I have had in our house were two .22 rifles we bought for our boys after they became teenagers and indicated a mild interest in guns. They never used these guns for hunting, but did use them for target practice occasionally. When the boys left home, they took their rifles with them. The thought is interesting to me, however, that though the boys like to fish, they have never been interested in hunting wild game. I suppose that is due, in part, to my lack of interest in it, for which I feel no need to apologize.

I have no strong feelings about others owning and using guns. The fact that others hunt wild game does not bother me. If they enjoy doing that, and if they use the meat, so far as I am concerned, they should be free to hunt within regulations developed by Fish and Game. I have no problem with people owning hand guns and taking these with them in their vehicles, or purses for protection. I would not want to do that. Today, I am not sure I could kill a person in self defense. Perhaps I could, but I sincerely hope I never have to find that out. However, if others feel more secure by having ready access to a gun, I do not oppose that.

Nevertheless, I do care very much about guns being in possession of those who are not responsible. I do not want a person who is "trigger happy" and who values life relatively little to have easy access to a gun. I certainly do not want

children to have access to guns. And guns should be kept out of our schools. Whatever laws are necessary to achieve what I have just expressed, I will support. If present laws will not do the job, then let us get rid of them and replace them with laws that will work. I am willing to support whatever will work, whether that means strict laws or no laws, but I feel strongly that irresponsible, senseless killing must stop.

Social Security

Social Security has not always been handled responsibly, and, of course, I do not like that. Social security funds should be left untouched when money is needed for other purposes. I would not vote for anyone who opposes social security.

I do not favor allowing money to be invested in the stock market on the assumption that one can increase one's future social security earnings. To me that is too much like gambling with money that should not be used for gambling. Invest social security funds in stable plans, though these may not yield interest rates as high as less stable plans. Social Security is an opportunity for the wealthy to help the poor, as the Gospel would have us do.

Sovereignty

When people express their fear to me that our national sovereignty is in jeopardy, I am not certain what they are talking about. The only real time when our national sovereignty was in jeopardy, I think, was during the Civil War.

I do not see the United Nations Organization as a threat to our national sovereignty. I favor the idea behind organizing the U.N.O. I think the U.N.O., though it has manifest weaknesses and made mistakes, has played an important part in helping make the world better. I feel strongly that if the United States does not play a leading role in the U.N.O., that organization will lose a strong voice and significant influence for good in the world.

I do not believe that selling our land and businesses to foreign interests jeopardizes our national sovereignty. We have been doing that since the United States began. Whenever our sovereignty is threatened, the Government can freeze assets of foreign nations in the United States and defend its actions through the military if necessary. This is exactly what happened during World War II. Besides, we invest heavily in the resources of foreign nations. Why shouldn't we allow foreign nations the same privilege?

If we think our national sovereignty is in jeopardy because of powerful secret combinations, I cannot tell you this is not so. I do believe that powerful combinations could destroy us as a nation (at least this is the message and warning I read in the *Book of Mormon*). But my concern is that the American people, themselves, will become so enamored with world enticements, and so desirous of wealth and power, that they will become, unwittingly, part of

powerful secret combinations, and by so doing will destroy themselves. Worldliness in the general population is our greatest threat to national sovereignty.

I think we are not only surrounded by secret combinations, but most of us participate in them by various ways to a lesser or greater degree. We read about secret combinations in *Ether* chapter 8. Among the Jaredites, Akish formed a secret combination which in time became so powerful (because it involved most of the people) that it caused the extinction of an entire nation. The secret combination formed by Akish, with its oaths, was originated by Cain under Satan's influence. We read in verses 15 and 16, "And Akish did administer unto them the oaths which were given by them of old who also sought power, which had been handed down even from Cain, who was a murderer from the beginning. And they were kept up by the power of the devil to administer these oaths unto the people to keep them in darkness, to help such as sought power to gain power, and to murder, and to plunder, and to lie, and to commit all manner of wickedness and whoredoms." How could a secret combination become sufficiently powerful so as to destroy a whole nation such as the Jaredites? It could become so only as people, generally, participate in it. And how do they do this? By worshiping the desire for worldliness more than Godliness. They want wealth, power, and immorality enough that they will cheat, lie, murder and steal to get them.

Apparently a secret combination is a combination of people who agree, without making such agreement public, to do whatever must be done to gain wealth and power. If a wife agrees to pay another to kill her husband because he is in her way, that is a secret combination. If a husband deserts his wife and children for another woman, that is a secret combination. If legislators are bought by special interests to vote for laws favoring those interests, that is a secret combination. This happens all the time in legislatures. Even "good, responsible" legislators may become involved in this process. My father who served in the Idaho Legislature for ten years was constantly approached by special interests with money to buy his vote. He refused such offers, and by so doing, remained free from secret combinations. But other legislators whom I know, reasonably good, well-meaning individuals, succumb to vote buying. Gloria, while Registrar at Ricks College, was approached many times by those who wanted athletes qualified to participate in intercollegiate athletics. They requested grades and other information about the athlete falsified to qualify for eligibility. A woman seeking an abortion agrees to pay a doctor for taking a life. Is this not a secret combination? Political parties through methods they use can be powerful secret combinations. Democrats, Republicans and other parties, historically and now, cut deals, make agreements and commit deeds, to advance

their cause, some of which, if not illegal, may be unethical and immoral, and would not, of course, be made public. In our system, perhaps parties are a necessary evil. They are certainly worldly organizations. Our task is to not get so caught up in a party and its philosophy that we become slaves to it. When that happens one may no longer control one's own mind, but allow it to be controlled by the party in illogical and unreasonable ways. For me, there is only one to whom I owe unquestioning obedience. He is God. The Church, though its members are not perfect, is His organization on Earth to preach the Gospel to the world and administer necessary ordinances of salvation to us and the dead. So, through the Church, I serve God by serving mankind. Indeed, the most important relationship we can cultivate is our relationship to God. And God has promised that as long as there is only a fraction of this country's population who remain true to Him, this land for them will be a land of promise. I do believe that as long as the Church has a mission to discharge in the world, the Constitution of the United States will endure. The Church needs the Constitution to carry out its divine mission, and God will protect the Church and the Constitution as long as faithful, hard-working church members continue to grasp the iron rod and walk the narrow path. Our part in the drama then, so far as I am concerned, is to work in the Church, read the scriptures, and pray that we may understand them. For the scriptures help us define our values, and point the way in which we should go. The *Book of Mormon* and *Doctrine and Covenants* are replete with parallels, warnings and counsel that have significant meaning for us in this day and age. I think we must not let worldly concerns, including political parties and their candidates, dominate our lives to the exclusion of scripture study and building a suitable relationship with God. Our salvation is in God, not in Democrats, Republicans, third parties or their candidates.

Now, I know that what I have expressed under the "issues" in this document is general, vague and idealistic. It certainly would not hold up in a political campaign. I would be laughed right out of the debate arena. Nevertheless, these expressions indicate my values, and that is sufficient for my purpose in this document. So, this leads naturally into the next topic.

Determine Personal Values Before Voting

Before we vote, we should determine not only the issues, but what our values are. In other words what is important to us, and how does that line up with what the candidates say? But how do we determine our values in the world of politics? I don't know how others do this, but I use the Gospel as taught in the scriptures. For example, with regard to abortion, we read in *Doctrine and Covenants* 42:18 "Thou shalt not kill." Yet, Nephi killed Laban. And the

Bishop's Handbook of Instructions, when I served as a bishop, stated that abortion was wrong unless the mother's life was in jeopardy. So, apparently, "Thou shalt not kill" is not a rule that prevails in all situations. To kill is justified under proper authorization. Generally, however, I feel that abortion is murder.

Again, with regard to national defense, the *Book of Mormon* gives us insight. In *Mormon* 7:4, we read: "Know ye that ye must lay down your weapons of war, and delight no more in the shedding of blood, and take them not again, save it be that God shall command you." The *Doctrine and Covenants* gives the same message. In Section 98, verses 33-37, we read: "And again, this is the law that I gave unto mine ancients, that they should not go out unto battle against any nation, kindred, tongue or people, save I, the Lord, command them. And if any nation, tongue or people should proclaim war against them, they should first lift a standard of peace unto that people, nation, or tongue; And if that people did not accept the offering of peace, neither the second nor the third time, they should bring these testimonies before the Lord; Then I, the Lord, would give unto them a commandment and justify them in going out to battle against that nation, tongue or people. And I, the Lord, would fight their battles." Now, this does not mean we should not be prepared for war. But any stance which makes us warlike, or appear to be warlike, apparently is a stance not approved by God.

I love what President Dwight D. Eisenhower said in April 1953 about war:

"Every gun that is made, every warship that is launched, every rocket fired signifies, in the final sense, a theft from those who are hungry and are not fed, from those who are cold and are not clothed. This world in arms is not spending money alone. It is spending the sweat of its laborers, the genius of its scientists, the hopes of its children. This is not a way of life at all in any true sense. Under the cloud of war it is humanity hanging on a cross of iron."

With regard to health care and social security, the *Book of Mormon* warns us repeatedly that we must care for the poor and needy if we want God's blessings. An example of such warning is found in *Mosiah* 4:16 in which we read: "And also, ye yourselves will succor those that stand in need of your succor; ye will administer of your substance unto him that standeth in need; and ye will not suffer that the beggar putteth up his petition to you in vain, and turn him out to perish."

I believe the scriptures can be used to indicate right values relating to any issue in a political campaign. But we must be willing to spend the time and devote the energy that such a search would require. What we must not do, in the interest of saving time and energy, is vote for the candidate we think is the most handsome and fluent. Also, rhetoric should mean nothing to us in a political campaign.

In the 2000 campaign, fortunately both candidates, apparently, are free from the taint of immorality that President Clinton brought to the Presidency. In that sense, the American electorate could not make a bad choice with either candidate.

Al Gore is a faithful husband and devoted father who comes from a religious family. In fact, he attended divinity school before becoming a newspaper reporter. He spent time in Vietnam as a reporter during military action there. He ran for Congress and was elected while a young man. He then served in the U.S. Senate. He has written two books, *Earth in the Balance*, and *Common Sense Government*, and he is sincere in his beliefs.

George W. Bush is also a faithful husband and father. He made a lot of money in the Texas oil fields, but ran into economic hard times. He became an alcoholic, but recovered and reformed his life. He had a hard time breaking into politics, but finally became governor of Texas. He has written a book about himself entitled *A Charge to Keep*. His military service was as pilot in the Texas National Guard.

Both candidates are fluent and meet people well. In dealing with people, both, I think, would be reasonably successful.

Finally, I do not see one as being more honorable, less given to exaggeration or falsifying the truth, than the other. They are both politicians and will say what they think is necessary to get the vote, without venturing beyond the boundaries of political wisdom.

For whom did I vote in Election 2000? First, I voted for every Democrat on the ballot running for office in Madison County and the State of Idaho. Second, I did not vote for any presidential candidate. None, I felt, could represent me adequately. Finally, I did not commit my vote before I stood in the voting booth on election day. I maintained my liberty to choose right up to the last moment.

Every night, I asked God to help me choose the candidate who would best represent me and the values I stand for. My choices did not always line up with those of other electors, but I do not see this as a problem. Perhaps, God does not care so much about which candidates we vote for as He does that we ask Him for help."

Personal Letters, and Letters to the Editor

Last September (2000), I wrote and submitted a letter to the Editor of the Rexburg Standard-Journal. Actually, the letter was inspired by a conversation I had with Judge Brent Moss three months prior to September. Idaho had just conducted its primary elections in which Dan Eisemann defeated Cathy R. Silek, an Idaho Supreme Court justice. Judge Moss complained that Idaho's political system, so far as its judges and justices are concerned, is too political. Besides,

he lamented that Silek by law was not permitted to campaign. He did not necessarily favor Silek over Eisemann, but felt that the political system worked against the incumbent which in turn weakened our check and balance system in the State. I agreed with him. Following is the letter I wrote.

“Dear Editor: On September 14, 2000, the Idaho Supreme Court held a session in the Ricks College Little Theater. Chief Justice Linda Copple Trout presided while the Justices considered ‘three appellate cases of local interest.’ This was an opportunity and privilege for Ricks College students and local residents, though the court’s meeting outside its chambers in Boise is not unusual because state law requires the court to travel throughout the State. This requirement, I think, is laudable because it allows citizens of the State to witness this process of government. It reminds us that we are indeed part of a democratic process in which elected representatives make decisions for those who elect them. And this brings me to the point of this letter.

“When the founders of this nation wrote the Constitution which gave birth to our system of government, they were concerned about how to control special interests. They endeavored to create a government that could control itself without succumbing to powerful special interests or becoming autocratic. The founders assumed that at the most basic level, Americans would enable the system to work by exercising ‘public virtue’ (the desire and willingness to put public interests above private interests). But they supposed that public virtue alone would be insufficient. So they created a government with checks and balances. That is, power was divided and diffused (balanced) throughout the government so that government’s various parts could check the abuse of power by one part or another.

“One of the checks given the U. S. Supreme Court was to protect Justices from legislative and executive intimidation and coercion by allowing them lifetime service as long as their behavior conformed to law. Also, their salaries were not subject to diminution by the legislature, based on judgments made. So through the years, justices have been appointed to their positions rather than elected. And once appointed, they have been able to make decisions without fear that they would be replaced or that their salaries would be diminished. This, I think, has strengthened not only the Court, but our system of government as well.

“Unfortunately, Idaho’s Supreme Court is not so organized. In Idaho, justices are elected by the people. We witnessed such an election last May when Dan Eisemann defeated Justice Cathy R. Silek. In Idaho elections, justices usually receive a vote of acclamation and are allowed to remain in office. But if a justice’s world-view does not line up very well with that of the party-in-power and the electorate, that justice stands in jeopardy of being dismissed. Such was

the case with Silek. To compound this problem, Silek, by law, was not permitted to campaign. I think this is regrettable.

“To elect our justices may be democratic, but it does not provide for a strong court acting independently of the legislature and governor. The whole arrangement is too political, especially when Idaho’s government is controlled by one party. I am saddened to think that we do not have sufficient public virtue in this state to permit a justice to function in opposition to the prevailing political point-of-view. Sincerely, Alyn B. Andrus”

In October, one month after writing the forgoing letter, I wrote another. This one was inspired by an article in the Rexburg Standard-Journal entitled “Call to Andrus (former Democrat governor Cecil Andrus): Revive Democrats in Idaho.” The article was written by former Republican governor, Phil Batt, who made statements so ridiculous that I could not help but respond. Following is the letter I wrote.

“Dear Editor, In the Wednesday, October 18, 2000 issue of the Rexburg Standard-Journal, an article was published under the title: ‘Call to Andrus: Revive Democrats in Idaho.’ The article was adapted from one written by former Governor Phil Batt which was published in the ‘Boise Weekly.’ In it, Governor Batt voiced his opinion why Democrats in Idaho have ‘plunged from an equal partner in the debate over Idaho’s future to near irrelevance.’ The Governor blamed the Democratic Party’s decline on a ‘lack of commitment and contended that critical issues were being ignored because state government has lost its equilibrium.’ He went on to say that ‘Democrats have done little to attract voters. That party has not been bringing forth any red-hot candidates. . . . Furthermore, their agenda for addressing the problems and opportunities for the state of Idaho is either nonexistent or vapid and contradictory.’ Governor, that was spoken like a true Republican.

“I doubt Governor Batt is in touch with the people, at least not here in eastern Idaho. Since I have lived in Rexburg, Democrats have run community leaders, honest, hard-working businessmen, educators and farmers for the state legislature. None has won, that this writer can remember, since Melvin Hammond. Today, Melvin’s son, Todd, serves in the Legislature, but he had to leave the Democrat Party and register as a Republican to get elected. Apparently, one does not have to be a ‘red hot’ candidate to get elected on the Republican ballot.

“Perhaps Governor Batt has forgotten that one of our ‘red hot’ candidates, Richard Stallings, ran twice for the Idaho Legislature and lost. Not until he ran against U. S. Congressman George Hansen, a lawbreaker who served a prison term, did Stallings win by a narrow margin of 66 votes. Stallings served four terms in the U. S. House of Representatives then ran for the U. S. Senate against

Governor Kempthorne. He lost. He recently ran again against Mike Simpson. He lost. The only time Richard Stallings has won, Governor Batt, is when he ran against a crook. Furthermore, if Cecil Andrus were to move into Fremont, Madison or Bonneville Counties and run for political office, I would bet a thousand dollars against one that he would lose, regardless of his experience and proposed solutions to problems. Why? Because he is a Democrat. In the minds of eastern Idaho citizens, local Democrats are so intimately associated with Democrats at the highest levels of government (Ed Kennedy, Bill Clinton, Al Gore) that at present they do not stand a snow ball's chance in hell of being elected. Yet, local Republicans do not seem to be adversely affected at all by national leaders such as Richard Nixon or Newt Gingrich. To most eastern Idaho electors, the Republican Party is tantamount to religion.

"In this up-coming election, county and state offices will be contested by Democrats on the ballot. But they are there only because they felt that political offices should be contested. Unfortunately, they do not expect to win. The situation is so bad that when Golden Linford, a Republican representative from Madison County, decided not to run again, he designated Del Raybould, a Republican farmer in Madison County, as his successor. When this was reported in the local newspaper, there was little doubt about Raybould's political future.

"Personally, Governor Batt, I am a Democrat. I help finance Democrats. I speak out for Democrats. I vote for Democrats. I intend never to become a Republican, in part because I agree with you that we need political balance in Idaho. But I am one of very few whose collective voice is feeble in the wilderness of Republican domination. A majority of Idaho's people, I believe, have exactly what they want: political domination, through the Republican Party which promotes and safeguards the interests of wealthy, powerful, conservative individuals and organizations. And frankly, so far as I am concerned, the people of Idaho can suffer the consequences. Sincerely, Alyn B. Andrus, A Democrat."

About a month after responding to Governor Batt, through my letter to the editor, I received a letter from my cousin, William (Bill) Quayle. In it, he made statements and asked questions that allowed me to respond by sending him the two letters to the editor, written during September and October, plus the document I prepared for the Ricks College Political Science Club and modified for this history. I also composed a letter for him. Following are excerpts from his letter which inspired my letter to him along with the other material I have just described.

"Dear Alyn, I know you hold your political views very devoutly and sincerely. As a person, I view you as extremely honest, sincere and as good an individual as can be found. Therein lies the confusion. I cannot imagine how

you balance in your own mind the actions that you observe within your political party with your personal code of ethics. I refer specifically to the actions of Jesse Jackson as once again he rides off into turmoil to sew the seeds of racism and public unrest. The 46 lawyers Gore has in place readying the promised court action . . . the election skills that until now were the trademarks of Chicago (Daly) and Boston (Kennedy) seem to be spreading to all the major cities.

“I am deeply concerned about the future of this country and the democratic system within the country. . . . The mess that is being played out in Florida is awful . . . not only in terms of destabilization to the country and economy, but also in terms of world leadership and opinion.”

The “mess” Bill referred to was a recount of the presidential vote in Florida, triggered by a Florida law, because the election there between Bush and Gore was so close. During the recount at one point Bush led Gore by only 300 votes. The winner, of course, would get all of Florida’s electoral votes which were barely sufficient to give Bush the presidency even though he trailed Gore in the Electoral College. The slim vote margin between the two candidates, and the recount, resulted in law suits and counter-law suits, political charges and counter-charges, and much humor, national and international. Apparently, all this troubled Bill deeply. Now I continue to quote from his letter.

“Not only is he (Gore) taking the country into uncharted waters, but more importantly, he is starting the country down a slippery slope we can ill afford to travel. I know the Democratic Party is in the pockets of the trial lawyers, but to take this election into the court room is the height of irresponsibility. . . . I seriously am curious how you would attempt to justify this, and how you can continue to be such an upstanding representative of your party.

“I write this not to throw stones nor to salt any wounds. I am deeply troubled, but am also truly curious. It seems to me that your personal values must be fiercely at odds with your political views. Would you care to comment?”

I was delighted to comment. This provided the opportunity I had wanted for a long time to tell Bill what I thought and why. So, I wrote the following letter on December 3, 2000: “Dear Bill, Forgive me for not writing sooner. I have wanted to, but have been immersed in other projects that needed to be finished before I wrote you. After all, the questions you asked will require time and space to answer. This letter, and documents which accompany it, constitute a major project.

“First, I appreciate your letter. I appreciate your questions. Your letter and its questions allow me to help you know me better. I think that is vital among loved ones and friends. I believe what really matters in this life are relationships. All else pales in significance to these. People I have offended, I have subsequently faced and asked forgiveness. I asked this of your father and

mother a few years ago when I offended her. Since then, she and I have enjoyed an excellent relationship. She trusts me implicitly, and for me that constitutes a more ample reward than I can express.

“I wish more of us would ask questions of each other which would allow us to get better acquainted. Please do not feel you might offend me by asking questions intended to reveal what I think or how I feel. I suppose I haven’t felt a need to ask you such questions because your mother pretty well keeps me informed of your telephone conversations with her. So, I have known, through her, how you feel toward President Clinton and his wife, Hillary. Likewise, I have known how you feel about George W. Bush and Al Gore. Finally, I have known, generally, how you feel about Democrat and Republican-sponsored programs. The fact that you favor the Republican point-of-view while I favor the Democrat point-of-view doesn’t bother me in the least. The difference is simply one in perception and nothing more. Certainly, we should all have the right to think the way we choose without fear of persecution or reprisal. As a matter of fact, some time ago, I determined never to allow politics to separate me from loved ones or friends. To me, as already indicated, relationships are more important than politics. So, I will discuss, but not argue politics.

“Second, you are right. I am devout and sincere in my political views. And I try hard, as hard as I know, to be honest, sincere and good. For me what counts more than anything else is consistency. I want to be consistent with what I believe, teach and preach. I could not tolerate myself if I believed one way and acted another. When I go to bed at night I sleep well, in part, because I know I have tried to live my life in harmony with what I believe. I thank you for seeing me as I try to be. I appreciate your complimenting me. And before I go on, I have told Gloria more than once what good, basic values I think you and your brothers exemplify. The concern you show for each other and the way all of you treat your mother verify values that would make this country better if all would live by those values. I am proud to claim you as cousins.

“Third, you express dismay in trying to understand how I balance my values with what I observe in the Democrat Party. You mention, specifically, Jesse Jackson, Al Gore and Ed Kennedy in conjunction with what they have done which certainly does not square with what I believe, based on the life I live. Bill, I’m not a Democrat because of who belongs to the Party. The Republicans have their closet of skeletons, too. What about U. S. Grant, Warren G. Harding, Richard Nixon, Newt Gingrich, and George Hansen, to mention just a few? In my mind, no public servant, at least in our time, can match the wrongs of Richard Nixon. Neither can we ignore George Hansen’s wrongdoings.

“Richard Nixon was not only wrong in spearheading Watergate, but was one to be feared as a public servant because of his lust for power and what he was

willing to do to get it. Idaho's George Hansen, as you undoubtedly know, was nothing but a first class criminal, having served 6.5 years in federal prison, three years for ripping off fellow supporters in the amount of \$18 million, and three years for falsifying disclosure statements relating to income tax documents. Even with these illegal and wrongful violations manifesting themselves, Idaho citizens supported him sufficiently in 1984 that he lost to Richard Stallings in a fourth bid for Congress by only 170 votes (that was after a recount; before recount, the vote margin was 60). Sorry, Bill, but who belongs to political parties has absolutely nothing to do with my being a Democrat, or a Republican, if I chose to be that.

"Fourth, you mentioned what happened in Missouri as opposed to what is happening in Florida in terms of voting fraud and conceding elections. Fraudulent voting has occurred in nearly every election of our country's history. Also, one can hardly compare what went on in Missouri with what is going on in Florida. I suppose at least some politicians would have sufficient decency to concede a close election to a dead man's wife without asking for a recount or pointing an accusing finger at poll watchers. I know I would, and based on what you wrote, I surmise you would too. But in Florida, the situation is entirely different. Bush and Gore are very much alive, though some of us undoubtedly wish one or the other were dead. Also, we must remember that the recount was initiated, not by Gore, but by Florida law. Finally, neither candidate (Bush nor Gore) is more ethical, kind, considerate and desirous of subjecting personal ambition to public welfare than the other. I sincerely believe if Bush were where Gore is, he would do what Gore has done and is doing. Each candidate pursues his self-interest, just as all of us do all the time.

"Self-interest, and our inability to control it, is the problem for mankind. It afflicts Democrats, Republicans, Catholics, Mormons, Protestants and all other existing factions. Moreover, it afflicts each individual who walks Earth. A good example of what I'm talking about involves Mike Crapo and Idaho farmers. I wrote in my journal recently the following:

'Republican Senator from Idaho, Mike Crapo, has asked United States Agriculture Secretary, Dan Glickman, for immediate emergency help in protecting Idaho potato farmers from their 'lowest prices in years.' Crapo said: 'During the recent farm meetings that I held, growers from around the state were very clear about the need for assistance. The message was loud and clear. We need to open more long-term markets for potatoes, but the trade picture remains unsettled, and in the short term we will have to look to government assistance to help our growers. Such a short-term solution will allow farmers financial stability while we continue to work on long-term trade agreements to stabilize potato prices.' (Rexburg Standard-Journal, November 27, 2000)

“Bill, Republicans historically have opposed government assistance. Their cry has been to reduce government’s size; get government off our backs; and end government welfare. They have, in their rhetoric, associated government assistance, big government and government welfare with Democrats. Apparently, all this doesn’t matter when they are in power and their interests are threatened. Mike Crapo, as you know, comes from a large family of potato farmers owning extensive acreages. This is only one in a multitude of examples I could give involving the operation of self-interest in our lives.

“Our founders anticipated the adverse effects of self-interest working against what they called public virtue (the desire and ability to subordinate self-interest to the public good), so they devised a system with sufficient checks and balances to enable effective functioning. It has functioned well enough that the country has survived for about 214 years. And this country will survive the present election anomaly. Actually, I find the whole drama interesting. We’ve had some close and interesting elections in this country’s history (1800, 1824, 1876, 1888 and 2000). Each election has been unique, contributing to our rich heritage. So, the country may be going to hell, but if so that process is evident almost from the beginning.

“Fifth, Bill, you ask how I can continue to be “such an upstanding representative” for the Democrat Party? That’s easy to answer. How is the Party going to get better if all good members desert it? I refuse to do what the hermits and monks of medieval times did in the Catholic Church. They felt the world was so evil there was no place in it for them, so they fled the world, seeking refuge on some lonely mountain (Monte Casino). I’ve never been able to understand such behavior. If the world is going to hell, we’d better stay in it and work for its salvation, hadn’t we? The point is: One can be in the world without being part of it. Likewise, one can be a political party member without nailing all planks to the party platform.

“Sixth, you asked what I think with reference to “election reform.” As a matter of fact, attempts to eliminate the Electoral College have proceeded since 1800. Given this fact, I predict they will continue far into the future. Will they ever succeed? I don’t know. But I am certain that success will not come without vigorous, sustained opposition. As you indicated, to eliminate the electoral vote would place control of American politics in highly populated urban areas. The voice of rural America would be diluted. The electoral vote strengthens the influence of less populated areas. So, states such as Idaho, the Dakotas, Montana, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, and others, surely will not vote for a change, but will fight for the status quo. The Electoral College might go, but I don’t think the electoral vote will go, at least not for a long time. I hope it does not. The system has worked so well for over two centuries, why should we change it?

I'm not against improvement, but I'm not sure that eliminating the electoral vote would reflect improvement. The less we fiddle with the Constitution, the better off we'll be. At least, that's what I think.

"Now, in conclusion, I have included material with this letter I think you will read with interest. It includes two articles I wrote to the Editor of the Rexburg Standard-Journal this Fall, and an address I prepared for the Political Science Club at Ricks College. The Club listened to the chairman of the Idaho Republican Committee one week in September, and invited me to represent the Democrats about two weeks following. After delivery, I modified the address by deleting the part indicating where Bush and Gore stood on issues in the campaign, and summarized, in its place, where I stand on those issues. The modification enabled me to use it in my personal history, and to answer your question: Why are you a Democrat? I hope you enjoy it.

"Before I sign off, Bill, please have a happy holiday, and may the true spirit of Christmas bless your life and Julie's throughout years ahead. And may your sons and daughter-in-law enjoy this same spirit. Good cheer, my friend. God is at the helm, not Bush or Gore. Neither Bush nor Gore, neither Republicans nor Democrats, neither Congress nor the courts can save this country. But God can, and will reward our faith in Him. Alyn"

As already indicated, I sent with this letter the two letters to the editor, written in September and October, and the material I prepared for the Ricks College Political Science Club and later modified for this history. Bill subsequently wrote that he spent a long time reading what I sent and he read it with interest. Of course, I did not persuade him to change party affiliation. I never expected to. I don't care about that, but I am concerned that citizens of this country, even educated professionals such as Bill, understand history so superficially that they think the country is in uncharted waters and going to hell because we have never been (according to their understanding) where we are now. Without an understanding of history and a willingness to think in relatively broad terms, we can draw assumptions and make statements that are unjustifiable and even threatening to the well-being of our country. I believe we must all be historians. Democracy demands it.

Personal Politics before 2000

My political philosophy and activity prior to 2000 can be ascertained in many letters to the editor and personal letters I wrote since coming to Rexburg. I have neither space nor the inclination to include them all in this history. To do so, would be unnecessary and certainly boring to the reader. A few will be sufficient to indicate my point-of-view with reference to political issues and developments.

For many years during the closing decade of this century, Mark Ricks from Rexburg served in the Idaho Senate. Before that, he was my stake president. So, I knew him well, and frequently offered advice or took him to task for decisions made and votes cast while in the Senate.

In February 1990, Senator Ricks wrote, asking my opinion about a state holiday honoring Martin Luther King. He sent material for me to read entitled “The Secret File on M.L. King.” The material, as indicated in its title was negative, and Mark, apparently, was troubled about how to vote. The following was my letter to him.

“Dear Mark, I appreciate your letter regarding a Martin Luther King holiday. I enjoyed reading the material you sent with the letter. It did not contain any basic material I was not already familiar with. However, I was not acquainted with all the specifics. In the material, I identified the following questions that should be addressed in considering a state holiday. (1) Why should we honor King’s birthday when we don’t honor those of noted Americans such as Washington and Lincoln? (2) Why should we honor King when he affiliated with Communist Party members and possibly was used by the Communist Party to hurt the United States? (3) Does King exemplify the principles we want our children to embrace and preserve?

“First, in my mind a Martin Luther King holiday in Idaho would not honor King, but what he did. Perhaps we should name the holiday Civil Rights Day. I believe what King was ostensibly trying to do (achieve civil rights for Blacks) was right. And I do not agree with Patrick Buchanan when he implies that King’s preaching of civil disobedience was wrong and harmful to this country. As a matter of fact, I think Oliver North’s secret civil disobedience was by far more harmful to the country than King’s will ever be. Besides this country was born by civil disobedience.

“When the Colonies under George Washington’s leadership revolted against Britain, the war involved Englishmen against Englishmen. To the English, Washington was guilty of treason, a crime more serious than civil disobedience. Later, the southern states attempted to leave the Union because they believed their interpretation of the Constitution enabled them to do that. Lincoln and the rest of the states fought to prove that the southern interpretation of the Constitution was not valid. The war pit Americans against Americans. Since then, one faction or another has marched, demonstrated, rioted, and withheld civil rights to advertise its cause — examples: Populists, unions, the Women’s Christian Temperance Organization, U.S. Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer, and Senator Joseph McCarthy. Even the Mormons, under Brigham Young, were, according to the United States Government, guilty of treason when they declared war against Johnston’s Army.

“The 134th Section of the *Doctrine and Covenants* declares that men are to uphold their governments as long as those governments protect them in their rights. The *Declaration of Independence* states that ‘whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends (protecting its people in their unalienable rights), it is the Right of the People to alter or abolish it.’

“In this dynamic, pluralistic society of ours, there is nothing abnormal with polarization and conflict. We’ve had it from the beginning of our country, and we’ll have it as long as we have factions or special interests. What we need to do though, rather than fight to determine who is right, is to compromise our differences. But no one, especially Patrick Buchanan who would like everyone to be as narrow in point-of-view as he is, shall persuade me to believe that our best interests are served only when there is no argument, polarization or conflict.

“Mark, calling for non-violent civil disobedience was the only way King could advertise his cause. Americans had been indifferent to Blacks and their constitutional rights for over a hundred years. How else was King supposed to get their attention? Like the Mormons, when King and his people were pushed to extremity, they disregarded the law and fought.

“Second, I’m not a Communist. I don’t believe in Communism. And I wouldn’t support a Communist as my political representative. However, with regard to King, his association with Communists, in my mind, does not negate the validity of the cause he fought for — civil rights for Blacks. And who can argue that he paid the ultimate price for this cause? In the civil rights movement, doesn’t that seal his testimony with his blood? Certainly, in advocating civil rights for Blacks, he was within the spirit of the Constitution.

“Third, I want my children and students to be better people than King was. I want them to be moral, law-abiding citizens. And I try to teach them to be that. But I would also like them to be as committed to a valid cause as King was, and I try to teach them that. I have never held King up as an example of morality or obedience to the law, but he is a good example of commitment to a good cause.

“Now Mark, I have often wondered what the news media could make Brigham Young look like if it really went after him. My guess is he would appear to the American public as a first class adulterer, traitor and dictator. All of us, in the lives we live, are subject to interpretation by others. The Savior recognized this and cautioned us not to judge. I think we will do well not to judge King too severely in his personal life, but in the validity of his cause and its results. If we can stick with principles, ideas and the results of causes, and not get too wound up in the personal lives of people, then, I think, we’ll be on safer ground.

“Thanks for reading this. God bless you in your responsibilities. Alyn”

One year after writing the letter just quoted, I wrote a letter to the editor of the Rexburg Standard Journal in response to a letter written by Senator Ricks and published in the newspaper. The letter was dated February 7, 1991. It read: "Dear Sir, A recent issue of your newspaper carried a letter written by Senator Mark Ricks entitled 'GOP Does Stand for Freedom.' I am responding to parts of that letter.

"First, Senator Ricks wrote: 'Tradition characterizes Democrats as favoring big, expensive government bureaucracies that control people's lives. The opposite side of that generalization characterizes Republicans as favoring small government which stays out of peoples' lives and pocketbooks.'

"My response: That may be the way Senator Ricks sees Democrats and Republicans in traditional roles, but I don't see them that way at all. I see Democrats as a party of the people and Republicans as a party of big business. Now, I realize that generalizations such as these are usually unwise because they are inaccurate. And most of us generalize much of the time. So we all leave ourselves open to criticism. With that in mind, then, I remind Senator Ricks that 'big government' probably started with President Theodore Roosevelt, a Republican, who loved power and used it vigorously while in office. On the other hand, Thomas Jefferson, a Democrat, favored 'small government.' He was a state's rights man who was somewhat suspicious of the United States Constitution, fearing it gave the national government too much power.

"Second, Senator Ricks wrote: 'The anything-goes generations (there are two of them now — children of the '60s and children of the '80s) live by the letter of the Constitution, but not the spirit of the Constitution. The anything-goes generations value neither the unborn nor the values and feelings held by other adults. Nor do they value the sacrifices of those who have given their lives to establish and preserve this nation.'

"My response: What an inappropriate statement for a public servant to make at a time like this when 500,000 troops, many of whom are members of the 'anything-goes generations' Senator Ricks identified, are in the Middle East offering their lives because their commander-in-chief has asked them to be there. You really do owe them and their families a public apology, Senator. Sincerely, Alyn B. Andrus"

Another Idaho statesman I continually called to account while he served was Dick Davis from Rexburg. Davis was a member of the House of Representatives. I wrote him sufficiently often that one day in March 1992, I received a letter from him, part of which I quote: "Dear Alyn, It seems that my year would not be complete without a letter from you taking me to task for some perceived sin of commission or omission. Thus when your letter arrived today I waited until after my dinner had digested somewhat before opening it. Imagine my surprise

when it turned out to be quite subdued or almost friendly. Thank you for that. . . .”

In 1992, my friend and colleague at Ricks College, Richard Stallings, ran for the United States Senate. He had served four terms in the United States House of Representatives and optimism ran high for his chances of being elected to the Senate. But his opponent, Dirk Kempthorne from Boise, was as wily as a fox in campaign strategy. Kempthorne won the election. In a letter to the editor, dated October 14, 1992, I complained about Kempthorne’s campaign tactics. I wrote: “I am sick and tired of Dirk Kempthorne’s continual harping on the theme, ‘Richard, stop your negative campaigning.’ I think Kempthorne’s approach is the most insidious, contemptible method of campaigning that might be used. You see, Kempthorne declared, right after his official announcement of candidacy for the U.S. Senate, that he intended to run a positive campaign. Yet, immediately he began criticizing Stallings for running a negative campaign and has continued that criticism with incessant regularity to the present. To me his object is clear: To destroy Stallings at the polls with that cry ringing in every voter’s brain, ‘Richard, stop your negative campaigning.’ I have the feeling that if Stallings gave Kempthorne nothing but compliments from now till election-time, Kempthorne would still say: ‘Richard, stop your negative campaigning.’

“Kempthorne reminds me of an ancient Roman senator named Cato. Cato was determined that Carthage, Rome’s competitor in the western Mediterranean, should be destroyed. After two wars, Rome had reduced Carthage to colonial status, but that wasn’t enough for Cato. He ended every speech in the Senate with the words, ‘Carthage must be destroyed!’ So persistent was he in this cry that eventually his ‘war party’ prevailed and Rome declared war on Carthage a third time. This time, Carthage was not only destroyed, but salt was sown in the soil where the city had stood. The world needs fewer Catos (certainly, Idaho doesn’t need any) with their insidious, contemptible goals and methods of operation. And so I say: ‘Dirk clean up your act. I’m sick and tired of your negative campaigning.’ If you can’t win any other way, perhaps you shouldn’t run at all. Sincerely, Alyn B. Andrus”

I was a busy writer of letters to the editor in 1992. In December of that year, I wrote: “In the November 29-92 issue of the Post Register was a letter to the editor entitled ‘Clinton election will bring onslaught of immorality.’ A part of that letter read as follows: ‘With the election of Bill Clinton there is a group of citizens who should be on their guard. They consist of all who base their lives and beliefs on Jesus Christ. . . . Our founding fathers established a Constitution which allowed us freedom to worship according to the dictates of our consciences. This will be infringed when we are forced to accept homosexuality, abortion, and secular humanism.’

“I suppose this notion pretty well expresses the feelings of many people in the Upper Snake River Valley. So, to the author of this letter, and to all those who may feel the way he does, I offer the following quotes which were published nearly 200 years ago when Thomas Jefferson ran for the presidency of the United States (Jefferson, incidentally, was elected). Alexander Hamilton wrote to John Jay: ‘If Jefferson is elected . . . it will mean the overthrow of the Government . . . a revolution after the manner of Bonaparte.’ An anonymous pamphleteer wrote that if Jefferson were elected, ‘murder, robbery, rape, adultery, and incest will be openly taught and practiced, the air will be rent with cries of distress, the soil will be soaked with blood, and the nation black with crimes.’ Sincerely, Alyn B. Andrus”

I also wrote letters to the editor of the Scroll, a Ricks College newspaper. In November 1995 an article was printed in the Scroll entitled “United Nations crumbles after 50 years of failure.” This article was written by Richard Tripp II, a member of the Scroll Editorial Board, and was approved by the Board with a vote of 7 to 5. My response to the article follows: “I want Richard Tripp II, the Scroll Editorial Board, the Students, and all who work at Ricks College to know that I was offended by an opinion which appeared in the November 8, 1995 issue of the Scroll. The opinion was entitled “United Nations crumbles after 50 years of failure.”

“First, the title of this article offended me. I have neither seen, heard, nor read (except Tripp’s article) any evidence that the United Nations has ‘crumbled.’ As a matter of fact, I watched some of the proceedings marking the 50th birthday of the U.N.O., and heard leaders of nations, including President Clinton, pledge their continued support of the U.N.O. during years ahead. I assumed these pledges included financial and military as well as other kinds of support. Certainly, as long as powerful nations such as the United States continue to support the U.N.O., it has not ‘crumbled.’

“Second, I was offended by Tripp’s statement in his article that the U.N.O. was organized ‘Basically to create a one-world government.’ I was 14 years old when the U.N.O. was created during the spring, summer and fall of 1945. I was old enough to understand what I read in the newspapers and heard over the radio. I did not see or hear then, neither have I seen nor heard since, any attempt by the U.N.O. to become a world government. Some of the U.N.O. delegates may have wanted to control the world through the U.N.O., but that has not happened and never will under existing arrangements. As a matter of fact, the way the U.N.O. is structured and the way it is financed would not allow it to become a world government. The United States, alone, could seriously cripple the operations of the U.N.O. by withholding its monetary contributions. What the U.N.O. has become is a world forum in which countries, including third-

world countries, have been able to bring issues to the attention of the world's people and have these discussed at the international level by heads of state. Far from becoming a one-world government (which suggests enormous concentration of political power), operations of the U.N.O. have been critically threatened at times when powerful and wealthy member nations, such as the United States, have ignored U.N.O. resolutions and have drastically cut necessary monetary pledges.

“Third, I was offended by Tripp’s judging the activities of the U.N.O. in terms of its soldiers’ moral standards. He cited the evidence of ‘more than 5,000 cases of venereal disease among gendarmes in Cambodia in 1991.’ He then concluded, ‘Apparently, they are involved in a little more than peace-keeping.’ I wonder how many babies with American fathers were left behind when United States troops pulled out of Vietnam in 1973. I suppose we would be shocked to learn how much prostitution involved United States servicemen in the Korean conflict and in World War II. For a citizen of one nation to judge another nation by its moral standards is not only arrogant, but unwise in terms of developing a substantial point-of-view.

“Fourth, I was offended by Tripp’s concentrating on the U.N.O.’s perceived failures without mentioning any contributions that may have made the world better. For example, he failed to mention the Trusteeship Council and the fine work it has done in helping dependent countries become independent. He failed to mention the World Health Organization and its work in bringing a more healthful life to indigent people with little or no medical knowledge.

“Finally, I suppose what bothers me most in Tripp’s article was a lack of scholarship and no attempt to present an objective point-of-view. Certainly, we can expect scholarship and objectivity at the college level. If not, then what is college all about? Alyn B. Andrus”

In April 1997, I wrote a letter to the editor of the Rexburg Standard Journal in which I complained of philosophical and political inconsistency involving the Republican Party, and of one-party government. In the letter, I wrote: “In your issue of the Standard Journal dated Tuesday March 6, 1997, I read an article entitled “Bill would allow state to purchase errant utilities.” Part of what I read stated, ‘If adopted the legislation would allow the state through a power authority to take over power utilities that fail to operate in a way that’s beneficial to Idaho citizens.’ I’m grateful that the Legislature has the public benefit in mind, but I’m offended by Idaho politics dominated by the Republican Party which has for decades preached smaller government and more private and local freedom under the law. Now, suddenly, since that party is unopposed throughout Idaho, it begins to exercise the kind of power we normally associate with one-party government. If the Democrats controlled the Legislature, as the

Republicans do now, and proposed such legislation, I'm sure the Republicans would criticize them, as I am criticizing the Republicans, for attempting to exercise tyranny in state government.

"We seem to be burdened with laws. We are weighed down by them. I believe that each time a law is passed, someone's liberty is circumscribed. Each time an amendment to the Constitution is ratified, freedom under the Constitution is diminished. Logically, this could end in little or no freedom at all for most citizens. In view of this, perhaps we would be better off if our legislature would meet only biannually as it used to do, and Congress would stop considering an amendment to balance the budget.

"Socrates once said, 'unless any democracy is wisely led, it can prove the form of government which easily makes for a tyranny. Without self-discipline man can change extreme liberty to complete slavery with but little effort.'

"If the people of Idaho insist on one-party government, then they had better elect responsible, civic-minded leaders with nothing but the public welfare in mind. Otherwise, we're in trouble. Sincerely, Alyn B. Andrus"

Through the years, I wrote many other letters to the editor, but those included in this history are sufficient to give an idea about what I thought, politically, and where I stood on the issues discussed. Nevertheless, this chapter in my history would not be complete without an article I wrote on government-sponsored public welfare published in *New Perspectives*, a Ricks College periodical. The article was published in April 1995 and was entitled "Welfare." I received many compliments on it, and several people indicated it changed their point-of-view concerning welfare. What I wrote follows:

"To me, especially as I grow older, an important endeavor in life is to harmonize what I do with what I say. I believe the degree to which I am able to achieve such harmony reflects my sincerity in living as I think the Savior wants me to live. Given this belief, I am disturbed when I see contradictions in the lives of others involving how they live with what they say. Such contradictions, I think, are obvious as they relate to government welfare. Yet, I assume that many, if not most of us, while we protest against it, accept, gladly, government welfare benefits. Most of the material that follows constitutes a defense of this last statement.

"The dictionary defines welfare as 'relating to or concerned with the improvement of disadvantaged social groups.' I would like to believe that most people in this country genuinely care about the improvement of 'disadvantaged social groups,' not only in the United States, but in other countries as well. To me, welfare, ideally, is what we read about in King Benjamin's address to his people as recorded in the *Book of Mormon*. Benjamin told his people if they lived the Gospel, they would 'not have a mind to injure one another, but to live

peaceably, and to render to every man according to that which is his due.' Then he said:

'And ye will not suffer your children that they go hungry, or naked; neither will ye suffer that they transgress the laws of God, and fight and quarrel one with another, and serve the devil, who is the master of sin, or who is the evil spirit which hath been spoken of by our fathers, he being an enemy to all righteousness. But ye will teach them to walk in the ways of truth and soberness; ye will teach them to love one another, and to serve one another. And also ye yourselves will succor those that stand in need of your succor; ye will administer of your substance unto to him that standeth in need; and ye will not suffer that the beggar putteth up his petition to you in vain, and turn him out to perish. Perhaps thou shalt say: the man has brought upon himself his misery; therefore I will stay my hand, and will not give unto him of my food, nor impart unto him of my substance that he may not suffer, for his punishments are just. But I say unto you, O man, whosoever doeth this the same hath great cause to repent; and except he repenteth of that which he hath done he perisheth forever, and hath no interest in the kingdom of God. For behold, are we not all beggars? Do we not all depend upon the same Being, even God, for all the substance which we have, for both food and raiment, and for gold and for silver, and for all the riches which we have of every kind?' (*Mosiah 4:13-19*)

"Benjamin also said that leaders should work for their keep like others do and that we should serve each other, for when we do that, we serve God. (*Mosiah 2:14,17*)

"I like King Benjamin's philosophy. If people in this country could live it, we would have no need for government welfare. The fact is, there are people who need assistance, badly. I feel especially sorry for children who are hungry, sick, and in need of clothing, shelter and love. How can we ignore them, and feel justified before God? I find myself thinking about them often, wishing I could do more to relieve their distress. Each time I think of them, I find some consolation in the thought that government welfare programs help meet the needs of these children. In doing so, it serves as my agent in seeing that this service is given. Now I know that many who receive welfare abuse the system, and of course I don't like that, but I'm certainly not in favor of doing away with welfare to end its abuse, especially when there are so many who legitimately need it.

"While most of us are not 'disadvantaged members of social groups,' and would not, therefore, qualify for welfare according to our definition, I believe at one time or another, all of us have been, are, or will be welfare participants. For

example, farmers have been and are heavy participants in welfare through government programs, some of which were designed to reduce surpluses and raise prices. Currently, a government welfare program for farmers is called Conservation Reserve Program (CRP) in which dry farmers are paid by the government to plant their wheat and barley farms into grass. This conserves the soil and gives big game winter feed. I think this program is beneficial not just for participating farmers, but for the country as a whole. Nevertheless, it is government welfare.

“Another example of welfare participants involve retired people who enjoy benefits through social security. Normally, a retired person uses up what has been contributed personally to social security long before death comes. What the retiree lives on from the time personal contributions are exhausted until death intervenes are benefits that come from sources outside personal contributions.

“Businessmen, too, enjoy government welfare benefits through tax write-offs. Some of these can be enormous. Furthermore, the Savings and Loan ‘bail out’ a few years ago was nothing more than government welfare to unwise money managers and unfortunate investors. And I remember when the government infused millions of dollars into Chrysler Corporation to get it going again.

“Americans who vote for candidates promising tax cuts eagerly anticipate government welfare benefits because someone, such as future generations, must pay for those cuts. So, benefits we enjoy through tax cuts come at the expense of our children and grandchildren.

“Students in our colleges and universities receive considerable welfare benefits. Young married students at Ricks College (even some who oppose government welfare) give birth to babies at Madison Memorial Hospital under this nation’s Medicaid program. Moreover, most, if not all colleges and universities in this country, both public and private, receive federal money for grants and scholarships. B.Y.U. and Ricks College receive millions of dollars annually from the federal government for such programs.

“And as if this were not enough, students frequently ask for academic welfare. I quote from a note I made several months ago: ‘The thought struck me this morning that many students who criticize President Clinton and his welfare programs are they who demand certain rights, privileges and gifts. I have students coming to me regularly who want me to drop the exam with the lowest score, or allow them to retake an exam, or ask me to strike from an exam questions they did not answer correctly. They seem unwilling or unable to face accountability. They seem to want grades for which they have not qualified or cannot qualify. They want something they have not earned. They want a handout (the Church calls it a dole). In other words, they favor academic

welfare. And teachers who yield to students' requests for these favors are participants in academic welfare, even though they may be opposed to government welfare.'

"Another flagrant example of student welfare involves athletes for whom coaches and school administrators cheat for purposes of qualifying so the athletes may participate in intercollegiate athletics. Fudging on academic qualifying deadlines, subtracting, adding or modifying grades on transcripts, I'm sure, is done more often than we would like to think.

"Or what about administrators making exceptions for students who want to enroll at Ricks, but who can't get in because the enrollment ceiling has been reached? These students may be children of generous contributors to the College, or of General Authorities, or of someone else who ranks high in public service and whose name is well-known. I'm not suggesting that exceptions should never be made, but when they are made, I think they constitute a type of welfare that many people would oppose if they knew about it.

"I could go on, but perhaps that would be multiplying words. The bottom line, so far as I'm concerned, is this: If the Gospel teaches us not to expect more than we deserve, then we should live by that teaching. If we do not intend to live by it, then perhaps we should remain silent on the issue of government sponsored public welfare."

Conclusion

In the absence of profound and powerful concluding remarks, I will say, simply, that this concludes my chapter on politics, personal and otherwise. What I have written in this chapter I believe sincerely. I feel no need to excuse myself, and my declarations generate no timidity in making them known to all.

Part Four: My Married Years at Ricks College (1968-1997)

Chapter 10

Death of Dad, Mother, Rhonda, Tevis, and Grandma Ruth

Introduction

Near the beginning of this history, I have written brief biographies of Dad and Mother, including their deaths. Nevertheless, inasmuch as they passed away after Gloria, the boys and I moved to Rexburg, I feel justified, even obligated, to write in more detail about their last days in this world and the circumstances surrounding their passing.

Also, during our Rexburg years, Gloria's sister, Rhonda, her brother, Tevis, and her mother passed from this life. I feel a need to write about them and their travails which ended in death.

Finally, Gloria's mother, before she died, requested that a history be written of her progenitors. Gloria promised her she would do this. She did, and was sufficiently inspired by her work that she then wrote a history of her father's predecessors. In this chapter, I will describe these family histories and tell the story, briefly, of Gloria's remarkable experiences in writing them.

Gloria's histories led to unusual family bonding which resulted in some rather extraordinary family reunions. At the same time, Dad and Mother's children and their families continued the tradition of summer family reunions. These, too, will be described, in general terms, within the confines of this chapter.

Dad's Last Years, His Death and Funeral

The last 16 years of Dad's life were marked with health problems. Most of these resulted from a malfunctioning cardiovascular system which required daily medication to keep him upright and going. Fortunately, he was able to turn his farm over to Robert, Kendall and Rich (my brothers) while he concentrated on less physically demanding work involving the management of State lands in eastern Idaho.

Dad was an Idaho land agent for ten years, from 1959 to 1969. During this time, he looked healthy and was reasonably vigorous. But soon after retirement, his health failed quickly. His shoulders hurt. He was unable to taste food, and lost his appetite. Consequently, he lost weight until he was only a thin shadow

of his former self. He would say in the morning of a given day, "Melba, some lima beans with bacon sound good to me. Would you fix me some?" Mother would spend all morning preparing the beans and bacon, then when they were presented to Dad, he would look at them and say, "Hell! I can't eat those." Official medical records say that Dad died of heart failure. But I think he died of malnutrition which was probably both a cause and result of heart failure.

During the last two years of Dad's life, when he was weak and miserable, I interviewed him, recording the interviews on audio tape. I would arrange an interview time, take my tape recorder to Ucon and spend an hour or more asking questions and thoroughly enjoying Dad's responses. He seemed to forget he was being tape-recorded. And I never had to ask many questions to keep him talking. Usually, when our interviews began, Dad was lethargic and his voice was weak. But invariably, by interview's end, he was energized and his voice was strong. These interviews for me were a study in mental and physical rebirth. Each time I left Dad after these interviews, I was absolutely amazed at the change they seemed to generate in him. He was especially reborn when responding to questions about personal experiences involving Idaho politics. He loved Idaho. He loved politics. When he discussed Idaho politics, that was tantamount to receiving a healthy shot of adrenalin directly into his bloodstream. Dad was easy and fun to interview.

Nevertheless, a time came when even discussions about Idaho politics were too much for him to endure. He passed away in the Idaho Falls L.D.S. Hospital on July 16, 1976, the summer of the Teton Flood. He was 72 years old.

The night Dad died, Gloria and I were watching stock car races in Pocatello, 75 miles south of Idaho Falls. Suddenly, we were startled to hear my name over the loud speaker, and someone's voice inviting me to come for a message. The message said that Dad was in the hospital dying, and we should hurry to Idaho Falls. We did, but Dad was gone before we arrived. Mother, aunts, uncles and my brothers and sisters were in the room where Dad's body lay. The occasion was somber, to say the least. I believe we were relieved to have Dad gone because he had been so miserable. But we were saddened that he was now gone from our lives here. He had been such an integral part of our lives for so long, that to accustom ourselves to his absence occasioned by death was very difficult.

Dad's funeral was held on July 20 in the Ucon Second Ward Building with Bishop Ray Lott officiating. The family prayer was given by Dad's brother, R. Howard Andrus. Mother's sister, Therel Ricks, played the prelude and postlude organ music. The ward choirs sang "Come O Thou King of Kings," and "Jesus Lover of My Soul." My brother, Kendall, offered the invocation. I gave the life sketch. Dad's sister, Beulah, read a poem she had composed for the occasion. Dad's grandchildren sang "There is Nothing as Grand as Grandpa," and "Jesus

Once was a Little Child.” They were led by Linda, Kendall’s wife. Therel, my sister, accompanied them on the piano. My brother, Robert, spoke. Therel then played an organ medley. Charlie Solomon and Curtis Holland, Dad’s friends, gave remarks. My brothers, Robert, Kendall, Rich, and I sang “Come Unto Me and Rest.” Bishop Lott gave remarks. Then my brothers, sisters (Geniece, Portia, Jean), Geniece’s daughter, LaVaun, our son, Daniel, and I sang the closing song which was a Dutch hymn, Dad’s favorite. Robert sang a solo in the hymn, and Therel accompanied us on the piano. Rich offered the benediction, and Ray Quayle, Dad’s friend and Mother’s brother-in-law, dedicated the grave. Pallbearers were Brad Strom, Merlin Frei, Daniel Andrus (our son, Steve, was in the mission field at this time), David Smith, Ron Morgan, and Kerry Andrus. Dad was interred in the Ucon Cemetery.

On March 8, 1977, nearly nine months following Dad’s death, the Idaho Legislature conducted a special memorial service for deceased members. This was a special experience for family members who were able to attend.

On February 14, nearly a month before the Memorial Services, Mother received a letter from Kenneth Bradshaw, Chairman of the Memorial Committee in the Senate, which read: “Dear Mrs. Andrus, Confirming my telephone conversation, the Senate will conduct its Memorial Service for deceased Senators on March 8th.

“I would appreciate it if you would advise any of Senator Andrus’s survivors of this service as we would like to have as many of his family present as possible.

“I will advise you later of the exact hour of the Memorial Service (that hour was 1:00 p.m.).

“If you have any questions, please contact me.”

On February 16, I received a letter from Representative Kent S. Walker, Chairman of the Memorial Services Committee in the House of Representatives. The letter read: “Dear Mr. Andrus, On Tuesday, March 8, 1977, at 10:00 a.m., the Idaho House of Representatives will conduct a Memorial Service at the Statehouse in Boise to honor former members of the House who have passed away since the last service. Samuel Reed Andrus is one of those who will be memorialized.

“If you are able to attend the services, please advise us of the number of relatives and friends who will be present, and we will reserve seating for your group. In the event family members are unable to attend, a Certificate of Service and copies of the memorial will be mailed to the family.”

I do not recall how many of us attended the Memorial Services, but Mother indicated to Senator Kenneth Bradshaw that twenty of us would attend. I thoroughly enjoyed the experience, and I know Mother was pleased and felt honored by it.

During the Memorial Services, Dad's history was read. I had prepared this, according to instructions, and sent it to Boise before the services were conducted. I quote part of that history as follows: "Mr. Andrus, along with many others, was severely affected financially during the most severe economic depression in this country's history. As a matter of fact, he worked at almost any available job to keep food before his family and clothing on their persons.

"During the depression, Mr. Andrus entered politics. He was elected to the State House of Representatives in November 1934. He served four 2-year terms in the House, one 2-year term in the Senate, one 2-year term as county commissioner in Bonneville County, one 2-year term as county weed supervisor, and ten years as state land agent for southeastern Idaho.

"In his personal history, Mr. Andrus wrote about his experience as a legislator. Among other things, he said: 'During the time I was in the Legislature, I was paid \$5 per diem. No expense money was provided, and the salary ended at sixty days. If we stopped the clock, we stayed on our own time. I sent half of what I made home for my family to live on. . . . During the session, I frequently turned on the lights in the morning and sometimes turned them off at night.'

"Again, he wrote: 'State land and legislative activities were filled with opportunities for bribery. I recall one time, a fellow offered me \$1100 in cash if I would lower the appraisal on a farm he had leased and was up for sale. In the Legislature, I was the only uncommitted member of the State Affairs Committee on a bill over which a hearing was being conducted. A fellow from Salt Lake City tried to buy my commitment. He represented a large manufacturing firm, and said he was in a position to pay well for the favor. In all of my public activities, I have never accepted a bribe or anything other than my salary by the State for my service.'

"Mr. Andrus loved politics and was interested in good government. As his children grew into young men and women, conversation in the family usually centered around political issues of the time. Even during his last years, when his health failed him, a political dialogue would produce marvelous results in psychological and physical rejuvenation.

"Mr. Andrus raised a family of nine children. Eight of these are now living and have families of their own. He loved his children, and wanted to do what was best for them. Evidence of this may be seen in his refusal to run for Congress, even though at one time three different aspirants for the office on the Democratic ticket offered to withdraw in his favor. He said he would not run, because he didn't want to raise his children in Washington, D.C. Speaking of this development, he wrote in his journal: 'I had it (election to Congress) in my

hands, but had to say no . . . I have no complaints. I'm satisfied the way things went.'

"Mr. Andrus's wife and children remember how frugal he was with the State's money. He seldom stayed in motels when away from home conducting business for the Land Department. Rather, he would drive long distances after his work was done for the day in order to sleep at home. When he spent the State's money on a meal, usually the meal was a bowl of chili rather than a steak. He loved his work as a land agent, and was told by the State Auditor that he made the State more clear money in land sales than had ever been made before.

"When Mr. Andrus retired as a state land agent, he had served the State of Idaho for twenty-four years. Not long after retirement, his health began to fail, and he passed away on July 16, 1976."

Following the Memorial Service in the House, family members were given copies of a document entitled "IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: A HOUSE MEMORIAL, Whereas, Representative Samuel Reed Andrus has passed on since the close of the Second Regular Session of the Forty-third Legislature; and Whereas, the late Representative Andrus served in this House in the interest of Bonneville County during the Twenty-third, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Legislatures covering the years 1935 through 1938 and 1941 through 1944. NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED that the House of Representative of the Forty-fourth Idaho Legislature draw public attention by this memorial to the life and works of Samuel Reed Andrus. BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that the House of Representatives of the Forty-fourth Idaho Legislature extend to the bereaved family the heartfelt sympathy of this entire body; and BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that the Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives be, and he is hereby instructed, to spread this Memorial upon the Journal of the House, and to forward copies to the members of the Andrus family." The Memorial Services in the House and Senate were indeed made a part of the journals for these respective legislative bodies.

I felt honored to be a part of these memorial proceedings. I was proud of Dad, but not any more proud of him then than I had been before as he served his public trust. I never doubted his integrity. I always admired his wisdom and ability of verbal expression. I respected his dedication to service. I felt that I could never have measured up to his performance of excellence in public service. After my service on the Idaho Centennial Commission from 1985 to 1990, having received congratulations from Governor Cecil Andrus and Chairman Harry Magnuson, I felt that Dad would have done better than I. And that is as the situation should be. His standard should always be one to which I can aspire. It must be high enough that I must look up to it, not down upon it. Thanks, Dad.

Mother's Last Years, Her Death and Funeral

Dad's death was hard to take, but at least Mother was still with us, and we all loved her. Dad was emotional, expressive, and aggressive. Mother was much less emotional than Dad, not as expressive as he, and was not nearly as aggressive, though she would stand her ground when pressed. Together, I thought they made a well-balanced team.

Mother lived for nine years after Dad died. She lived alone in their house at Ucon. For company, she had her pet dog, Duke, and some outdoor cats which she fed daily. Duke became very possessive of her, and if he perceived one's actions as hurtful toward Mother, he would attack. We were all rather careful how we conducted ourselves around Mother when Duke was nearby.

All of Mother's children, except Portia, lived between Idaho Falls and Rexburg, close enough that she entertained a constant stream of visitors (children and grandchildren) each day. She enjoyed these visits. They gave her company and helped time pass by unnoticed. She told me that nighttime was the loneliest part of the twenty-four-hour day. Occasionally, a grandchild would stay overnight with her, but most nights, she was alone. So, to help time pass more quickly, she would phone her aged friends to see if all was well with them. This soon became standard procedure, until if she was slow phoning them, they would phone her to see if she was well. These ladies developed a little internet of well-being through nightly phone calls.

During most of her life, Mother drove vehicles. She was a careful driver and got along well. But during her last few years, she developed macular degeneration and gradually lost her sight until she could discern only outlines. As she lost her sight, she could no longer drive. She was dependent on others to get around. This was frustrating even though her children were very attentive to her needs.

As Mother's vision failed, she would identify people by their voices. Of course, she couldn't read, but she listened to audio tapes and the radio. In fact, she now had time to listen to baseball games and other athletic contests, including the Olympics. She became quite knowledgeable with regard to the names of athletes and scores between competing teams. She could report on who pitched for the winning team in professional baseball and what the score was. She was good at remembering home run hitters, and reported accurately the names of athletes at the Olympics and their accomplishments. Gloria and I were amazed at her interest in sports and her memory as she talked about what she had heard. But her interests exceeded sports. She listened to music and lectures by church leaders and educators.

Mother was always kind, gentle and loving, though not overly demonstrative. She expected kisses and hugs from children and grandchildren

which were given readily and plentifully along with expressions of, "I love you." She frequently expressed her love for us. Significantly, so far as I could tell, Mother had no favorites. She loved all of us equally and treated us so. She was very sensitive to the needs of others and always considerate as she dealt with people. The best example I can give of this was the morning she died.

Now, Mother was no alien to pain. For years, she had endured arthritis sufficiently painful that cortisone injections were needed. But she never complained. One hardly knew that she experienced arthritis. But the most severe pain of all occurred about midnight on May 9, 1985. Mother was awakened by a severe chest pain. She had a heart problem and had taken medication for it over a span of years, but this night, the nitroglycerin pills gave no relief. Robert's wife, Jean, was a registered nurse who lived only 100 yards south of Mother's house. But Mother refused to call, not wanting to disturb Robert and Jean's sleep. So she endured the pain until 6:00 in the morning when she called Jean and asked to be taken to the hospital. She passed away three hours later. Most of her last hours in this world then were spent alone, suffering because she didn't want to burden others. She died quietly, gracefully, with children gathered around her bed in a hospital room. I would like God to grant that I might leave this life with as much faith, presence of mind, quietude and dignity as Mother. She was a great lady.

Mother's funeral was held on May 13, 1985 in the Ucon Second Ward building with Bishop C. Boyd Wiese officiating. The family prayer was given by R. Howard Andrus, Mother's brother-in-law. Mother's sister, Therel Ricks, played the prelude music. Her sons, Alyn, Robert, Kendall, and Rich sang "Softly, Tenderly, Jesus is Calling." They were accompanied on the piano by their sister Therel Frei. The invocation was offered by Kendall. The life's sketch was read by LaVaun Ball, a granddaughter. A "Thought" was given by a sister-in-law, Beulah Beutler. Mother's daughters and granddaughters then sang "Labor of Love," and "I Often Go Walking." These singers included Geniece Smith, Portia Morgan, Therel Frei, Jean Strom (Mother's daughters) and Emmie Matua (a granddaughter). Devry Andrus, a granddaughter, accompanied on the piano. Mother's youngest son, Rich, spoke. Therel Frei played an organ medley. Mother's oldest son, Alyn, spoke. Bishop Weise gave remarks. Grandchildren and great-grandchildren sang "Love One Another," and "The Lord's Prayer." This singing was accompanied by violins played by Devry, CharDawn, and Cristine Andrus; Therel Frei accompanied on the piano. The Benediction was given by Robert. The postlude music was played by Colleen McGary. The dedicatory prayer was given by Ray Quayle, Mother's brother-in-law. Interment was in the Ucon Cemetery. Pallbearers were Kellan

Smith, Daniel Andrus, Kevin Andrus, Reed Andrus, Steve Danielson, Kerry Andrus, Drae Andrus and Doug Frei.

Following is the talk I gave at Mother's funeral. It is entitled *A Tribute to Mother*.

"Some time ago, I contacted my brothers and sisters, asking them to submit to me their impressions of Mother. From these I identified qualities that made her special in the eyes of her children. I shall share these with you.

"First, we read in *Jacob* chapter 2, verse 28: 'For I, the Lord God, delight in the chastity of women. And whoredoms are an abomination before me; thus saith the Lord of Hosts.' Mother was chaste. She taught her children to be chaste. Not only did she verbalize this, she taught it by example. She dressed modestly, spoke discreetly, and did nothing that could be interpreted basely.

"Second, Mother possessed the capacity to love and be loved. She expressed her love for husband and children verbally, openly and sincerely. She invited their response by her quiet, gentle, understanding nature.

"Third, Mother's actions gave meaning to faith in God. Her testimony was well-grounded, not based on emotion. Apparently, she felt no need to nourish it with spiritual experiences of questionable validity. Certainly, she was not one of whom the Savior spoke when he said, 'Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe.' (*John* 4:48) Rather, she believed and exemplified God's declaration, 'But behold, faith cometh not by signs, but signs follow those that believe.' (*Doctrine and Covenants* 63:9) One of Mother's sons described her when he wrote, 'Mother's virtues include an equanimity of temperament; a stoic approach to adversity; a balanced continence of human feelings and passions.'

"Fourth, Mother felt no need to demean others in an attempt to exalt herself. While growing up, I do not recall hearing her gossip. And to forgive was an integral part of her nature.

"Fifth, Mother sacrificed for husband, children, relatives and friends during her married life. Her significant sacrifice, of course, was that in which she placed her life on the line nine times, each time a child was born.

"Half of Mother's nine children were born during the Great Economic Depression which imposed extreme hardships upon millions of Americans. Living conditions were deplorable. Many in the cities went hungry. Some starved to death. Those on farms frequently could not meet mortgage payments. Dad talked about Mother and him during the depression. He said: '... living conditions had continually grown worse. By the summer of 1934, we had two lovely babies ... whom we could not fully enjoy, as we felt in our hearts, because of the strain caused by all of the many serious problems associated with a long and lasting depression of this kind. Even the nearness of heaven in the

personalities of our two children was overshadowed by the torment of unpaid baby bills and fear of future needs that could apparently never be met.'

"Dad and Mother alone could have gotten along reasonably well during the depression. But they chose to have children, knowing this meant great personal sacrifice on their part. One of Mother's sons wrote: 'Something must be recorded regarding Mom and Dad's undeviating devotion to their children. Too frequently, perhaps particularly in their own generation, parents seek their own self-satisfaction and interest often without regard to the well-being of their children and perhaps even more often at the expense of their children. How often do we hear of or even witness parents who leave the children home in pursuit of so-called self-fulfillment, career and recreation? One may descry a pervasive modern attitude among adults that the psychological and emotional well-being of parents require that the parents get away from it all and separate themselves from their children for recreation and other purposes. Mom and Dad believed in doing things with their family. I cannot recall a time when they went on any extended vacation trip or recreational activity where it was possible to take members of the family with them without involving the family. They loved to have their children present. They had a compelling sense of fairness in sharing whatever activity or recreation may have been available to them with their family. . . . They were always extremely modest of purchases for themselves.'

"Even in her advanced years, Mother continued to sacrifice her energy for loved ones. One of her daughters wrote: 'I remember a little plaque that hung in Mother's kitchen for some years. It said: *The hurrier I go, the behinder I get*. I'm not sure about the *behinder* part, but Mother has certainly, through her life, been in a hurry to labor for her family, her neighbors, her kindergarten, and her church. . . . Even now, though almost 78 years of age, the bread must be baked, then shared with family and friends.'

"Sixth, Mother was patient. She seemed to live by the admonition, 'wherefore, continue in patience until ye are perfect.' (*Doctrine and Covenants* 67:13)

"Seventh, Mother controlled her feelings. A verse entitled *What Makes a Saint* describes her well. It reads: 'What makes a saint? Because they were cheerful when it was difficult to be cheerful; patient when it was difficult to be patient; and because they pushed on when they wanted to stand still; and kept silent when they wanted to talk. . . . That was all! It was quite simple and always will be. (*Minute Masterpieces* p. 34)

"One of Mother's sons wrote: 'My thoughts are brought to focus upon the night of Dad's death. . . . The feelings of grief of all present were understandably volatile and open and least controlled of anyone's feelings were my own.'

Mother, in stoic and stable, yet understanding elegance exercised her tender, calm faith, expressing that a wonderful reunion was occurring beyond the veil of mortality. Her reference was to Dad and Gordon, my brother, who had preceded Dad in death. She openly shed no tears, yet her sorrow was immeasurable. She lost no composure, yet her loss was unbearably unsettling. She lost no faith, though her future was unfathomable.'

"So Mother suffered silently. This too was typical of her. I do not remember, during my growing-up years, Mother's complaining about how tired she was, how ill she felt, or how severe the pain was. In fact, I marveled that she seldom got tired, never became ill, and suffered no pain. To me she was a marvel. One could not have been more naive than I.

"Eighth, Mother worked hard. To me she was a human dynamo. She was up before I was, and retired after I did. In between, she never seemed to rest. I suppose she never had time, with nine children to tend. Not until recent years has she rested during the day, and that is only because a worn out heart wouldn't permit her to keep going as before . . .

"Ninth, Mother showed little favoritism. One of her daughters wrote that what she appreciated about Mother, especially after she (the daughter) became a daughter-in-law in another family and later a mother-in-law in her own family, was the ability Mother had of 'truly loving her in-law children and in-law brothers and sisters.' She went on to say: 'Mother has never stirred the pot, so to speak, with any of the spouses of her own children. I have been with her under many conditions and on most every occasion when she could have been critical and voiced an opinion against members of the family, but rather than criticize, it has either been nothing said at all or complimentary comments. She has been more judgmental of her own children and been defensive of the spouses.'

"Tenth, Mother sought education for herself and encouraged her posterity to seek it. Even after she lost her sight, she obtained tapes from libraries for the blind and continued to learn. One of her sons wrote: 'Among the plethora of memories of simple down to earth living experiences with Mother is the experience I had with her while in the fourth grade. In her incomparable way, she instilled in me a desire to maintain my ideals and achievements lofty by reading Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*. She not only planted the desire, but she suffered through the experience of helping a young boy, not only to read, but to understand a mature and difficultly understood literary work.'

"Mother had a gift for teaching children. Frequently, she talked with fondness of her days as a grade school teacher, then later as a teacher in kindergarten. When she taught grade school, the State Board of Education recognized her as the most effective elementary teacher in Idaho. Though I am

no poet, Mother planted in me a love of poetry. Early, I became acquainted with poems by Eugene Field and Robert Louis Stevenson.

“Eleventh, Mother exemplified simplicity. I don’t recall that she was prone to analyze problems carefully. With her, solutions came easily. Behavior was either right or wrong, proper or improper, based on Gospel standards or traditional Puritan ethics. In later years, I think she was disturbed when her children questioned the simplicity of her analyses and suggested ideas that strayed from her standards of measurement by taking on subtle meanings and making solutions complex. She certainly had no difficulty holding to Nephi’s iron rod.

“Twelfth, Mother was independent to her life’s end. She lived by God’s declaration to Lehi that men are free to ‘act for themselves and not to be acted upon.’ (2 *Nephi* 3:26) She refused, even in old age, to sit immobile in fear and self-pity, letting events dictate her life. In advanced age, she was an active matriarch, which was not easy among independent, strong-willed, vocal children.

...

“This eulogy implies that Mother had no faults. She did, I’m sure, but I have never been able to identify any that were significant in my point-view. What faults she had, I seldom noticed. What is important, I think, are the impressions of Mother as given. Impressions are the stuff of life. They are what we act upon. They must have basis in fact. Otherwise, they would not develop, unless they are deliberate fabrications or creations of a deranged mind. Therefore, the way her children remember her gives a substantial picture of Mother.

“The question we must ask now is: ‘How will Mother’s leaving affect us who remain?’ Obviously, we will miss her. She was our anchor in life. We now must tie to our memory of her and to her teachings, that posterity may feel vicariously her influence.

“A good woman has departed mortality. May we carry on where she left off that good on Earth may prevail.”

Administering the Estate, Selling the Farm, Creating the Trust

Following Mother’s demise, the unwanted problem of administering the estate now loomed before the family. The estate included the “north field,” a farm of 33 acres (originally the farm consisted of 50 acres, but through the years 17 acres had been sold to Ucon residents) located east of lower Ucon’s city limits. The estate also included the house in upper Ucon, the property on which the house stood (about 2 acres), and, of course, all furniture and “treasures” inside the house. The family (my brothers and sisters) met during the afternoon following funeral services. I remember saying I thought Dad and Mother would rather that we touch a match to the house and burn it down than have us quarrel

about how it and its belongings should be divided. The others agreed. The meeting proceeded smoothly and the final decision was that all furniture and “treasures” should be numbered, then family members would draw numbers. After the drawing, if they chose to exchange among themselves, that was their business. According to this decision, Gloria and I got Mother’s cedar chest which we had refinished. Today it sets in our guest bedroom full of memorabilia.

I was proud of the family for the harmonious way in which distribution was accomplished. We worked together well in emptying the house, cleaning, repairing and making it ready for occupancy. The new occupants would be our sister, Mary Jean, and her three daughters Kelli, Cori, and Shaunie. Jean was divorced from her former husband, Bradley Strom, and needed a house in which to live. After much discussion and a desire to do what was right, the family agreed to do what our brother, and attorney, Rich, expressed in a letter to family members, dated October 7, 1985. The letter read, in part, as follows:

“Dear _____, Re: Mother’s Estate. I have prepared deeds which were signed by Alyn transferring the interest in Mother’s Estate to the respective children. . . . I assume Alyn has discussed the nature of the distribution with each of you. I felt it would be well to communicate with you by letter to let you know that the property has now been transferred pursuant to what had been decided. If you have any questions about the manner in which it has been transferred, please contact me.

“Jean took her full interest of the estate from the old home. She takes no interest in the north field. For purposes of determining the percentage of Jean’s interest from the old home, we used a valuation figure of \$30,000 on the old home and \$90,000 on the north field, giving a total value of \$120,000. This was then divided by eight to determine the monetary value for each child, which is \$15,000. Fifteen Thousand represents one-half of the value attributed to the home. . . . Sincerely, Rich.”

The arrangements expressed in Rich’s letter prevailed for ten years. During that time, maintenance costs involving the house were shared by all family members through what income the farm produced. Farm income went into a family bank account. Property taxes and insurance, as well as maintenance costs on the house, were paid from the bank account. Technically, family members were not obligated to maintain the house because, legally, it belonged to Jean. But Jean could not afford maintenance costs. So managing the estate was a total family endeavor, and the family, I think, exalted itself by the way in which it rose to the occasion and dealt unselfishly with a rather challenging situation. Then in 1995, another major decision became necessary.

In April 1995, Stan Hawkins, a Ucon farmer, businessman, and state legislator, expressed a desire to buy the north field. His desire and the family’s

response to it were expressed in a letter I wrote to family members. The letter was dated June 11, 1995. It read:

“Hi! Crew, Last spring Stan Hawkins, from Ucon, contacted me about selling the farm. He had talked with Robert and Kendall and both boys referred him to me. Hawkins wanted to buy the farm with 82 inches of Harrison water for \$60,000. I talked with all of you at that time. The girls agreed to sell for whatever price the boys thought would be acceptable. As I recall, the consensus of opinion among the boys was that we should not sell for less than \$2000 per acre, and we should not let more than 2 inches of water per acre go with the property. Stan finally agreed to pay \$63,000, but refused to accept less than 82 inches of water. So negotiations broke down.

“Yesterday, I received a letter from Hawkins expressing his willingness to meet our terms. With his letter were two copies of a legal document and a cheque for \$6,600 (10% of the purchase price we told him we’d sell for). The cheque, of course, indicates his sincerity in going through with the deal. I have included with this letter copies of his letter and the legal document for your study.

“Since Hawkins has come to our terms, I now feel honor bound to go through with the sale. I see no problem with his proposal. So with your approval, I’ll sign a copy of the legal document he sent and return it to him with a letter stating that we accept his offer. I’m not sure that all your signatures will be needed on the document I’ll sign, but Rich can advise me with regard to that.

“I feel comfortable with Hawkins’ offer. With the farm sold, along with 66 inches of Harrison water, the family will still own about 40 inches of water. Robert and Kendall can use that.

“I hope I have represented family interests well. Given our age and state of health, selling the farm at this time, at this price, seems to me to be what we should do. Please call me next Saturday and let me know how you feel. . . . Love, Alyn.”

We sold the north field as recommended in my letter. Now the problem was how to continue assistance to Jean in paying taxes, insurance and maintenance costs on the house. Income from the farm was gone. From here on out, such assistance would come directly from our personal cheque books. So, we held a family meeting.

After much discussion, some of which became acrid, the decision was made to establish the S. Reed Andrus Family Trust. Out of the money received from the farm’s sale, each family member would contribute whatever amount he or she felt could be afforded. That money would be invested in a Certificate of Deposit which would earn interest. The interest would be transferred into a family checking account quarterly. This money would be used as farm income

had been used previously to pay for taxes, insurance and maintenance costs on the home. Family members contributed sufficient money to buy a C.D. worth \$23,000. Over the last six years, the average annual yield from the C.D. has been about \$1300. This has proved adequate for taxes, insurance and minimum maintenance on the house. According to the trust agreement, Jean gave her undivided one-half interest in the home to the Trust. The Trust in turn gave her the right to live in the house till she dies. At death, her descendants will receive her share of the trust. Descendants of the seven other brothers and sisters will receive their share of the Homestead in the Trust plus their share of the C.D. To this date (January 2001) the Trust has worked well — it has done what the family intended.

As arrangements for the Trust developed, words were used that should not have been used, and feelings were hurt as a result. I apologized to Rich more than once for words and actions that demanded apologies. He readily and frankly forgave me. I apologized to Robert for words used, and Bob, too, was charitable in accepting my apology and extending forgiveness. Apologies in my life have been frequent, especially as I have grown older and recognized a need to discipline pride. Today, the relationship with my brothers, I think, is strong. As a matter of fact, it always has been, otherwise apologies and forgiveness would never have been offered. What is important, perhaps, is not what happens along life's way, but what all the bumps, curves, steep climbs and anxieties produce in one as the final destination is achieved.

Rhonda's Slow and Painful Demise

As already indicated, after Gloria and I moved to Rexburg, her sister, Rhonda, passed away at age 16. I wrote briefly about Rhonda's demise in the chapter entitled *Establishing Rexburg As Our Home*. But I need to give a more extensive account of this young lady's experience with leukemia and how she approached death. Before I do that we need to get better acquainted with her.

Rhonda was the eighth child in a family of nine children. She was born December 19, 1953 in Phoenix, Arizona. Rita, Rhonda's sister, wrote that Rhonda was the peacemaker in the family.

“Our family was normal like other families in the sibling rivalry department. We had frequent disputes, but Rhonda wasn't one to start too many of them. She did, however, know how to finish them. She put me in my place on many occasions. She and Randy were very close, almost like twins, being only 19 months apart in age. She would carry Randy's books to and from school and was always on hand to help him with his homework. . . . Her love for her family ran deep. She was always there for us when we needed her. She must have gone through a dozen or more pairs of eye glasses (she called them ‘specs’). Once she

took them off, she had a hard time seeing to find them again, so they would get lost or sat upon. . . . Rhonda had a winning smile and was kind to all she met. The combination of her laugh and smile would light up any room she entered.”

In 1967, Rhonda discovered she was ill with leukemia. Nevertheless, according to Rita, “she lived a full life to the end.” One example of her living a full life to the end came in the summer of 1968, when Grandma Ruth and all of the Goodman kids, with spouses and their kids, hiked the Grand Canyon — Rhonda included. We walked down the Bright Angel Trail to Indian Gardens which is about half way to the bottom and the Colorado River. As Rhonda and Gloria were walking out together, Gloria asked what her instructions from the doctors were. Rhonda replied that because she had no platelets left, she was not to get more than 30 minutes from a hospital. This admonition was due to the fact that if she cut herself, she would bleed to death within 30 minutes, platelets being the agent which causes blood to coagulate. Here they were, about an hour and a half from the rim of the Canyon. Rhonda didn’t seem to be bothered about the situation. Gloria began watching for sharp rocks on the trail, or dried branches protruding from the canyon wall next to the trail in an attempt to get Rhonda back on top without mishap.

Now back to Rita’s memories: “Mom let her, Rhonda, go to dances, parties, and continue cheerleading in school games. When she played, she paid. She would be in bed for days trying to regain enough strength to go again. She was voted CLASS FAVORITE in her sophomore year. When chemotherapy left her without hair, she wore wigs and wiglettes along with her cowboy boots and jeans. She seemed not to let anything get her down. . . . When people came to the hospital to visit her, Rhonda would be the one to cheer them up and send them on their way laughing. When she was not wearing a wig, she referred to herself as ‘Linus,’ a character out of ‘Charley Brown.’ Toward the end of her life, Rhonda became sensitive to the very air waves of people moving about in her hospital room — the more movement, the more pain she suffered.

“At one point Rhonda told me she wasn’t afraid to die. I know now she was trying to tell me she was going to die. . . . she had her funeral all planned before she passed on. Mom never got over the pain of losing her. Mom said it was easier for her when Dad died than when Rhonda died.”

To describe the circumstances surrounding Rhonda’s death and what happened after, I quote from a page in Gloria’s journal: “On June 9, 1969, when I was 33 years old, my baby sister, Rhonda, age 16, died of leukemia. One of her final instructions to Mother on the day she died was that I should dress her for burial. Rhonda died in Phoenix, and her body was transported to St. Johns, Arizona, where her funeral was held. I took my brother, Kent, with me to the Relief Society room early on the morning of the funeral. I was amazed at how

heavy a body is after death, without the buoyancy of oxygen; I was glad I had Kent with me. When we removed the hospital gown in which she was clothed, the Atonement and Resurrection of Jesus Christ took on new meaning for me personally. Rhonda's youthful body was covered with dark, ugly bruises due to numerous shots and bone marrow tests. An autopsy had been performed (against Aunt Bert's advice, but Mom felt that if an autopsy on Rhonda would help even one other child avoid suffering as Ronnie had, it would be worth it); wisps of cotton stuck out between the loose stitches closing an incision almost the full length of her torso. Rhonda had also lost her hair, of course — her scalp was bald and shiny.

"The doctors in Phoenix permitted Rhonda to leave the hospital for a few days to attend her Junior Prom in St. Johns earlier that spring. I had made her a long white dress, trimmed in red (the colors of St. Johns High School) for the Prom. Kent and I cut the dress up the back from hem to neckline, and managed to get it onto her and all nicely tucked in around her body. Someone had made a sweet little corsage out of roses from Mom's rose garden which we pinned onto the dress. I felt deep sorrow for the young man who had taken her to the Prom; as he came through the viewing line later that morning, he was visibly shaken when he saw her lifeless body in the same dress she was wearing for their final date.

"As I mentioned above, Rhonda had lost all of her hair, so both a wig and a hairpiece were arranged on her to resemble her usual hairdo. If I remember correctly, Rita came to the church to do Rhonda's hair shortly before the viewing began.

"At times relatives can be well-meaning, but do a terrible wrong. Just before she died, Rhonda confessed to Mom that Aunt Bert had convinced her that it was her medicine which was killing her and that she should not take it. While Rhonda could not deceive the nurses or Mom while taking liquid medication or shots, as often as she could she would conceal pills or not swallow them. Then, when it was "safe," she would flush them down the toilet. Who knows but what those were the very pills which could have cured her leukemia. It took Mom quite awhile to forgive Aunt Bert of her interference; but I don't think she ever said a word to her about it. What good would that have done after the fact?

"Rhonda is buried in the Vernon Cemetery, next to Mom and Dad."

Tevis: His Addiction and Death

Tevis, Gloria's youngest brother, also died after we moved to Rexburg (seemingly, our move to Rexburg was hard on the Goodman family). I have written about Tevis as a child staying with us while I attended B.Y.U. He also

stayed with us for a year while we lived in Rexburg. He and our boys became good friends. He was friendly and easy to like, but sometimes he could get into more trouble in a minute than others could in a lifetime. For instance, one day when Gloria worked for Kent Jolley, Madison's prosecuting attorney, the city police came to her, asking if she knew the tape deck in our car was stolen. She was shocked. She told them to remove the deck which they did and, after using it as evidence in court, returned it to El Gene's store in Rexburg from which it had been taken. Tevis had stolen the deck, then sold it to Steve for half price who, in turn, had installed it in our car. Tevis was incarcerated in the Fremont County jail. Gloria and I made Steve pay El Gene's full price for the deck. He resisted, claiming he had already paid Tevis for it, but after some persuasive talking we finally convinced him that to buy stolen goods is not only illegal, but wrong as well.

Tevis was born August 17, 1956. Before he was thirteen, he "experienced three major traumas —" his father's death, "Perthes Disease, and Rhonda's illness and death."

Tevis was five years old when his father died. Not long after that he developed Perthes in his left leg. Randy, Tevis's older brother wrote that Perthes is a "degeneration of the upper growing end of the thighbone, which begins softening and has to continue that process until it is about as soft as a marshmallow. After that, it will begin to harden again. This disease occurs most commonly in boys between four and six years old. They develop a pain in the knee and a limp. Treatment involves bed rest and braces. Tevis wore braces and made frequent trips to the Primary Childrens' Hospital in Salt Lake City. He was so excited when the last visit was approaching and he could get out of the braces. But no, when the doctors examined his supposed good leg, the destructive process had begun in that leg, and he had to start all over.

"During Rhonda's illness, Mom's attention and concern were concentrated on Rhonda, and Tevis stayed with various family members so Mom would be free to be with Rhonda in Phoenix. All these experiences must have been traumatic for him . . .

"Tevis was always a hard worker. When he was eight or nine, he started a shoe shine route to make some extra money. He continued that for several years and built up a good clientele. He always offered his money to Mom. She never accepted it, but he used most of it to buy his school lunches.

"Tevis had a lot of Mom's compassion for other people. It broke his heart to see someone less fortunate than he was, or anyone without a friend. I guess that is why he befriended so many people that weren't the best influence for him. He had some good friends with the same ideals we were raised on, but many of his friends were struggling to find themselves and sometimes pulled him down

to their level. They were all his friends — the righteous church-goer and the lowlife. Neither one was better than the other in Tevis's eyes . . .

“Tevis stayed with Gloria and her family one year in Rexburg. Steve remembers that Tevis was lots of fun to be around. He loved to tell jokes and pull practical jokes. Pipe moving was a fun job with Tevis around. The girls at Madison High School loved his hair when it got a little long with all those golden curls, and that was a great incentive for him to continue to wear it long.

“After Tevis got out of the Army, he attended Idaho State University vo-tech for a year, training as a heavy duty mechanic, and several years later attended Mesa Community College where he studied computer science and psychology. He was an excellent mechanic and worked in that field for many years. He also drove long-haul truck. He was married for several years to Laurie Jo Richens.

“Tevis died in La Puente, California on June 23, 1988,” and was buried in the Vernon (Arizona) Cemetery. He was 32 years old at death.

The question on anyone's mind who hears or reads Tevis's story is, why did he die so young? And the answer to that question cannot be answered with certainty. While in the Army, he may have become addicted to drugs. At least, he was given a dishonorable discharge. During the years which followed, most, if not all, who were acquainted with Tevis knew he was addicted to drugs. The day before he was found dead, he checked into a motel room with another man after having received a large insurance settlement from an automobile accident. Later, he was found dead in his room. The other man was never found. The assumption is he was murdered for the money.

Grandma Ruth's Last Days, Her Death and Funeral

After Tevis was buried, his mother (Grandma Ruth) came to live with Gloria and me. Gloria wrote about her days with us, her death, funeral and burial.

“We kids had already paid for her to take the Church History tour led by Doug Ladle, a religion teacher here at Ricks. She has wanted to do this for several years, but we couldn't seem to get it all together. This year we were determined to spend the \$1400 on her. The tour lasted for 3 weeks. She got home on August 12. She was a little tired from the tour, but after sleeping a couple of days, she was up and at 'em again. She loved to walk, and especially loved walking in Rexburg.

“About 3:30 in the morning on August 26, she called to me. I went running down to her room. She said she had a severe headache, that she had taken a couple of nitroglycerin pills, but it was not helping. I asked her if it was her heart. She said she didn't think so, that her heart attacks always started under her shoulder blades and progressed down to her elbows. She expressed concern that she was having a stroke. Alyn gave her a blessing and we gave her a pain

pill. She lay back down again, but the pain increased so we called the paramedics. When we got her to the hospital, her blood pressure was 226 over 151.

“Just a little aside here. When she got home from the tour, she said, ‘Let’s go to West Yellowstone and get some fudge from the Playmill.’ So, I made her a batch of my super fudge, complete with butter and whole walnuts. She ate the entire batch in about 10 days. Of course, she was not supposed to have anything like that. As she was lying on the table in the Emergency Room, she said, ‘If the fudge caused this, I don’t even care. I enjoyed every bite.’

“The little nurse in the emergency room was terrific. After it was all over, Alyn said, ‘When I get sick, give me a good nurse. To hell with the doctors.’ Then he went to the floral shop and ordered her some roses.

“Anyway, back to the hospital. The doctor, who wandered in while we were waiting for Dr. Reynolds, responded to her request for a shot of morphine. The nurse had hooked up the IV, and started feeding the morphine into the tube. She remarked that she had 8 mg’s (or some such unit), but that she would only give her 4 units. Mom said, ‘Give me the whole jug!’ She retained her sense of humor up to the end. At one point, she commented, ‘I haven’t got time for this pain.’

“By this time the nurse had her hooked up to the blood pressure monitor and the heart monitor. All of a sudden Mom said, ‘The pain is starting in my back.’ About the same time, the nurse said, ‘We’ve got to get her to Intensive Care!’ The doctor arrived about this time (Dr. Reynolds, a female doctor internal medicine doctor).

“They got Mom into ICU and hooked up to the monitors again. She asked Dr. Reynolds why her hands were getting cold. The doctor told her that was normal for a person in the middle of a heart attack. They were also administering a potent drug to dissolve the clot blockage. Mom and I were alone in the room. She had asked something and I was responding when Dr. Reynolds came running into the room and whispered to me, ‘Get out of here!’ As I was running from the room, I heard the CODE BLUE announcement. I knew what that meant. I’d swear, the entire hospital staff converged on Mom. Dr. Reynolds told me later that she was monitoring the heart at nurses’ station, and all of a sudden there were no peaks or valleys, just a long solid line on the monitor screen.

“Alyn was looking toward her closed door when it was opened for something. He said it was just like M*A*S*H. The doctor was sitting astraddle Mom’s body beating on her chest, and the defibrillator was on standby. A nurse came out to tell me that Mom had stopped breathing, but they were still working with her. I asked her to convey to Dr. Reynolds that Mom did not want any

heroics to prolong her life. She had been very adamant about that to each of us kids. Dr. Reynolds visited with me later and said that was a very wise decision — the blockage had caused extremely high blood pressure and pain which, in turn, triggered a massive heart attack with extensive tissue destruction. All of her electrical systems had been shorted out (sounds like a Buick), and that she could not have been ‘normal’ had she survived.

“So, she got to the hospital at 4:30 a.m. and died at 6:50 a.m. We are grateful she did not suffer longer. In fact, as soon as she received the morphine, she was out of pain. Her death was something of a shock. However, she had not walked on Thursday, said she was a bit under the weather. We had reservations for that very evening to put her on the AMTRAK to Las Vegas to spend some time with my brother, Kent. What if she had had the attack on the train? What if she had had the attack while on the tour? The timing, in our estimation, was providential. My brother, Randy, Alyn, and I were there. I was talking to her when she lost consciousness. I really do not think she knew she was dying. So, she died among family who loved her, not with a bunch of strangers.

“You know me to be a very practical, pragmatic person. Much of that I get from Mom. She would be the first to find great humor in some of our experiences. First, Alyn’s blessings. When he was bishop in Ucon, a teenager was injured in a car accident. The family called Alyn who administered to the young man. The boy promptly died. Then Alyn gives Mom a blessing and she ups and dies. I’ve since told him, ‘Okay, Buddy, when I’m ready to die, I’ll ask you for a blessing, but not before.’

“Second, Mom’s remains. We called Garth Flamm to come for the body. After he had done his hocus-pocus, I went to the funeral home and did her hair. She was always admonishing me not to hurt her with the curling iron. I found myself being extra cautious not to burn her scalp. Getting her remains to Arizona for burial was a problem. To have a body-transport-service handle the coffin would be \$1000, to fly it, Delta would charge \$300, then the funeral service in Arizona would have to meet the plane in Phoenix and get the casket up to Springerville — another \$500. Mom had no life insurance. We kids had just paid for Tevis’s burial in July to the tune of \$500 each. Now we were faced with Mom’s expenses, so needed to keep costs at a minimum. We asked our stepbrother, Brent Stohl, if we could borrow his van and take her with us. He said sure, so Randy planned to drive the van.

“A couple of years ago, I took a literature class and had to read William Faulkner’s book, ‘As I Lay Dying.’ The setting is during the horse and wagon days. Grandma has died and needs to be taken back to her ancestral home for burial. The family builds the box, including lining, etc. Once, as they are crossing a stream, Grandma and box slip out of the wagon into the water. The

stench grows stronger daily. All sorts of other catastrophes occur before they get Grandma buried. This story came to mind as Mom's coffin was being loaded into this sumptuous, air-conditioned van. But I could just see Randy hitting a bump, the back door flying open, and Mom bouncing down the freeway.

"When we arrived at my brother, Dale's, in Springerville, Randy met me at the door. When he said, 'Gloria, guess what?' My heart sank. He told me he had hit a deer on the Malad summit; after I gasped, he admitted he was joking. Incidentally, Randy's kids played cards on Mom's casket on the way to St. Johns, and I'm sure she enjoyed that.

"Mom's instructions for her funeral services were explicit. They were to be at grave side. And there were to be no speakers. Picture a small family cemetery set in the White Mountains of Arizona. It's a gorgeous spot. The services were not advertised, and we set up about 120 chairs. We had Mom's favorite niece give a short life-sketch. After that, family and friends were invited to give short memorial tributes to Mom. It turned out to be great fun. Mom was such a fun-loving person, she had oodles of friends — young and old. Everyone told how they loved her and shared a favorite story. Randy told our family favorite on Mom. Just before I was born, Mom and Dad with my two older brothers went for a Sunday afternoon ride. When they came back, they found their house had burned down. One of Mom's first comments was, 'I'm sure glad I hadn't wasted time doing the dishes.'

"Mom's funeral instructions included the fact that the service was not to be more than one hour in duration. At 50 minutes, clouds gathered. At 60 minutes it began to sprinkle. At 70 minutes, we had a cloudburst. We laughed that the Lord must have given Mom the rain button. Believe me, the service was over in 75 minutes. My brother dedicated the grave in the downpour. Not a soul got up and left. We felt it was a wonderful tribute to her.

"We kids had spent time on Sunday, before the service on Monday, discussing Mom's positive attributes. Funny, we couldn't think of anything negative. It was truly a bittersweet experience. We're really going to miss her. . . . The longer I live, the more it becomes apparent to me that family relationships are all that matter in this life. I've been so pleased that in both Alyn's family and in my family, there has been no arguing over 'things' that the folks had when they died. We have all been very determined to continue to be close and enjoy each other. Several members of each family are not able to match dollar-for-dollar those items which need to be paid for. Those of us who are better off financially have been willing to pay the largest share of the expenses. We hope the Lord takes our attitudes into account on judgment day."

In Gloria's narrative, she mentioned brothers, Dale, Kent and Randy. In addition, there were Grant, Garry and a sister, Rita. All of them are good people. Grandma Ruth, you did well.

Gloria's Histories and Headstones

Before Grandma Ruth passed away, she elicited Gloria's promise to write a family history. Consequently, shortly before her mother's demise, Gloria commenced the history — a history of her maternal ancestors, the Rothlisberger and Hall families. She thought her assignment could be accomplished in about ten pages (the equivalent of a lengthy funeral eulogy), but to her astonishment, the anticipated ten-page project became a book of 506 pages, beautifully bound in red hard cover, with the title inscribed in gold lettering: *To Luella and Ed With Love, A History of Luella Hall and Edward Rothlisberger*. Red, incidentally, is the color indicated in the German word "roth," the first part of the Rothlisberger name.

Gloria described how she felt when she started writing, and the philosophy by which she worked: "My mother, Ruth, caused this book to be written. Just before she died, we were visiting about our Rothlisberger family, and she suddenly asked, 'Why don't you write our family history?' I knew I could whip out a ten-page history in no time, so I agreed. Having had no experience in writing anything more lengthy than an essay, foolhardy as I am, I began to collect information for this history. My assumption was that if I could write a paragraph, I could write a book. After all, a book is nothing more than many paragraphs linked together. The number of times I have murmured at Mom for having gotten me into this mess, I can't even number. But knowing I must face her in the eternities, I could not go back on my promise. 'Ten pages' have turned into this book. . . .

"Researching and writing this book has truly been a labor of love, and, I might add, great fun. I pray that as each of you reads these stories about our ancestors, you will come to admire and love these people as individuals whose lives have had a direct bearing on the life we are privileged to live today. Are you happy now, Mom?"

Researching and writing the Rothlisberger history was a spiritual experience from start to finish. Gloria's pleasant, emotionally-stirring and testimony-building encounters with the Holy Spirit's enlightening and guiding influence are plethora, but a few are given here as examples. Gloria wrote:

"I had no idea where to begin looking when I first started this project. Family group sheets seemed logical, so I became acquainted with the Family History Center at Ricks College. As I found family group sheets for the families I wanted, submitter's names and addresses were written down. Many calls

attempted failed because the party was no longer at the address shown on the sheet. But enough calls were completed for me to begin. One long distance information operator stands out in my memory. I was attempting to locate a history of Charles Hall which I had noted as a source on one family group sheet. The submitter was Carl F. Johnson from Woodruff. I called the operator. Most operators would say, 'Sorry, no information.' This angel said, 'There's no listing for that name in Woodruff, but I do have a Carl F. Johnson in Oracle.' Being from Arizona, I know how many miles separate those two locations, but I was willing to try anything. I called the number, he was the relative I was seeking, and he sent me a copy of that history. That was the foundation for the research on the Hall line. . . .

"When I read that a monument had been erected on Matinicus Island, Maine, to honor Ebenezer Hall, the original settler, I wrote to the Chamber of Commerce on Matinicus and asked if a picture of the monument was available. In a matter of weeks, I received a Polaroid picture of the rock and plaque. Harriett Williams had taken the picture for me. When I sent a letter of thanks and a five-dollar check, I received a letter back telling me she didn't want any money, but that the Ladies Aid Society of Matinicus had recently published a new cookbook so she had purchased me a copy and it was on its way. I now have a cookbook and a friend urging me to visit Matinicus Island.

"I became intrigued with finding a picture of 'The City of Rome,' the steamship on which the Jacob Rothlisberger family came to America. No maritime books in the Ricks College Library contained such a picture, and calls to several maritime museums brought no results. I continued to pray that I could find this picture. Then in May 1989, Alyn and I attended the Mormon History Association Conference in Quincy, Illinois. At the closing banquet we sat around a large table with six other persons. Introductions were made around the table. A librarian from BYU asked one of the other diners if he was going to reprint his books. He stated that he was too old, he was not going to do anything more with them. His name, Conway Sonne, didn't mean anything to me, but, being curious, I asked what books he had written. He, of course, is the author of *Saints on The Seas*, a book describing how the early Saints from western Europe came to Zion across the Atlantic Ocean. My heart almost stopped beating. I mentioned that my family had come over on the 'City of Rome,' and asked if he was familiar with that particular steamship. Indeed, he was, and told the tonnage, dimensions, etc. Brazen person that I've become, I asked if he knew where I could get a picture of the ship. Yes, he had a couple in his files back home in San Francisco. I told him I was compiling this book and that I had been looking all over for a picture. No problem; he'd send them to me as soon as he got home. I whipped out one of my business cards, wrote 'City of

Rome' on the reverse side, and handed the card to Sister Sonne, who assured me she would remind her husband. A couple of weeks later, the picture postcards arrived. Coincidence, or an answer to prayer?"

Gloria's previously unwritten personal testimony is, "I found myself frequently on my knees praying for inspiration on where I could find certain, specific information pertaining to my family's history. Many times, I would know before I left my knees where to find that information. Other times, prayers were answered after many prayers were offered and much searching. But never was a prayer unanswered. I told people that God answers every prayer about family history, since family history research is a very unselfish endeavor, uniting the hearts of the children with their fathers and those of the fathers with their children (even as I key this into the computer, Gloria stands behind me alternately dictating and crying). Because Mom died while I was researching and writing this book, I felt her personal presence and attention in its successful completion."

Gloria began writing Rothlisberger history in 1987. She finished five years later in 1991. The pages of her five-year endeavor constitute a splendid book, known simply as "The Book" among family members who possess it.

Two hundred copies of The Book were published by the Ricks College Press. These were sold to family members for \$35 per copy, which covered only printing costs.

When finished, Gloria and I loaded our Jimmy pickup with sixteen heavy boxes of history books and headed for the Rothlisberger Reunion in east central Arizona. I've never seen Gloria happier than she was while distributing her beloved history to family members equally happy to receive their copies. The Book has helped unite family members as nothing else has ever done, confirmation of Elijah's promise (*Doctrine and Covenants* 110) to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

After finishing the Rothlisberger history, Gloria immediately began to write a history of her paternal ancestors. This endeavor resulted in a book of 700 pages entitled *To Hannah and Will With Love: A History of Hannah McNeil and William Ezra Goodman*. Its dark blue cover with gold lettering made it an attractive book.

Again, Gloria's brush with the Holy Spirit was emotionally-moving and testimony-building. She wrote, "I appreciate the emphasis which the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints puts on this important work (researching and writing family history). My testimony is that angels do attend us when we write in our journals or work on family history."

Gloria expressed her feelings about family relationships and the importance of researching and writing family history when she wrote: "Never forget the

family of which you are a part, because God is found in families. God is found in the way members of a family relate to each other. . . . I cherish my memories of growing up at the Goodman sawmill and in Vernon with the cousins. Even when Dad's family was 'following construction,' we were usually with Uncle Alvin's family, or Uncle Bill's family, or Uncle Walter's family. It was often difficult to tell which kids belonged to which couple. And we occasionally visited Pineyon and Woodruff to associate with Aunt Fern's kids, Aunt Beulah's kids, and Uncle John's kids. What joyous times we had together. . . .

"And I hope this is not the end of written histories in our family. Please write detailed personal history for your own descendants.

"I read a quote from one of the General Authorities several years ago which went something like this: *Being dead is not the problem for our ancestors; being forgotten is the problem.* I do not want our ancestors — long past and recent — to be forgotten. And I don't want to be forgotten by my posterity."

In support of this point-of-view, Kathy Goodman Haderlie's testimony is worthy of record (Kathy is Gloria's cousin). Gloria wrote about Kathy's testimony.

"After receiving her copy of the Goodman history, Kathy took the book to the office where she worked as a legal secretary and read it during lunchtime. A co-worker asked what she was reading, and Kathy proudly explained who all the ancestors were. Her co-worker, with tears in her eyes, said her family could never have such a book because her mother had three children, each by a different man, but was married to none. Consequently, there were no close family relationships."

In closing her introduction to the Goodman history, Gloria said to her father, deceased for 34 years: "Dad, you have not been forgotten. We love you dearly. Are you happy now?"

Gloria's Goodman history also required five years to research and write. Though it was 200 pages longer than the Rothlisberger history, she was familiar with problems to be encountered and was able to deal with these more expeditiously and efficiently. By the time she finished the Goodman book, she was a "pro."

The Goodman history, too, was published by Ricks College Press and sold for \$45 per copy. Three hundred books were produced. These were packed into 25 boxes and placed in our Jimmy. And once again we journeyed to east-central Arizona where Gloria happily distributed her books to members of the Goodman family at their annual reunion.

Both of Gloria's books have been placed in family history libraries, including the Church library in Salt Lake City and the Church archives. They may be found in the Ricks College and Northern Arizona University libraries. They may

also be found in the Arizona Historical Society Library at Phoenix. These books have been used regularly by family members in preparing and giving funeral eulogies. Of course, they are a well-used resource for information relating to family relationships, genealogy, photos, and history that would otherwise not be available.

As Gloria wrote family history, she became painfully aware that headstones of family progenitors in various cemeteries scattered throughout the intermountain west were either missing or severely deteriorated. So, in typical “Gloria fashion,” she undertook to provide headstones for graves long without these markers, or to restore those that needed restoration. In doing so, again she was embraced by the Spirit in experiences that need to be told.

Gloria’s third great-grandmother, Nancy Smoot Freeman, was buried in the Harriman, Utah Cemetery. Her headstone was missing due to local flooding. Gloria was responsible for calling that fact to the attention of family members and collecting necessary funds to give this progenitor an appropriate headstone.

In Gloria’s immediate family, her Aunt Carolyn was married to a non-member who neglected to install a headstone before he remarried and died. Gloria, therefore, initiated an auction at a Rothlisberger reunion to raise necessary funds for installation of the headstone.

During the next two years, more family auctions were conducted as headstone fund-raisers for Hazel and Johnnie Rothlisberger (Grandma Ruth’s sister and brother who died in infancy).

Finally, I quote from Gloria’s account of the most moving experience of all involving headstone projects. “As I was doing research on the Rothlisberger family, I noted that Jacob and Susanna had arrived in St. Johns with their family on July 4, 1897. I also learned they had no headstones in the local cemetery. This information kept gnawing at me for the next several years, and finally in 1995, I decided it was time to get organized and raise some money for headstones to be installed on the 100th anniversary of their arrival in St. Johns.

“Four of the original family (my grandfather being one of these) lived to adulthood and had children. I contacted a representative from each of the four families, explained my goal, and attempted to get them as excited as I was. We began collecting names and addresses of the first generation (Mom’s first cousins) and the second generation (my second cousins). One of our cousins operated a mortuary in Flagstaff and she agreed to give us the headstones at her cost. We needed a total of four headstones (Jacob, Susanna, their daughter, Madeleine, and Jacob’s mother, Anna). It was determined we needed about \$2500 — each of the four families would raise \$625. All the money was sent to me. I kept a running total and sent monthly reports to the family reps so they could see how the money was coming in. In my prayers, I kept telling the Lord

that I needed this certain amount of money in order to pay appropriate tribute to these wonderful ancestors for all their sacrifices for us, and by what date it was required, and asked that the relatives would be prompted to contribute liberally. Several days before I had to send the money to the mortuary for payment, I was still short \$225. I didn't feel I could ask Alyn for any more money, since he paid for all phone calls, trips to Arizona, and so on. I had never had a prayer about family history go unanswered, so I wondered what was going on between the Lord and me. What lesson was He finally attempting to teach me? I did much soul-searching about my shortcoming and came up with a lengthy list, but still felt tender feelings about my progenitors should outweigh everything else. I'm not easily depressed, but during those few days, I was despondent. The day before I was to send the money, I began to prepare the most recent checks for deposit, and again to go over the list of contributors. My eyes stopped on Bill. I had not personally met Bill, but we had talked on the phone about the project. I knew he had sent a check for \$250. I had recorded his contribution as \$25 — there was the \$225. The Lord had not let me down. Through my error in recording, I had a season of penitence, repentance and deliverance that I may not have otherwise experienced."

As I have written about Gloria, her histories, and headstone projects, certainly one should have no difficulty concluding that not only do I love her, but I am proud of her accomplishments. To cap this statement appropriately, I shall quote the tribute I composed about her when she retired from Ricks College in 1997.

"Gloria will retire from Ricks College in two days. Accordingly, I write this letter commending her on what I think is a remarkable achievement. And what I say should be more meaningful than another because I know her better. Having said that, this is what I think.

"When I married Gloria 42 years ago. I knew she was a 'go-getter.' And that is exactly what I wanted in a wife. I knew the two of us, working together, could go far. She has never disappointed me. We have come far together.

"Gloria has always been an avid reader, but until twenty years ago books she read were novels. Her favorite periodical was *Redbook*. After I started teaching for B.Y.U.-Ricks College, she registered for my courses (she has taken every college course I have taught) and read the required textbooks, other books and periodicals. Her intellectual horizons expanded, though novels continued to constitute the bulk of her reading. Then after returning from Western Samoa, where we spent two and a half years teaching for the Church, she registered as a full-time student at Ricks College for a semester. Her reading during that semester was heavy and challenging. Her grades were excellent. At that point,

there was no doubt she could handle college level academic requirements better than most. However, novels continued to be her focus.

“Then shortly before her mother’s demise, Grandma Ruth (my designation for her mother) elicited a promise from Gloria that she would write her mother’s history. Accordingly, Gloria launched into the task of honoring that promise. Actually, when she promised her mother a history, she had in mind a ten-page life sketch, such as we hear in funerals. But after ten pages, she had not finished the introduction. So she set her mind to the task and forged ahead onto the uncertain, forbidding and demanding terrain of historical research. In the meantime, Elijah’s Spirit took over, turning her ‘heart to her fathers.’ Five years and five-hundred pages later, she published a first-rate history of the Rothlisberger family (her mother’s predecessors). Five years after that, she published another seven-hundred page history of the Goodman family, proclaimed by its members to be a family treasure. Twelve-hundred pages of family history in ten years is no trifling accomplishment, especially when one considers that while engaged in such work, Gloria discharged her responsibilities as Registrar at Ricks College with remarkable distinction, and served as Relief Society Advisor for student wards on campus. Also, during this time, she completed her requirements for an Associate’s Degree and graduated from Ricks College as a high honor student. The time and effort required by these achievements was extraordinary. Research and reading for publishing her two histories demanded not only time and energy, but discipline, focus, analysis and interpretation required only by life’s noteworthy accomplishments — Gloria researched, analyzed, interpreted and wrote heavy stuff. I think her books would equate with two master’s theses. I was proud of her then. And I am proud of her now.

“Today, Gloria’s transformation is complete. She reads an occasional historical novel, but the bulk of her reading comprises high-level history, ecclesiastical and otherwise. One of her favorite authors is Hugh Nibley, whose writing demands considerable concentration and reading discipline. Her favorite periodicals are *B.Y.U. Studies* and *Journal of Mormon History*. Each year, if our schedule permits, she insists that we attend the Mormon History Conference. What a remarkable and interesting experience I’ve enjoyed watching Gloria ascend the academic and intellectual ladder. I got not only what I wanted, but more than I expected.

“Today, Gloria and I discuss history as equals. She no longer learns exclusively from me in matters of history. I learn from her too. We share a common interest, and this blesses our marriage. My advanced academic degree simply puts me on par with her — without it, Gloria may have left me behind.

“I’m proud of my wife. I can’t imagine life without her. I do not believe there is another woman who could take her place in my life. She is, in large measure, the source of my happiness. I can think of nothing I might want more than to proceed from this life into the next, side-by-side and hand-in-hand with Gloria Ruth Goodman Andrus. Written sincerely and with love, Alyn B. Andrus, May 28, 1997.”

Andrus Family Organizations, Reunions, and the S. Reed Andrus Family

Andrus family organizations exist at nearly every generational level. The Milo Andrus Family Organization involves all Andrus families who claim Milo (my great-grandfather) as their ancestor. Today, living descendants of Milo Andrus number in excess of twenty thousand.

The Milo Andrus Family Organization’s most recent obvious accomplishment of practical benefit to living descendants of Milo is a fictional biography of him and his wives. The book’s title is *Trumpeter of God* and was written by Ivan Barrett, a deceased B.Y.U. researcher, writer and teacher. The Family Organization funded publication of the book.

The Robert Andrus Family Organization, once active, now is dormant, awaiting a leader to help in its resurrection. Robert Andrus was Milo’s son.

The S. Reed Andrus Family Organization has been active for years. S. Reed Andrus, my father, is Robert’s son and Milo’s grandson.

Family reunions involving Dad and Mother’s children began while they were alive and well. Reunions have continued, on a regular basis, since their deaths. My brothers, sisters and families come together once each summer at a designated place for an overnight reunion. We come together again at Thanksgiving in a church building reserved by a family member. Finally, we come together to carole at Christmas time. In addition to these occasions, we have prepared and presented, in sacrament meetings, a program commemorating national Independence Day and Mormon pioneer migration west. We are an active family. We enjoy being together for brief periods of time, eating, visiting, singing and working as an extended family.

Some of the popular reunion places through the years have been Astoria Campground in Snake River Canyon 20 miles south of Jackson, Wyoming; Teton Canyon Campground about a mile west of Treasure Mountain Boy Scout Camp east of Driggs, Idaho; Steel Creek Campground 45 miles north of Rexburg and eight miles west of Kilgore, Idaho in the Centennial Mountains.

During our reunion camp outs, I have seen no wildlife except a pack of coyotes about 25 yards from camp early one morning at Steel Creek. I have expected to see bear in Teton Canyon, but perhaps noisy Andruses scare the bears away.

At our reunions, we always have a program Friday evening following dinner. Part of the program usually commemorates Dad, Mother, grandfathers and grandmothers. Other parts feature skits or performances by individual family members. The most popular part, however, at least for older generations, is to crowd the campfire and sing to the accompaniment of Rich's guitar and Robert's harmonica. Group singing may extend far beyond midnight.

I do not particularly enjoy camping out because nature drives me to the toilet more frequently than ever before. A time or two, I have sat alone by the fire from 4:00 a.m. till others arouse for breakfast about three hours later.

Reunion breakfasts are usually followed by games and crafts. Hand crafts are perhaps the most popular activity among children. Following crafts, lunch is served before packing to go home.

When Dad and Mother's children and their families come together they may number from 80 to 100. When we talk about such a gathering, we're talking about a major activity, requiring considerable planning and expense. But we've always come through with a minimum of conflict. As families continue to grow, individual families will undoubtedly hold their own reunions. This may work against the larger family reunions simply because there won't be enough time during summer months to accommodate an increasing number of reunions. As of now, however, (January 2001) that situation does not pose a serious threat.

Now, before closing this chapter, I shall introduce my brothers, sisters, spouses and their children for the record's sake. This is the only reasonable place in my history to do this. What I say about each family will be brief and will be based, of course, on personal observation and feelings.

My sister, Geniece, was born April 17, 1934, just a little over two years after my birth. Because our birthdays were so close, we have been close companions through the years. As teenagers, I would tease Geniece until she chased me with a broom or whatever else was handy she could carry. Nevertheless, I loved her and always felt she was a good girl. As she matured, she worked hard, helping Mother around the house. She learned to be an excellent homemaker and a loving, caring mother herself. She loves to sing, and music has been an important part of her life. She also has a keen sense of right and wrong and has been effectual in teaching good values and setting a positive example for her children.

Geniece married David William Smith on April 17, 1953. David is a good man, calm and reserved, providing balance in a marriage which, at times, could have been stormier than it was. To this marriage were born LaVaun Ball, Kellan, LeAnn Jensen, and Curtis. Today, these children are all married and have children of their own.

Gloria and I have enjoyed a close relationship with David and Geniece from before we were married till now. And we are better people because of that relationship.

My brother, Charles Robert (Bob), was born September 1, 1937. He had blond hair and freckles. He sunburned easily. Nevertheless, he worked outside most of his life. The only time when he didn't work outside was when he taught school. He taught government and history in Bonneville High School until retirement two years ago. In addition to teaching school, Bob farmed, raised cattle, did custom plowing and harvesting. Whatever his work may have been, he did it well. As a teacher, he earned sufficient student respect to be voted best teacher of the year. At Bonneville, he was known simply and affectionately as "Uncle Bob."

Bob has an astute political mind and can run over opposition in political arguments. He is a fearless defender of what he believes to be right.

Bob has a beautiful singing voice and loves to sing. He served a proselyting mission in the Netherlands.

Bob married Jean Caroline McBride on September 1, 1961. Bob is aggressive and has a temper to match his freckles. Fortunately, Jean is quiet and accommodating. She provides an excellent balance in a marriage which has produced seven children — Kerry Robert, CharDawn Willis, Charles Thayne, Stephanie Baldwin, Patrick Shaun, Kate and Jamie. All these children are married, and have families, except for Kerry, Kate and Jamie.

Bob and I attended Idaho State University together, and we taught together at Bonneville High School. I have always enjoyed my relationship with him. I respect him as a truly charitable person.

My brother, Kendall Wayne, was born November 21, 1939. He was a happy boy, and a tease. He got along well with others and made friends easily. Everyone seemed to like him, his humor and his ability to make life a light and happy experience. As he matured, he worked hard on Dad's farm, then later on his own farm. Dad came to depend on him to do much of the farm work when Bob left for the mission field and I went to Samoa. When Dad's health broke, without Kendall, the farm would have suffered from neglect. Consequently, Dad and Kendall developed a close relationship, perhaps closer in working together than Dad's relationship with his other boys.

Kendall also has a beautiful singing voice, and loves to sing. He is a staunch defender of what he believes to be right. He exercised that trait in part by serving a proselyting mission for the Church in Ontario, Canada.

Kendall married Linda Rae Biornstad on September 21, 1962. After marriage, Kendall attended college at B.Y.U. and certified to teach. He has taught since then in elementary and middle school grades. Currently, he teaches

in Tiebreaker School east of Idaho Falls. Kendall also farms eighty acres of land in Milo, five miles east of Ucon.

Linda, too, is a college graduate. She taught English at Ricks College and then at Bonneville High School. Today she is retired.

Kendall and Linda have nine children — Kevin Reed, Devry Lin Nield, Drae Kendall, Alesa Gaye Gulley, Shalae, Trent Alyn, Troy Kenneth, Clay Biornstad, and Caleb Michael. All these children, except Shalae and Caleb, are married. Caleb currently serves a proselyting mission in Mexico.

My sister, Portia, was born March 23, 1941. She is a pretty petite blond, who learned to be a meticulous housekeeper and homemaker. She has a beautiful singing voice and loves to sing.

Portia married Ronald Stanley Morgan on November 21, 1964. Ron is a good man with an equanimity in living life and a sense of humor, both of which serve his relationship with Portia and her siblings very well. We all like Ron. He and Portia are the only ones in Dad and Mother's family who live outside Idaho's Snake River Valley. They live in Bountiful, Utah.

Portia and Ron have five children, four girls and one boy. These are: Tonya Hatch, Cindie, Jaron, Lori Hale, and Cami Sane. All are married except Cindie.

My sister, Therel, was born August 3, 1942. She was a good student in school and loved music. She learned to play the piano and organ very well. Consequently, she has served as pianist and organist in ward and stake organizations throughout her life. She has also given piano and organ lessons in her home to a small multitude of students over the years.

Therel married Alfred Merlin Frei on April 21, 1961. Merlin is a patient, quiet, well-organized man who complements Therel well. He has taught Seminary during his professional life.

Recently, Merlin and Therel sold their house and lot in Ucon and launched forth on a proselyting mission for the Church. After leaving the Senior Missionary Training Center, they will serve in the Canary Islands off the west coast of Africa. They will leave behind two children: Douglas and Greg, both of whom are married and have children.

My brother, Rich, was born August 17, 1944. He was an excellent student at all levels of formal education — elementary, high school, college and graduate school. After returning from Finland where he served a proselyting mission for the Church, he graduated from B.Y.U. and then acquired a law degree at the University of Oregon in Eugene. Since that time, he has practiced law in Rexburg and is respected as an attorney throughout the State. He has donated his time and expertise to the family in handling their legal problems and producing needed legal documents. In doing this, I'm sure, he has saved family

members thousands of dollars, no small contribution to the S. Reed Andrus Family Organization.

Rich is very family oriented and takes an active part in all family activities. He loved Dad and Mother and his younger sister, Mary Jean. Rich and Jeanie, in fact, are much like Geniece and me. They are the last two children in the family as we are the first two. Because they are close in age, they have also been close in their relationship with each other. Rich is very protective of Jean, a fact I have appreciated through the years.

Rich married Mildred (Millie) Hart on May 29, 1967. Millie, too, is a college graduate and a registered nurse. She has been good for Rich through the years, enduring his temper and calming his troubled soul during turbulent legal storms. The two of them make a strong marital team. Together they have raised nine children: Reed Eldon, Cristine Walters, Teresa Cochran, LaDawn Cook, Bryce Robert, Richard Hyrum, Jeffery Alyn, Shawn Michael, and Jason Milo. Reed and the three girls are married. Currently, Jeffery serves a proselyting mission for the Church in Colombia, South America.

Rich loves music. He plays the piano, guitar, and sings. For years he has sung with Robert and Kendall at funerals, in sacrament meetings and other gatherings. They are known throughout the Snake River Valley for their singing.

Because Rich and I live in Rexburg, we have visited in each other's homes rather regularly through the years. I feel I know Rich at least as well as other family members and, in some ways, better than they. He is a Democrat in the traditional sense of that title, and an eloquent defender of the poor and oppressed. He is fearless in speaking out against what he opposes. In this regard, he is like Robert and Kendall.

My sister, Mary Jean, was born October 2, 1946. In a family of nine children, she is "caboose." We all loved her, and I think we spoiled her. She was a cute little girl, friendly, loving, and easy to spoil. Because Dad and Mother were older and a little more tired than before, she frequently, if not usually, got her way with them. When they died, she was distraught. Her emotions incident to their loss and absence, I think, were more evident than those of her brothers and sisters. She loved Dad and Mother. She loved the house they lived in, the house in which she was raised and felt secure. Significantly, she has been able to live in that house since Mother's passing. Today, Jean lives with her husband, Jerry Brink (whom she married July 14, 1999) in that house.

Jerry is good for Jean. She loves pets, and so does he. Together, they have four dogs and more birds than I can count. Once Jean told me, she has difficulty killing spiders. She doesn't want to kill anything. I think this is commendable. She loves God's creations, and that is indicative of the Holy Spirit's presence.

Jean loves people. She is very outgoing and empathetic. She is well known throughout the Snake River Valley, as one who extends help to those in need. She is particularly helpful to those who are forgotten by other members of society. Jean has a gift for helping those who are “down and out.”

Jean has three girls by a former husband, Brad Strom. The girls are Kelli Doherty, Cori Steen, and Shaunie Kirouac.

I love my brothers, sisters, their spouses and children. True, through the years, we’ve engaged in verbal conflict, but, though not desirable, that is human, almost a given, in large families. I don’t know whether the other boys have engaged in physical conflict. They may have, but I have not. I vowed a long time ago (when our brother, Gordon, was killed) that I would never fight my brothers, nor argue with them and my sisters, if possible. For the most part, I have kept that vow. When I have succumbed to the weakness of the flesh and have argued, or have uttered unwise statements, either in anger or pride, I have always asked forgiveness of those I have wronged. And they have always been sufficiently magnanimous to extend the forgiveness requested. I feel the family has weathered life’s storms quite well. We’ve stayed together through “thick and thin.” When the “chips are down,” we support each other. Personally, except for Gloria, and perhaps our boys, I feel my best and most reliable friends are my brothers and sisters. They are the ones who would come to my assistance at any cost. My faith in them, so far as that statement is concerned, is complete.

I feel that God has blessed the S. Reed Andrus family. I pray that He will continue to bless us to the very end, whatever that means and whenever it might be. I am certain He will.

Part Four: My Married Years at Ricks College (1968-1997)

Chapter 11

Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot

Introduction

While Gloria and I worked for Ricks College, we tended the needs of an aged uncle, Howard Andrus, and his wife, Elva (Aunt Dot), Dixon. Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot had no children of their own. There was no one to help them in their advanced years, except an inattentive adopted girl who lived in Oregon. Except for her, there was no one who could administer their estate. Realizing their predicament, while still relatively young, healthy, and able to manage their own affairs without difficulty, they asked if I would be to them, as they approached the feebleness and limitations of old age and finally death, what they would have expected in a responsible son or daughter. I promised them I would. Consequently, several years before death, I spent time with them, helping to do what they could not do easily themselves.

I painted Uncle Howard's and Aunt Dot's house several times during their last 25 years of mortality. As they grew older, I serviced their car, and shopped for groceries. Finally, as Uncle Howard's handwriting became illegible, he authorized me to sign my name on their cheques and other legal documents. They trusted me completely, and gave me to understand that they were to spend old age and die in their house, regardless of the cost. Accordingly, Gloria and I became their son and daughter, developing a bond with them that we cherish to this day. What follows is their history, and our personal experiences with them as they grew old and passed from this life.

Uncle Howard's Personal History

Robert Howard Andrus was born July 31, 1896 at Mill Creek in Salt Lake County, Utah. At the time, Robert and Lovenia Bawden Andrus (Uncle Howard's father and mother) lived in the Upper Snake River Valley, northeast of Idaho Falls. But Lovenia wanted the personal attention of her mother when she gave birth to her first child, hence the trip to Utah.

Uncle Howard was the first of 11 children born to Robert and Lovenia; he led the pack. But at birth, his parents and others were not certain he would lead anything. He was, in his words, "a very weak and small baby." But he was blessed that he would "live a long and healthy life." He did. He lived for ninety

years, driving his pickup and car until he was 89. He drank root beer until he died, savoring every drop, ate two eggs, with bacon and toast, accompanied by a bowl of oatmeal each day for breakfast, and gave orders about what should be done in his world of business until he drew his last breath. There was never a time when he was not lucid, and in that sense, very much in control.

In 1898, Robert, Lovenia and Robert's brother Heber, with his wife Ann Ireland (known as Ann I., or Annie), cleared 160 acres of sagebrush in a place later called Ucon, ten miles north and east of Idaho Falls. Robert and Heber divided the land equally between them and began to farm the rocky soil. This land was located north and east of the Ucon cemetery. In fact, the community of lower Ucon is located on part of this land, and upper Ucon borders it on the north. Heber and Annie built their house directly north of the cemetery about two hundred yards. Robert and Lovenia built their house a quarter mile directly east of Heber and Annie's. These two brothers and their wives (the wives were full sisters), worked as one in developing their land and raising families in a harsh highland environment.

Robert and Lovenia's first house had two rooms and was built of logs. It later served as a barn and then a pig pen, but not before Uncle Howard had spent 17 years of his youth in it.

In May 1912, Robert and Lovenia moved their family into a new white brick house, near the log house which was then turned into the barn and later the pig pen alluded to. The brick house had four upstairs and four downstairs rooms, with an unfinished basement under about two-thirds of the house. Today (January 2001) this house is lived in, essentially unmodified, just as it was when built.

Uncle Howard helped dig the basement and pour its concrete walls. The house was one of the first in the area to have concrete walls and foundation. The brick used in the house came from a kiln in Ammon, about 12 miles south. Uncle Howard and his younger brother, Grant, did much of the "wood lathe" needed in the upstairs rooms.

Until Uncle Howard was four years old, he was tended frequently by his grandmother, Jane Munday Andrus, who is buried in the Ucon cemetery. As he matured, he did what any healthy farm boy was expected to do during that period of time. There was livestock to feed and water. The animals had to be driven to water in the Anderson Canal about a mile from the barnyard. Of course, some of the animals were cows which had to be milked, and there were no automatic milking machines. Water had to be carried from canal to the house. In wintertime, ice was broken to gain access to the water. One winter, the canal flooded in November and the water froze. Uncle Howard could skate on ice from his house in upper Ucon to Fairview, about four miles west.

Uncle Howard's first three years of school were spent in a one-room log house located one-half mile east of the cemetery. Grant, Uncle Howard's younger brother, later built a house for him and his wife, May, where the school house was located. Eight grades met in this one-room school house and were taught by one teacher, Ida Elg, who was also the principal.

After three years in the log house, school was moved into a new red brick building located south, across the road from a church house made of rock. Today, my brother, Robert, and his wife, Jean, live where the rock church house once stood. Their neighbor, Frank Mahoney, and his wife, Dorothy, live where the red brick school house stood. Uncle Howard graduated from the eighth grade in this school house in 1914. His graduating class consisted of twelve boys and four girls. He was 16 years old.

From the little red brick school house by the road in Ucon, Uncle Howard went to the Ricks Academy in Rexburg, Idaho. This was big time. Board and books that first year cost \$175. In February of his fourth year at the Academy, Uncle Howard developed "inflammatory rheumatism" and had a close brush with death as a result of the disease. He convalesced at home for "several months" and did not get back to school for another year.

In the meantime, the United States had been drawn into World War I, and Uncle Howard was drafted. In August 1918, he trained at Camp Fremont in California. He was assigned to the Sixty-Second Infantry, Company E of the Eighth Division. In October, Uncle Howard's Division was transferred to Hoboken, New Jersey, and one month later (November), it was loaded onto four transport ships and headed for France. The ship on which Uncle Howard had embarked plowed the sea through the night before receiving word that an armistice had been signed, terminating the fighting. It turned around and headed back for America. The troops disembarked at Camp Lee in Virginia. Here Uncle Howard remained until April 1919. At that time, his father requested the Army to send his son home. He was needed to help with farm work. Accordingly, he was sent to Colorado where he was discharged, and arrived home in time for late spring work.

After farm work was finished in the Fall of 1919, Uncle Howard returned to Ricks Academy from which he graduated in the Spring of 1920. Then in December of that year, he left for Australia on a proselyting mission for the Church. He was gone from home 28 months. He served in New South Wales and Queensland. One of his companions was Marion G. Romney, later a member of the First Presidency in the Church. Uncle Howard arrived home from his mission in April 1923, just in time to help with spring farm work.

Meanwhile, way back before Uncle Howard had graduated from the eighth grade, Robert and Heber had purchased sheep from John Woolf and Parley

Davis. Subsequently, one day while Heber herded sheep on the desert west of Idaho Falls, he contracted pneumonia and died (1914). Robert sold one of the bands of sheep to pay Heber's debts and assist Aunt Annie. She remained a widow the rest of her life, loved by her children, her sister, Lovenia, nieces, nephews and friends.

But Robert still owned sheep and when Uncle Howard returned from the mission field, he helped farm and tend the sheep. When his father died in 1936, he took over management of the sheep for his mother until 1944. At that time, she wanted to divide the estate among her children. Uncle Howard purchased sheep from his sisters until he had a band of 125 animals. His mother arranged for him to "purchase her range and range rights." Uncle Howard was now in the sheep business for himself. He remained a "sheep man" until 1968 when he sold both animals and "range rights" to Roy Cooper.

Uncle Howard loved sheep. He spent most of his life outdoors, either farming or tending his sheep. Frequently, he hired me to help at lambing time, or, after the lambs were born, to help dock. Docking was a bloody, repugnant process. Testes were removed and tails cut off. Uncle Howard had me hold the lambs while he cut the sac with a pocket knife then pulled the testes from their sac with his teeth. He would then slosh disinfectant in the empty sac before the bawling lamb was released. I was always glad when docking was finished. I'm sure Uncle Howard was too, although at the time, I thought he enjoyed it.

During springtime, he and the herder, with sheep dogs, would trail his herd into the hills east and south of Iona. There (about 40 miles into hill country), the sheep would graze over sagebrush-covered range under the watchful eye of the herder and dogs. Frequently, Uncle Howard would drive into the hills to check on the sheep and resupply his herder's larder. About the first week in June, shearing would commence. Uncle Howard operated shearing corrals and sheds along the banks of Lava Creek. His brother Reed, my father, would drive his 1939 Chevrolet 1.5 ton truck into the hills and haul wool from the Lava Creek operation to Idaho Falls about 50 miles distant. I would accompany Dad on these trips. For some unaccountable reason, I loved the herder's apple pie, oatmeal with canned milk, greasy wool, coyotes, rattlesnakes and wood ticks. The hill country fascinated me, especially when I was with Dad in his truck.

When the sheep would come out of the hills in late autumn, they would feed in valley fields, again under the herder's care, until snow fell. Then Uncle Howard would winter them on his own farm, feeding them hay from a horse-drawn sleigh twice each day. Lambing would commence in late February and continue into March. The newborns with their mothers were protected from cold and wind by lambing sheds — long temporary shelters of wood framework with heavy canvas stretched over it. Occasionally, a mother would not accept

her lamb, in which case I was able to take it home and raise it for myself. At times, we had several “bum” lambs in our barnyard, and feeding time was always a trial. They were fed milk from bottles with large nipples. They were so eager for the milk, they were hard to control, but while feeding they presented a picture of pure satisfaction.

I believe Uncle Howard sold his sheep reluctantly. He did so only when he realized he could no longer care for them well enough to turn a profit. On the other hand, I think Aunt Dot was happy to see them go. Aunt Dot was a lady who deserves to be discussed, but before that, more needs to be said about Uncle Howard.

Uncle Howard was active in the Church all his life. He served in a stake religion class presidency, the purpose of which was to oversee religious instruction for youth in the stake. This program was replaced by seminary and institute classes. Uncle Howard next served in the presidency of the 155th Quorum of Seventy. He worked in this calling for “over 15 years,” until 1946. He then served on the Stake Genealogical Board for ten years. Finally, he taught Sunday School classes in the Ucon Ward and Idaho Falls Seventh Ward for about 30 years. Then in his advanced age, he and Aunt Dot attended the Idaho Falls Temple regularly until too old and feeble to do that.

Uncle Howard was also active in civic affairs. He served as a precinct committeeman in the Democrat Party for 40 years. He served in the Idaho House of Representatives for two terms and one special session. He and his brother, Reed, served in the legislature at the same time for two years. While Uncle Howard served in the House, Dad served in the Senate. During my senior year in high school (1950), my friend, Reed Garn, and I spent a week in Boise visiting Dad and Uncle Howard. We migrated from the House, where we watched Uncle Howard perform, to the Senate, where we watched Dad perform. We did this every day for three days and enjoyed every minute.

Uncle Howard served on the Board of Directors for the Harrison Canal Company for “over forty years.” He also served on the School Board for Ucon, District # 11 for nine years.

As Uncle Howard served church and state, worked on his farm and tended his sheep, and as he intermingled with loved ones, friends and strangers, he manifested traits of character that marked him as a good man. I knew him well.

He was honest, fearless in defending what he thought was right, just and merciful in dealing with others, kind and obedient to his mother, and temperate in behavior. He was kind to animals, in part, perhaps, because he benefitted from them, but also because that was his nature. He had a temper, but kept it under control. He was, in his behavior, more temperate than other Andruses. He seldom swore, and never profaned or used vulgar language. He was

deliberate in plan and plodded unswervingly along as he worked through his plans to achieve their goals. He was not impulsive. He was not eloquent in speech, but was determined. Once his mind was settled on a matter, it could be changed only with difficulty. Finally, he had a business mind, but was reluctant to chance risky ventures. Most of his decisions were conservative, calculated to benefit his financial situation, not immediately, but over a period of time. Consequently, his financial arrangements and material fortunes steadily improved until he passed from this life. But Uncle Howard would not have been as good as he was and he would not have succeeded as he did without Aunt Dot.

Aunt Dot's Personal History

Elva Lovina Dixon was born in Afton, Wyoming April 25, 1895. She was the last of ten children born to Harvey and Susan Elizabeth Harmon Dixon. Her father, a polygamist, was responsible for nine other children, all older than Aunt Dot, making a family of nineteen siblings. By the time Aunt Dot came along, her parents were older and aging rapidly. Aunt Dot wrote: "My mother had been ill for several years, so she didn't have much vitality to give to me." Furthermore, she remembered that her father picked her up and held her only once. Aunt Dot, herself, was a baby with feeble health. Her life for some time was "very uncertain," but, she wrote, "Due to the good care of those who loved me . . . I lived and was loved and spoiled all at the same time."

Why Aunt Dot was known by that name is an interesting story in her life. She wrote: "Grandmother Harmon was with my mother quite a lot of the time before I was born. And she read a book to older children called 'Dottie Dimple.' Well, they loved the story so much that when I came along, the children wanted me named Dottie Dimple. Father and mother couldn't see it that way so they named me Elva Lovina. But that didn't stop the children, and especially my brother, Lymon, from calling me Dot, a nickname that has been with me all my life. I have liked it for some cause or another, maybe because it has seemed a little affectionate to me."

Because Harvey and Susan Dixon were growing older and feeling colder, and because the winters in Star Valley, Wyoming were long and cold, the decision was made to find lodging in a warmer climate. Unbelievably, that was in Idaho. The Dixons moved to Hagerman, along the Snake River west of Twin Falls. Hagerman is protected by canyon walls and does indeed enjoy a relatively mild climate — mild enough that fruit trees, including peach, pear and apricot, as well as melons, flourish there.

In time, the Dixons spent their summers in highland country of the Camas Prairie northeast of Hagerman. There the temperature was cooler. Then when winter returned, they too returned to Hagerman. At any rate, Aunt Dot became

acquainted with the expanse of Camas Prairie fringed by mountains on all sides. She loved the prairie. There she learned to ride horses, and covered prairie grasslands on horseback in the care-free happiness of youth. She not only learned to ride horses, but loved them too, as she did other animals. And they seemed to trust her. She had “a way” with animals.

When Aunt Dot was 11, her father died. When she was 19, her mother died. In between these deaths, she attended school, but had to quit during her sophomore year in high school to care for her ailing mother and three brothers. After her mother’s death, the family home was sold, so she lived with her sister, Sabra, and family at Fairfield in the very heart of Camas Prairie.

In 1920-21, Aunt Dot attended the Relief Society Nurses School in Salt Lake City. She then returned to Fairfield and worked in a “general store” for a year. But her desire for education was impelling, so again she packed her bags and headed for Rexburg and the Ricks Academy. This was in 1922, about six months before Uncle Howard returned from the mission field.

At Ricks, Aunt Dot befriended Minnie Andrus, Uncle Howard’s sister. After Uncle Howard’s return from Australia, Aunt Minnie took Aunt Dot home with her to meet the family, probably more specifically to meet Uncle Howard. The matchmaking worked perfectly. The two were attracted to each other immediately. Aunt Dot returned to Camas Prairie for the summer, but she and Uncle Howard exchanged letters. In June, Uncle Howard was able to tear himself from the sheep and farmwork long enough to visit Aunt Dot in Fairfield. There he met other members of the Dixon family. He and Aunt Dot continued writing to each other until Uncle Howard went for her in preparation for their marriage on December 18, 1924. After he proposed marriage in one of his letters, he suggested that perhaps Aunt Dot could meet him in Pocatello, then from there they could go on to Salt Lake City together to tie the knot in a temple ceremony. But she would have none of that nonsense. She answered in a letter to Uncle Howard, “If you want me, come and get me!” That, as much as anything else she ever said, I think, indicates how classy she was. Well, Uncle Howard did go and get her. He said, that was the “most important journey of my life.”

Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot’s History

After they were married, Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot returned to Ucon where they lived with Father Robert and Mother Lovinia for four months. That must have tested relationships. But the test paid off because Aunt Dot and Grandma Andrus enjoyed a close relationship throughout their lives.

When Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot moved from the family home, they settled in a house on a farm one mile northeast of lower Ucon. The house into

which they moved was located east of the north-south section line road about a quarter mile and north of the Harrison Canal about a half mile. They jacked up the house, somehow loaded it onto the running gears of a wagon, and pulled it with teams of horses to a point right along the road and only about one-hundred yards north of the canal. This gave them easy access to the road and put them on property that became Uncle Howard's. Here they settled down and spent the major part of their married life working the farm, raising sheep and adjusting to each other.

Uncle Howard said, "Money was scarce, but with careful saving, we managed to get a few cows, pigs and chickens. We sheltered these animals in an old outbuilding which we moved from the old Cutler place farmstead (where the house had been moved from). Our first car was a 1924 Chevrolet coupe which we purchased for \$250 in 1926."

Aunt Dot said, "We have had our ups and downs, and joys as well as sorrows. . . . It became quite common to see Howard bringing me bum lambs to be cared for and raised. I assumed the responsibility willingly because I loved animals and outdoor life. One of my greatest pleasures of life was to work with and raise horses. I had always owned a horse when possible. I still long for those days when I was able to ride to my heart's content (the Camas Prairie days)."

In 1942, when Aunt Dot was 47 years old, she became ill with a "tumor in her chest cavity." She was taken to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester New York where the tumor was removed and where Aunt Dot nearly died from the surgery. She spent six months in the Clinic recovering. During this time, Uncle Howard stayed with her for three weeks, then her sister, Sabra, stayed with her for three months. The rest of the time she recovered without relatives nearby. She returned to Mayo for follow-up treatments. Each of these return trips was taken alone. The farm and sheep were too demanding for Uncle Howard to leave. He said the "The Lord was good to us. He permitted me to keep my faithful companion, and for this I'm so grateful."

Aunt Dot served faithfully in the Church. She taught in Primary, Sunday School, and the Y.W.M.I.A. For many years, she was active in the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. She was also active in Relief Society. One of her greatest contributions was making temple clothing for others. She made my temple robe, apron and sash.

Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot had no children of their own. They adopted Dora Lee in August 1947 when she was seven years old. Subsequently, she was sealed to them in the Idaho Falls Temple. She remained in their home for about ten years. She then married Harold Barnes and gave birth to four children. After their fourth child, she and Harold divorced. Dora Lee then moved to

Oregon and married Tom Ryker. She gave birth to three more children, making seven grandchildren for Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot.

Once Dora Lee established residence in Oregon, she saw Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot infrequently. Her children visited more frequently than she, but not as frequently as I thought these good, old, lonely people deserved. They loved Dora Lee and her children. Uncle Howard, particularly, was generous in giving them money and providing for material needs and wants. Aunt Dot was a little less effusive in demonstrating affection and much more conservative in giving money for needs she doubted were valid. Nevertheless, I believe both passed the test of charity in relation to their child and grandchildren. I doubt that any apologies on their part are warranted.

Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot also raised her nephew, Dick Owens. Dick's mother was Aunt Dot's sister, Sabra, with whom she had lived, and who had stayed with her in the Mayo Clinic. Sabra wanted Dick to learn farm work and to work hard physically. He did and also learned not to like farmwork. So, eventually, he lived in California and became an air traffic controller — that does not demand hard physical effort, but is demanding on one's nervous system. Maybe that is why Dick died before either Uncle Howard or Aunt Dot. He passed away in 1985.

When Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot sold the sheep in 1968, they moved to Idaho Falls and established residence at 670 L Street, about a block south of Highland Park. They lived in a quiet neighborhood and were respected by their neighbors. They lived the rest of their lives in the house at this address.

After they moved, Uncle Howard sold his farm to Robert, my brother. But would drive out to Ucon often to check on things. He missed the farm. He would also drive into the hills east of Iona to check on his dry farm near Tex Creek. He owned about 700 acres of land there, 285 of which were planted into wheat every other year. The remainder of his acreage was dry grazing and waste. He rented his wheat land to Ray Brown from Ririe, who took two-thirds of the crop, leaving Uncle Howard a third. Uncle Howard loved these drives into the hills. They brought back memories of his "sheep" days — his "good old days."

While Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot lived in Idaho Falls, they attended the temple frequently and regularly. And they continued to work in the Church until their health failed. As they became more feeble and less able to care for themselves, they feared the time when relatives might attempt to commit them to a care center for the aged. That time did come, and I was present in a meeting held in their living room when the proposal was put to them. They fought it "tooth and toenail." I've already written that Uncle Howard told me he or Aunt Dot was not to be admitted to such a place. They were to remain home and die there.

Present at the meeting were Uncle Tom, Aunt Beulah, Aunt Vera, their spouses, and I. Uncle Tom suggested the move, saying that he and the others were no longer able to provide the personal service required by Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot in their home. And he spoke truly. But Uncle Howard turned into a lion. In all the eloquence at his command, and with more vigor than I had ever seen him exercise, he damned the suggestion, declared he would not go, neither would Aunt Dot go, they would stay in their house till death claimed both. Moreover, there was sufficient money at their disposal to finance whatever personal service might be needed, and Alyn was to oversee their care. When he finished with his speech, there was little else to say. Everyone knew that Uncle Howard had made the most significant and forceful speech of his life, and that his will would be followed. I knew that especially well. I certainly did not relish the obligation. Nevertheless, with Gloria and Geniece's help, I shouldered my responsibility and made good my promise that Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot would die in their home.

Uncle Howard passed away August 25, 1986. He was 90 years old. He had lived a long, active life. He was reluctant to leave Aunt Dot behind, but others beckoned him beyond the veil.

Aunt Dot remained behind until January 11, 1988. She lived 16 months after Uncle Howard died, but she was 92 years old. She outlived Uncle Howard by almost 3 years. She too had lived a long and active life, but she was not reluctant to go. She had wanted to go before she did. Among those who beckoned her beyond the veil was her husband. He needed her and she responded to that need. After all, they had been married for 68 years. They had been together longer with each other than with anyone else. Why shouldn't she respond to that need?

Uncle Howard's Funeral Service and Burial

Preceding Uncle Howard's funeral service, I offered the family prayer. The prelude and postlude music was played by Janet Orchard, Doug and Vee Andrus's daughter. My brothers, Robert, Kendall, Rich and I sang "Sweet Hour of Prayer." Geniece, our sister, accompanied us. The invocation was offered by Howard Anderson. The life sketch was given by Beulah Beutler, Uncle Howard's sister. Jerry Hatch spoke. Dorothy Barker, Uncle Howard's niece, played an organ medley. Tom Andrus, Uncle Howard's brother, spoke. Bishop Gary Orchard gave remarks. My brothers and I sang "Oh My Father." Again, Geniece accompanied us. The benediction was offered by Jack Wood Jr. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Lynn Barker, Uncle Howard's brother-in-law. Pallbearers were Kendall Barnes, Spence Barker, David Smith, Mark Barnes, Dean Andrus and Clifton Dixon.

Interment was in the Ucon cemetery. Military honors were performed by American Legion Post # 56 with Ralph M. Wood playing "Taps."

Aunt Dot's Funeral Service and Burial

Prior to Aunt Dot's funeral service, Verl Dixon (a nephew) offered the family prayer. The prelude and postlude music was played by Janet Orchard. My brothers, Robert, Kendall, and Rich, sang "Sweet Hour of Prayer." Therel Frei, our sister, accompanied them. The invocation was offered by Reese Dixon (a nephew). The life sketch was offered by Janice Dixon (her nephew's daughter). I spoke. Dorothy Barker played an organ medley. Clifton Dixon (a nephew) spoke. A musical number, arranged by Geniece, my sister, involved all nieces and nephews, with Geniece leading them in the song which was sung. Bishop Gary Orchard gave remarks. The benediction was offered by Aldon Johnson. Pallbearers were Kendall Barnes, Mark Barnes, Harold Barnes, Dean Andrus, Don Andrus, and Spence Barker.

Aunt Dot specifically requested that the funeral services not be long. She expressed her gratitude and thanks in writing, before she died, to everyone who had been kind to and considerate of her. She especially thanked the dedicated ladies who cared for her during the eighteen months preceding death.

Aunt Dot was buried in the Ucon cemetery next to Uncle Howard.

The talk I gave at Aunt Dot's funeral service was entitled "Aunt Dot: Living and Dying With Class." What I said follows: "My relationship with Aunt Dot extends into childhood. Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot owned a large herd of sheep and hired Dad to haul wool from a shearing corral on Lava Creek to Idaho Falls. I accompanied him on his trips into the hills. As I grew older, Uncle Howard hired me to help tend sheep during lambing operations. Also, Dad, Uncle Howard and Uncle Tom traded farm labor. Much of my summers and autumns was spent putting up hay, harvesting grain and picking potatoes on Uncle Howard's farm. Many times, I ate Aunt Dot's cooking when we stopped harvest for dinner. I always looked forward to those occasions. Her dinners were nutritious and tasty. And we ate in a clean, tidy house.

"After I returned from the mission field, Uncle Howard hired me to paint their house several times. Again, Aunt Dot invited me to dinner and kept me refreshed with lemonade. Finally, as they prepared for this life's departure by arranging temporal affairs, they asked me to administer their estate. This arrangement drew me into close association with them during the past few years. For three months preceding Uncle Howard's death, I was in their home every day, and since his passing, Gloria and I have visited Aunt Dot at least once a week, paying bills and buying groceries. My long relationship with her, particularly the last few months, has stimulated an admiration for sterling

personal qualities not as evident among people today as I suppose they once were. It has also stimulated a strong bond of love between us. While Uncle Howard lived, Aunt Dot spoke of me as their son, and I felt complimented by the designation.

“I remember Aunt Dot for a dry subtle wit. I loved and encouraged it. She used it on everyone, but some, unfortunately, misunderstood and went away nursing injured egos or hurt feelings. Recently, she told Gloria and me, ‘I wish I could check out.’ Such impressions imply a common, practical bent of mind and a buoyancy of spirit that appealed to me. She was never morbid. She could joke about dying and life-after-death as easily as she could about this life. Before Uncle Howard died, she had a dream in which she conversed with her mother. Her mother said she had come to take her, but Aunt Dot said: ‘I told her I couldn’t go now, that I had to stay and care for Howard.’ After Uncle Howard died, however, her tone changed. The other day we talked about dying and she said: ‘Well, I wish Howard would wake up and come get me.’ She enjoyed visiting with people, but not those with somber dispositions who overwhelmed her with piety or burdened her with negatives and morbidity. Each day, she watched a TV western called ‘Big Valley.’ By her own admission, she was happiest when the ‘good guys’ won. When we talked about post-mortal activities, she would say with a twinkle in her eye: ‘I hope you won’t forget to come down and see me.’ When I’d respond by saying maybe I’d be where down is, she would laugh and say something like: ‘Do you think there’ll be room for both of us.’

“Aunt Dot felt she was a burden on relatives, friends and those who tended her. Apologies, consequently, were many and sincere. During her long life, she gave much and expected little. My boyhood memories see a lady involved in Relief Society activities, making quilts, sewing temple clothes, milking cows, and feeding lambs. She was practical, cooperative and easy to work with, but as independent as circumstances would allow. She respected people who could stand on their own feet, rely on their own resources and serve others. She thought little of those who expected service or who lived off the hard work of others. Indeed, I saw operating in her life the principle given by Joseph Smith under God’s inspiration and recorded in the *Doctrine and Covenants*, Section 42, verse 42: ‘Thou shalt not be idle; for he that is idle shall not eat the bread nor wear the garments of the laborer.’ Aunt Dot’s nagging fear was running out of funds and living off county welfare. Frequently, she asked, sometimes after a sleepless night: ‘Alyn, how are the funds holding out? Will there be enough money to keep me off the county welfare rolls?’ This has reminded me how desperately older people need loving, attentive relatives and friends to care for and assure them they may live out their lives and die in dignity.

“For years Aunt Dot and Uncle Howard had no children. How deeply and in what ways that affected their lives, I don’t know. But I know for most people a basic need is to have children upon whom they may shower attention and affection, receiving in return the love and security responsible children can give.

“I feel privileged to have known Aunt Dot. She has helped me be a better person. I have no doubts concerning her eternal destiny. One day, hopefully, I will feel blessed to be where she is. My prayer is that all of us may order our lives, as difficult as that may be, after her example. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.”

Administering the Estate and Trusts

Before Uncle Howard died, Gloria and I became active in caring for him and Aunt Dot on a regular basis. We would do their weekly grocery shopping. I paid their bills and conducted other necessary business. As Uncle Howard grew more feeble, I hired ladies to come into the house and care for him and Aunt Dot. Sometimes, these ladies gave more care than Uncle Howard wanted. For instance, one day soon after I arrived at their house, Uncle Howard said, “Alyn, they won’t let me have root beer.” I said, “Who won’t let you have root beer?” He replied, “The ladies who look after us.” I said, “Why won’t they let you have root beer?” He said, “They say it isn’t good for me.” I told him I would see that he had all the root beer he wanted. I got the ladies together and questioned them about not giving Uncle Howard root beer. They confirmed what he had told me. My response to them was, “Hell! Let him have all the root beer he wants. A man who has lived 90 years deserves root beer, if he wants root beer. Let him die happy.” Uncle Howard got his root beer right up until death transported him to sweeter concoctions.

Uncle Howard made clear to me that Ricks College was to receive whatever money his house sold for, after Aunt Dot died, of course. But after some thought on the matter, he changed his mind. The final arrangement was: Proceeds from the house and lot would go into a Genealogical/Missionary Trust fund. I would administer the fund to help in genealogical research and missionary work. The Tex Creek property would go to Robert, Kendall, Rich and me. Uncle Howard wanted to die assured that his beloved Tex Creek rangeland and dry farm would remain in the Andrus family and would remain intact throughout future years. His other investments and savings would go into a trust fund to be divided among Dora Lee and her children, after her youngest child had turned 22 years of age. In the meantime, schooling for these children, or mission expenses, would be met from this fund. But no one from Dora Lee’s family went to college, nor did anyone go on a mission.

After Uncle Howard died, arrangements were made for women to be with Aunt Dot day and night — she was never alone in the house. Four women were hired initially, but as the summer of 1986 passed, some of these quit and others were hired. In all, ten women were hired to assist Aunt Dot. These divided their time as each could give it. Some worked more than others, but together, they worked out their schedules. These women were Jean Keilbart, Jessica Bood, Lynette Andrus, Susan Simpson, Ruth Miller, Jennie Trappett, Beverley Mutschler, Dorothea Smith, and my sister, Geniece Smith.

Geniece came to assist in the Spring of 1987 and stayed with Aunt Dot faithfully to the end. Of course, she scheduled her time, as did the other women. She didn't work every day and night, but there was hardly a day that she did not check on Aunt Dot, and those who were tending her. Geniece helped Gloria and me immensely in developing and coordinating schedules, and in seeing that quality care was given. Without her wise and competent help, the situation for me would have been extremely demanding. For example, Geniece figured out that one of the women was ordering more milk, butter, cheese and ice cream for delivery to the house than were needed. She would take home that which was not needed. When this woman sensed that Geniece knew what was going on, she quit. Another woman met the test for dedication, but when she took Aunt Dot's pulse and reported that her blood pressure was very high, we doubted her competence, though she insisted she had worked in several nursing homes.

Geniece said that she and Aunt Dot developed a closeness, during this last year of Aunt Dot's life, that is pleasantly memorable. They talked about Aunt Dot's Dixon relatives, life on the farm, living these last few months and dying. More than anything else, Aunt Dot regretted being a burden on others. But she exercised a pleasant attitude and patience with her situation, and with us. She would quote a little ditty that was very characteristic of her; "Patience is a virtue. Catch it if you can. It is seldom found in woman and never found in man."

One of my hardest and most demanding tasks in conducting business for Aunt Dot was paying the help so as to conform with social security and income tax requirements. I always seemed to be in "hot water" with the Internal Revenue Service. The following letter is indicative of problems encountered: "March 11, 1987, Dear Sirs: I'm not sure what information you require by the questions asked on the Form (ss-4), so I'm describing my situation in this letter, hoping you can extract from it whatever you need.

"R. Howard Andrus and Elva D. Andrus are my uncle and aunt. He died in August 1986. She lives, but is 92 years old, and must be cared for constantly. Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot asked me to administer their estate. Since he passed away, I've administered her business and have seen that she is well-cared

for. This has necessitated hiring three to four full-time women who stay in her home, cooking, cleaning and tending to her personal needs.

“My accountant instructed me to apply for an Employer identification number so I could hold out social security and make quarterly deposits. I started subtracting social security from the ladies’ pay checks each week from January 1st this year. I have not yet made a deposit in the bank, but will do so the end of March with the temporary coupon you provided.

“Uncle Howard’s social security number is 519-48-7888. Aunt Dot’s social security number is 519-84-7745. My social security number is 518-34-9610.

“Aunt Dot’s address is 670 L. Street, Idaho Falls, Idaho, 83401. My address is 64 South 3rd East, Rexburg, Idaho, 83440. Sincerely, Alyn B. Andrus.”

Looking back on the technical and legal aspects of my business dealings in behalf of Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot, I marvel that I was able to do what was expected and required. Of course, Reed Moss, Uncle Howard’s attorney, gave me excellent assistance when I needed it, but much of what got done I did without help. I am sincere when I say that God was with me more than I realized. Of course, when one helps others, God always assists.

My most famous and rewarding letter to the Internal Revenue Service was written on June 19, 1988, six months after Aunt Dot’s death. This letter was written in response to a form letter sent by the I.R.S. indicating that Aunt Dot owed \$94.29 in back taxes. I sent copies of checks proving that all taxes had been paid, along with the following letter: “I.R.S., Sirs: Three days ago I received Form 941 in behalf of Elva D. Andrus (cn 82-0411510 8806 s 29 c). The title of this document is ‘Employer’s Quarterly Federal Tax Return.’

“This letter is to inform you that Elva D. Andrus (Aunt Dot) is dead. She passed happily from this life on January 11, 1988. Where she is now, you cannot go. Neither will your mail reach her. She no longer needs social security, nor does she pay taxes in any form. Her house and lot have been sold, and other assets are in Trust.

“Please don’t weary me any longer with tax forms. Thanks much. Sincerely, Alyn B. Andrus.”

Remarkably, this letter ended my relationship with the Internal Revenue Service in behalf of Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot. I never received another legal form or even a letter from them. They finally got the message. Hopefully, my letter is in a file for priceless I.R.S. diadems.

Dealing with Dora Lee and her children was always a trial for me. I felt they really didn’t care much about Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot, or their welfare. What they wanted more than anything else was money. They were always after Uncle Howard for money. After he died, they asked Aunt Dot for money, though they seemed somewhat reluctant to present their requests directly

to her. She felt about them the way I did, and they sensed this. She was more difficult for them to deal with than was Uncle Howard. So, frequently they processed their requests through me, until they discovered that I was even harder to exploit than Aunt Dot. Working together, Aunt Dot and I refused requests for money more than we yielded.

I remember once, talking with Anna Marie Hahn, Aunt Dot's grandchild. She had asked for money and I felt reluctant to grant it. I didn't even want to take the request to Aunt Dot, but I did and Aunt Dot left the decision to me. As Anna Marie and I talked about her request, I explained that one reason Aunt Dot was reluctant to grant requests for money was she feared there might not be sufficient to pay her expenses and she would be forced to go on welfare. Anna Marie said she didn't see anything wrong with that, she and others in her mother's family had worked hard, had been on welfare, and she felt they deserved some of Uncle Howard's and Aunt Dot's estate now. I was livid. Gloria says I came "unglued." I don't recall now all that I said, but I remember saying that Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot too had worked hard for the money they had in savings. As they earned it, they undoubtedly went without things they wanted in order to save the money. The money was theirs. It did not belong to anyone else. No one else had claim on it. And I was sick and tired of Dora Lee and her children trying to get something that didn't belong to them. In time, the estate would be divided and at that time, each would get his/her share, including Anna Marie. Until then, she and the others could leave Aunt Dot and me alone. What I said pretty well ended requests for money on Anna Marie's part, although, Dora Lee continued to request money to meet debts and medical expenses. I tried to be sensitive to these needs and at least somewhat cooperative in meeting them. A letter Reed Moss wrote to Dora Lee indicates this. The letter was dated May 24, 1988 and read:

"Dear Doralee, Enclosed herewith will be a check payable to your order from the estate of Howard and Elva Andrus in the amount of \$1300.00 and with it I will enclose checks to Arlen Hahn, Sharon Normand, Anna Marie Hahn, Mark Barnes, Lennae Schmidlen and Kendall Barnes which are each in the amount of \$650.00.

"As you note on the back of these checks, they contain a special endorsement which I drafted and which I counseled Alyn should be put on the checks. The reason for this is that this really represents an 'early distribution' from your parents' estates. The estates are still in the process of probate and the time for filing of claims by creditors has not yet expired. Nevertheless, Alyn felt comfortable in paying this money out to help you meet your needs right now as requested by you. Paragraph 10 (b) of the wills only requires payout when the probate is concluded and the residue of the assets are placed in the shelter trust

required by paragraph 10 (b). In other words, Alyn would not be required to distribute these funds until the probate is concluded and the assets are transferred to the shelter trust. Nevertheless, he is willing to do so provided the endorsements on the checks are signed. . . .

“It will be a couple of more months before the time for claims has expired and we can get the estate closed and transfer the assets from the estates to the shelter trust. Consequently, I would be very reluctant to counsel Alyn to make any more distributions until all the affairs of the estate are wound up, the claims and obligations are paid, and the assets transferred to the shelter trust. . . . Best regards, Reed L. Moss.”

Aunt Dot was disappointed in Dora Lee and seemed not to trust her. I felt the same way. These feelings were indicated in a letter I wrote to Dora Lee, dated July 16, 1987: “Dear Dora Lee, Aunt Dot tells me you are coming for a visit soon. That is fine, but so there will be no misunderstandings, we will continue to have the hired ladies work full time while you are here. There must be no interruption in routine before, during or after you leave. Aunt Dot says you are welcome to use the downstairs apartment, but she’s concerned about Tom’s smoking in the house. I presume he will be sensitive to her concern and smoke only outside. Thanks. Alyn.”

The only other times I remember Dora Lee’s coming to Idaho Falls during the time I helped care for Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot were during Aunt Dot’s funeral and again when the house was sold. We needed to ready the house for transfer to the buyer. Dora Lee and Tom came and rented a U-haul truck. We loaded the truck with furniture and everything else in the house, except for a few small treasures given away before their coming. These were Uncle Howard’s pocket watch which I kept. I gave a ring of Aunt Dot’s to Geniece. Previously, Aunt Dot had given treasured rings to Janice Dixon, her niece who lived and taught school in Idaho Falls. She had also authorized me to give Janice a check for several hundred dollars, declaring that Dora Lee shouldn’t have all that might be left. Gloria took three books that Aunt Dot said she wanted her to have. I never told Dora Lee about these gifts. To me they held special meaning, and I knew Aunt Dot wanted people to have them who would treasure them for that meaning. I felt, as Aunt Dot undoubtedly did, that Dora Lee would not have done so.

My final accounting was filed with the Court, and petition for settlement and distribution of Uncle Howard’s and Aunt Dot’s estate was heard on September 27, 1988 at 11:00 a.m. Those requested to be present were:

Dora Lee Andrus Ryker

HCR 71, 1922

Timber, Oregon 99144

Kendall Howard Barnes	135 Crimson Drive Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401
Lennae Schmidlen	Rt. 1 Box 307 Banks, Oregon 97106
Mark Thomas Barnes	3266 East Iona Road Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401
Anna Marie Hahn	HCR 71, 1925A Timber, Oregon 99144
Sharon Normand	893 Alabama Street Vernona, Oregon 97064
Arlen Hahn	HCR 71, 1922 Timber, Oregon 99144
Alyn Brown Andrus	64 South 3rd East Rexburg, Idaho 83440
Charles Robert Andrus	P. O. Box 63 Ucon, Idaho 83454
Kendall Wayne Andrus	Rt. 4 Box 4246 Rigby, Idaho 83442
Gaylon Rich Andrus	1563 West 2000 North Rexburg, Idaho 83440

Reed Moss read Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot's will to those present. Essentially, the will provided that after all "debts, claims, taxes, costs and expenses" were paid, the remainder of property would be distributed as follows:

1. Proceeds from sale of the house and lot to be deposited in a genealogy/missionary Trust.
2. Everything else, including the dry farm and rangeland to be put in a shelter trust.

From the shelter trust, property rights to the dry farm and rangeland were transferred to Robert, Kendall, Rich and me. Everything else remaining was

distributed to Dora Lee and children. This amounted to \$40,667. The will stipulated that Dora Lee receive half and the rest be distributed equally among her children.

Thus, at the time of final distribution, Dora Lee received \$20,333., and each of her six children received \$3,388. Of course, the earlier partial distribution was subtracted from these figures.

This was a happy day in my life. No longer would I be hounded for money by Dora Lee and children.

The Genealogy/Missionary Trust received \$36,503. This was what the house and lot sold for. I opened a checking account (Idaho First National Bank) in the Trust's name and deposited \$6,503 in the account. I bought a \$30,000 certificate of deposit with the remaining money. I decided the most effectual long range policy to aid missionary work would be to give each missionary \$400 prior to entering the mission field. Each month, earnings from the C.D. were automatically deposited to the checking account. Over the years these earnings have averaged about \$2000 per year. This has been adequate to maintain a checking account balance of about \$6000. Over the past 13 years, the Genealogy/Missionary Trust has funded 50 missionaries at \$400 per missionary for a total contribution of \$20,000. Today (January 31, 2001) the \$30,000 C.D. still draws interest which is deposited each month in the checking account, which shows a balance of \$5916. In addition to contributions for missionaries, small contributions have been given to family organizations to fund family history projects. If I pass from mortality before the Trust terminates, my nephew, Kellan Smith, will assume administrative responsibilities.

I received remuneration for time and personal expenses given in administering Uncle Howard's and Aunt Dot's estate. That was part of their will. But I have administered the Genealogy/Missionary Trust without remuneration. At the inception of the Trust, I determined that would be my contribution to the cause, insignificant as it may be. I feel privileged to have been chosen and trusted to manage this Fund. The trust Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot placed in me was enormous. It was complete. I would not violate that trust for anything in this world. When I stand before them, I want to do so not with bowed head in shame, but with eagerness to report on a trust honored to their complete satisfaction. I look forward to the time when I can give my report.

The Tex Creek Property

Since receiving the Tex Creek property from the shelter trust in September 1988, my brothers and I have attempted to manage it according to Uncle Howard's wishes. When it came under our management, 285 acres were in

wheat land. This was planted every other year so as to allow the soil to recuperate through summer fallow. Uncle Howard had rented the dry farm to Ray Brown, who lived near Ririe, but whose dry farm was not far from Uncle Howard's property. We continued renting to Ray. Then in 1990, we registered for CRP (Conservation Reserve Program) administered by the government in an attempt to reduce the amount of wheat acreage in the country and to conserve soil that might otherwise be destroyed by cultivation. The program required that we plant grass where wheat had been grown previously. We did, and the government has paid us each year, for ten years, an average of what wheat earnings had been for the latest ten-year period before CRP. We have divided the annual payment between each of us and Ray Brown for the past ten years (1990 to 2000).

Last fall (2000), we registered for another ten-year period. Competition is keen to participate in this program, but the government favors our land because it provides winter feed for wildlife. Big game animals such as moose, elk and deer feed during winter months in a wildlife refuge area which includes our Tex Creek property. Consequently, we landed another ten-year contract, but this time Ray Brown will not participate with us.

As we get older, we wonder what to do with the property. We have discussed selling it. That would be no problem because Idaho Fish and Game would like to buy it. What we don't want is for family members who may follow us after death to fight over the property we leave them. That must not happen. My brothers and I have worked well together in its management. And we will continue to work well together. That is our commitment. This is what Uncle Howard wanted, I'm sure.

Part Four: My Married Years at Ricks College (1968-1997)

Chapter 12

The Summer/Autumn of 1997: A Turning Point in Our Lives

Introduction

As expressed earlier in this history, April and May 1997 were busy and memorable months for Gloria and me. On April 25, we ceremonially retired from Ricks College. In May, the History Department fed and honored us during a special evening on campus. We did not regret leaving Ricks College. In fact, we looked forward to the summer during which we planned to prepare for a call to the mission field. We prepared. We received our call. We spent a week at the Senior Missionary Training Center in Provo. And we entered the mission field as planned, but not before enduring some of the most stressful experiences in our lives. Those involved Daniel and Elizabeth.

In this chapter, I shall endeavor to describe as accurately as possible, but also with discretion, what happened during the summer and autumn of 1997. This chapter will be the hardest one in my history to write. May God help me.

Summer/Fall Activities

Gloria's last day as Registrar at Ricks College was May 30. I completed my last BYU-Ricks history tour on June 28, with Gloria accompanying me. The first week in July, we journeyed to St. Johns, Arizona to participate in an installation and dedication of a headstone for Gloria's great-grandparents, Jacob and Susanna Rothlisberger. Gloria initiated and orchestrated this activity. It was an excellent family endeavor, resulting in remarkable family bonding. There was no better way to celebrate July Fourth.

On our way to Idaho from St. Johns, we went to Albuquerque, New Mexico, through Durango, Colorado, over high mountain passes to Grand Junction, Colorado, then to Rangely, Colorado, Vernal, Utah, Rock Springs, Wyoming, Pinedale, Wyoming, and home. We enjoyed our trip home. We saw country in Colorado we had not seen before.

During July, my brothers, sisters and I presented, in two ward sacrament meetings, a program designed to commemorate Independence Day and achievements of Mormon pioneers. We were complimented, and enjoyed the experience. This would be the last time for at least two years that we would give

this presentation, because Gloria and I planned to go on a mission for the Church.

For many years, she and I had discussed going on a church mission together. Now that we were retired, before our health deteriorated, we knew there could be no delays. So, we determined to ask Bishop Chuck Porter for recommendation forms, fill these out and hand them in no later than September 14. Our problem was, we didn't know what to do about Rennie. He had been with us for ten years. During that time, we had grown as attached to him as we would have been to a child. We knew we could not turn him out to fend for himself. We were extremely reluctant to ask others to take him from us and care for him while we were away. They would not have cared for him as we had done. We prayed about the problem frequently and fervently.

As we prepared for our mission, we repainted the back deck on the house, stained the front deck and play house, put down new carpet in the computer room, cleaned drapes in the family and living rooms, placed steel bars in front of all lower level windows, and blew insulation into the attic. Finally, we hired Steve and Gaye Riding, four houses down the street, to look after the house and yard while we were away. We paid them \$75 per month during fall, winter and spring months, and \$100 per month during summer months. When we left for the mission field, we covered the furniture with sheets, turned the thermostat down to 65 degrees, left the main water valve open, locked the doors and left. When we returned eighteen months later, everything appeared as we had left it. The Ridings had done a terrific job.

Gloria had lenses replaced in her glasses. I had a wisdom tooth pulled. We had Dr. Lester Petersen give us our mission medical exams. He said that "Gloria was fit enough to go anywhere in the world, perhaps even to the moon." And I was in "better shape than Gloria."

We had Mike Lewis of the Ricks College photo lab take our missionary pictures, and Rich drew up our will. Curtis Smith will be the Trustee with Reed Andrus, Rich's son, the alternate Trustee.

About the middle of August, Gloria and I decided to invite sister missionaries into our home to give us the six missionary discussions. We wanted to become acquainted with the discussions before entering the mission field. We invited Eileen Peck and Marilyn Hansen, good friends, to meet with us, and they accepted. Both ladies live alone. At the time, Marilyn was active in the Church, but had not yet gone through the temple.

Our first meeting with the missionaries was August, Monday 25 at 8:15 p.m. We loved these sisters. They were courteous, considerate and friendly. Sister Caress was senior. Sister Gutowski was junior. The first four meetings went without a hitch. Then Sister Caress was transferred to Jackson, Wyoming and

Sister Gutowski developed a medical problem and had to return home. Her replacement was Sister Karlsson. The senior companion now was Sister Owens.

Gloria wrote about Sister Owens and our first meeting with her and companion in the following words: "She came on like General Patton and alienated all four of us, but especially Marilyn. Her first imprecations were that the previous sister missionaries had not done their jobs; this because the four of us could not remember what we had studied the previous week. The discussion for this particular week was preparing to go to the temple. And part of that discussion involved the Word of Wisdom. Marilyn made the mistake of mentioning that she was still drinking a cup of coffee each morning, adding that it was decaf. That fact didn't faze S.O. She launched into a lecture about the tannic acid contained in tea and coffee. She challenged Marilyn to quit drinking coffee in any form. Marilyn agreed that she could do that. Then S.O. challenged her to go to the temple. Marilyn refused to commit to go to the temple in the near future, and explained that were she to receive her own endowments, Bill's family would put great pressure on her to be sealed to him. That she also refused to do. She didn't mention her concern about her daughter, Angie, who would then be the only unendowed member of the family. Marilyn does not want her to feel less worthy than her two sisters. S.O. jumped right on the issue of Bill's family. All four of us were most uncomfortable with her dogmatic, unbending approach. We had Steve's children with us that evening, or I think either Marilyn or Alyn would have said something to S.O., and the evening might have ended on a very negative note.

"We didn't meet last Monday night since Marilyn had taken her tour to Branson, Missouri. When I talked with her this last Sunday evening, she mentioned she would not be with us on Monday night (Nov. 3). I suspected her staying away had to do with the unpleasant experience of two weeks previous, but I didn't say anything. As soon as Alyn returned home, I mentioned her call to him. He asked if she had said anything about S.O. I told him she had not and I had not quizzed her, since I wanted him to be in on that conversation. Without even waiting to take off his coat, he called her and point blank asked her if S.O. was the reason she would not be meeting with us. She confirmed our suspicions, and shared with us that after she left, she felt like the world's worst person, and that she had thought of little else since that night. We quickly assured her she was a wonderful person and told her what we and Eileen had thought of the situation. That made her feel considerably better. Alyn told her we were going to talk with S.O. on Monday evening about her approach. I called Eileen and told her what was coming up, so she, too, elected to stay away."

The night Gloria and I met alone with Sister Owens and Sister Karlsson was one long to be remembered. I wrote about what happened on that night,

Monday, November 3: “As the time neared for meeting to start, Sister Owens called to ask if we could drive over and give her and Sister Karlsson a ride to our house. Their appointment had canceled, and always before the lady with whom they had met prior to meeting with us had driven them to our house. So Gloria drove them to our house. When they came in, Sister Owens wanted to know where Sister Hansen and Sister Peck were. I told her they would not be with us tonight. She wanted to know why, and I said I would talk about that. So we all sat down, and I told Sister Owens as delicately as I could why Marilyn and Eileen were not present. Among other things, I said Marilyn was not there because Sister Owens had offended her. Sister Owens wanted to know how she had offended her. I told her she had been too aggressive in getting Marilyn to commit going to the temple. I said I couldn’t speak for Marilyn, but I thought such an aggressive approach was not necessary in view of Marilyn’s situation. Sister Owens said she asked for the commitment because that was part of the discussion — it was in the handbook. I suggested that sometimes the handbook should be set aside and the missionary should be guided by the Spirit alone in dealing with people. She said she had been taught to use the handbook, and she would not set it aside in doing missionary work. I said I did not intend to substitute for her mission president, but since we were holding these meetings in our house, and since Marilyn and Eileen were our friends, I felt justified in telling her (Sister Owens) that I thought she had made a mistake in her approach. She said she did not make mistakes. I told her she may have been an effective missionary with others, but with Marilyn she had failed. She said she had never failed as a missionary. I said she had failed this time, otherwise Marilyn would have been present. Again, I told her the handbook would never cover all situations. At this time, she began to cry. I told her I now wanted her to ‘commit’ to call Marilyn and arrange a time to visit with her. I gave her Marilyn’s phone number, and she reluctantly committed to call her. She then asked to be taken home. I invited her and Sister Karlsson to kneel in prayer with Gloria and me. Sister Owens said she would if I did not call on her to pray. I told her I would pray, and we all knelt in prayer. When she left the house, she was crying.”

Sister Owens called Marilyn, but was reluctant to go to Marilyn’s house for a meeting. Marilyn finally had to go to the missionaries’ apartment for the meeting. Gloria reported that “Marilyn had an interesting visit with Sister Owens. Her interpretation was that S.O. was still convinced she was right. Also, S.O. informed her she should not be talking with Alyn about her going to the temple — she should be talking to her bishop. Marilyn told her she did not have a good relationship with her Bishop, and that she would continue to talk with Alyn. Marilyn also told her that Angie, her daughter, still refers to the night

Alyn gave her a blessing as the ‘day my life was changed.’ Sister Owens also told Marilyn that she (S. O.) would rather raise her children as Jesus would have raised His own children, and that they would all respond in exactly the same way. Marilyn tried to convince her that kids are not made like that, but S. O. dogmatically insisted that hers would be. Alyn later remarked to Marilyn that even our Heavenly Father had one-third of His children who did not respond positively. . . .”

Sister Owens finished her mission in Rexburg. We joked that she was transferred here because in Rexburg she could do less damage to testimonies than elsewhere. Marilyn waited till Gloria and I returned from the mission field, then she invited us to go through the temple with her. We did and all of us enjoyed a positive experience. Today, Marilyn is a regular temple attender — a good lady engaged in good work.

We turned our missionary recommendation forms into Bishop Porter about the middle of September, as we had planned. In filling them out, Gloria was disturbed to indicate that her professional life had been spent in an office and that she was familiar with computers. She knew we would be called as an office couple so her expertise could be exploited in the cause of missionary work. Sure enough, that is what happened. And as our experience developed, we could not have been happier. As the office couple, we knew all the missionaries in our field of labor and I covered the whole mission, geographically, in my travels. That would not have been possible had we been called as proselyting missionaries. We decided the Lord in fact knows what He is doing.

We still did not know what to do with Remmie, so I wrote a letter to the Missionary Committee and attached it to our recommendation forms. I said that Remmie had lived with us for ten years, that we would not turn him out to fend for himself, that we would not leave him for others to tend, and that we would not euthanize him unless President Hinckley told us to do it. Therefore, we would go wherever sent and we would do whatever assigned, but Remmington would have to go with us. I sent the Committee a copy of the Laddie Book I had written along, with a copy of the Rexburg Standard Journal’s front-page news item about the book. In the absence of any clear revelation to the contrary, I felt this was what I should do. A journal entry of mine confirmed this feeling. I wrote on September 14 (1997):

“How I felt after we handed our completed missionary recommendation forms to Bishop Porter deserves comment, I think. Before we did that, at times, I felt concerned, somewhat unsettled. Perhaps I worried over finances and what we would do with Remmie. But on that Sunday, I felt absolutely at peace with myself, with mankind and with God. I was almost euphoric. I felt we were doing what God wanted us to do and that all would go well. That feeling was

with me all day, and it was a wonderful, consoling feeling. Surely that was the Holy Spirit's confirmation."

We had an interview with President Farrell Young at 11:00 a.m. on Monday, September 15. He said if he didn't get our papers from Bishop Porter by that afternoon, he'd call him — that he didn't want those papers sitting around too long.

Well, we had committed ourselves, and the machinery had been set in motion to process our call. There was no turning back now. We just had to be patient till the call came and then we could begin our next phase in preparation. In the meantime we took a couple of trips that need to be described.

We decided to follow the trail that Chief Joseph and his people took as they made their way toward Canada in front of pursuing United States troops. We intercepted the trail at Targhee Pass about ten miles southwest of West Yellowstone, Montana on Tuesday, September 16. We passed through Yellowstone Park over Dunraven Pass then on to Billings where we stayed for the night. From Billings we went north to Chinook, arriving there about noon. We then drove 16 miles south to the Chief Joseph battleground. We were alone in the vastness of the Montana prairie, with the Bear's Paw Mountains visible to the south. A journal entry describes our experience there: "The battleground is very well laid out and easily followed, It is actually not in the Bear's Paw Mountains, as I've always read, but is just to the north of them, along Snake Creek where the Nez Perce had stopped to rest (less than 50 miles from the Canadian border). They knew they were ahead of Howard (O.O. Howard, leading U.S. troops), but didn't know Miles (Nelson Miles, leading U.S. troops) was coming at them from the east. For us to be there at this time was meaningful, since Joseph surrendered on October 5 (1877). On our way to Billings, we had driven through areas where snow had fallen, so we could appreciate how cold temperatures must have been in the Bear's Paw and how badly the women, children, and elderly must have needed to stop for a rest. We became quite emotional when arriving at the spot on the battlefield site where Joseph actually surrendered to the generals. This visit was something of a closure for us since we have visited all the Chief Joseph sites from the Wallowa Valley in Oregon where he was born, to those in Idaho, Wyoming, and finally Montana to the spot where the flight ended. However, we both commented that we need now to visit the Coalville Reservation in northern Washington to see his death and burial spot. Joseph was never allowed to return to Idaho or Oregon — part of his punishment, we suppose."

We drove back to Chinook in a quiet, contemplative mood, then drove west to Havre, a sizable town. From Havre, we turned southwest to Great Falls. Between Havre and Great Falls, is Fort Benton. We turned off the highway and

spent about three hours visiting this historic place. I wrote about Fort Benton in our journal: "This is a town about the size of St. Anthony. Its high school appears to accommodate a student body that would fit into Idaho's A-2 category. It is situated along the west bank of the Missouri River and was the beginning of Montana. It was named after Missouri's Thomas Hart Benton and had its beginning in 1846-47 when the American Fur company established a trading post there (at the time, the Mormons were making their way into Salt Lake Valley). Before long, steamboats were making their way up the Missouri to Fort Benton, and it became an important shipping point for the American inland northwest. Upstream from Fort Benton, the river was unsuited for steamboat traffic. In fact, 40 miles upstream, the Great Falls of the Missouri River is a major obstacle to any boat.

"Today, Fort Benton has turned its river front into an attractive historical museum with statues of Lewis and Clark, Sacajawea, an old river boat of the type used by Lewis and Clark, an old bridge which spans the River, but is no longer used, and numerous signs giving historical vignettes scattered along a pleasant grassy area for three blocks. Across the street from the river front are the old stores of historic Fort Benton. Gloria and I spent over an hour reading the vignettes and trying to absorb the history of the place. I found all of it very interesting, but perhaps the most interesting story I read involved a dog named Old Shep.

"In 1936, Old Shep's master (a shepherd) died and his body was loaded on a train and carried from town. Shep was left behind, watching the train disappear down the tracks, wondering, I suppose, why he couldn't go with his master. Every day for six years, as nearly as everyone could remember, Shep appeared at the tracks from where the train had departed, looking for his master's return. In the meantime, friends throughout town looked after him. He became, in a way, the town's dog. Then in 1942, he slipped on the railroad tracks in front of a moving train and was killed. The whole town sponsored his funeral, the local minister preaching his sermon. He was buried on a bluff overlooking the railroad tracks and town. But along the river front is an attractive sculpture of a life-size dog, part collie, facing down river, standing in anxious expectation of a loved one's return. Surrounding the statue is a large flooring of brick, and each brick has inscribed on it the name of a particular business or person who contributed money for the erection of Shep's statue. What a great story about the dog and mankind."

We stayed overnight in Great Falls and made our way home the next day through Helena and Butte. The country between Havre and Great Falls is mostly dry farming — acres and acres of wheat. Between Great Falls and Helena, then from Helena to Butte, the country is beautiful, marked by grass-

covered mountains adorned with copses of pines. This part of Montana, of course, is noted for mining.

On October 20, we leased a new 1998 Ford Explorer. Gloria wrote, "it was hard to turn in the '96. Alyn and I get so attached to even inanimate objects." We put \$4000 down on the new machine and lease payments were \$540 per month, expensive, but worth the cost.

Three days after we got the Explorer, we took Geniece and David (my sister and her husband) on a trip into central Wyoming to visit the Martin Handcart Company Visitor's Center. We had a memorable experience, to say the least. I wrote about it in our journal.

"We're in Lander, Wyoming tonight. We left Rexburg today at 1:45 and traveled to Idaho Falls where we picked up Geniece and David. We left Idaho Falls in a gentle rain. By the time we got to the foothills east of Ririe, we encountered snow. As we went over Pinecreek Pass between Swan Valley and Teton Basin, snow covered trees and vegetation along the highway. The scenery was beautiful. Teton Pass was also covered with snow. There was no snow in Jackson, but over Togwotee Pass snow had accumulated to several inches and had hardened on parts of the highway. The temperature outside was 26 degrees. We got out of snow east of Dubois and the temperature warmed to 44 degrees. We traveled the last 75 miles to Lander on dry highway. We arrived in Lander at 7:02 which made me lose a bet with Gloria. Before leaving home, I bet her we would be at our motel by 7:00. The bet was dinner at the Relay Station. We've had a good time today. We've enjoyed visiting with Dave and Geniece.

"Our new Explorer drives nicely. One of its fun features is that the outside temperature is displayed, as well as the general direction (E, SE,). Those have occupied much of our time today.

On October 24, I recorded in our journal: "We're in Rawlins, Wyoming. We arrived here at 3:00 p.m. after a harrowing five hours of driving from Lander in blizzard conditions. For most of that distance, the highway was snow covered and snow was blowing, causing a ground blizzard which at times produced zero visibility. At one point when I could see nothing, the Explorer stopped about six feet from the railing in the opposing lane. The snow had drifted there, otherwise I'd have hit the railing. We backed up, got in the right lane and continued, following a Chevy Suburban which had followed us for many miles until we got stuck. Our getting stuck in the opposite lane helped the Suburban behind to know where the road was. As the driver of the Suburban pulled up beside us, he shouted words of encouragement and drove on. We then used him as a guide until we got to Jeffrey City. By that time, snow on the ground was so light that weather conditions had improved considerably. In fact, for about ten miles I was able to travel about 70 mph. We put \$7.40 worth of gas

in the Explorer at Jeffrey City just to keep the tank as full as possible, then continued up the road. By this time, weather conditions had improved sufficiently that we thought we would go right on to Martin's Cove which was the object of this whole trip. A few miles further, however, brought us to a fork in the highway, one fork going to Martin's Cove and Casper, the other fork going to Rawlins, 50 miles away.

"By this time, the weather had deteriorated until we were once again in blizzard conditions as bad as those through which we had come. We decided, therefore, to abort our visit to Martin's Cove and head for Rawlins instead. Gloria and Geniece called Sleep Inn, located in Rawlins and reserved two rooms for us. We fell in behind a gasoline tank truck which we followed all the way to Rawlins. The truck provided a great service to us by helping us stay on the highway. Rawlins certainly looked good to us. I was worn out from the tension of driving, and as soon as we got in our room, I fell asleep. Conditions outside have not improved and, in fact, are to remain bad until tomorrow. Wyoming is shut off from other states. Even the Interstate has been closed between Cheyenne and Rock Springs. Had we not reserved the rooms when we did, we might not have gotten rooms tonight. Hopefully, by tomorrow mid-morning the roads west of Rawlins will be opened and we can go home. If not, we'll have to stay till Sunday. I would not want to go through this experience again, but I appreciate having had it. Besides, it has acquainted us with our new Explorer. The vehicle performs very well indeed on slick roads and in bad weather conditions. I'm pleased with it.

"Before we left Lander for Martin's Cove, we back-tracked to Fort Washakie, 15 miles north of Lander. There we saw the graves of Chief Washakie and Sacajawea. Washakie lived 96 years, dying in 1900. Sacajawea lived about 90 years, dying in 1884. I'm glad we took time to visit the grave sites of these extraordinary people."

On Saturday, October 25, "We awoke about 7:30 to a cold morning, but the sky was clearing in the west. From this, we took hope that soon the highway to Rock Springs would be opened and we could be on our way. We showered, ate breakfast in our room and went over to the truck stop to check on highway conditions. Interstate 80 remained closed with no indication as to when it would be opened. Gloria and I spent about 30 minutes counting trucks in the parking lot and along the streets. We counted 300 more or less, probably more. I've never seen so many trucks parked in one place during my lifetime.

"By 10:00 o'clock, Dave and Geniece were up and about. We had to make a decision as to whether we would give up our rooms or rent them for another night. By 11:00, we had decided to give them up and take our chances on getting home that night. We loaded the Explorer and headed for Rock Springs. About

three miles down the highway, we saw a long line of traffic stopped along our lanes of travel. We took our place and waited for about an hour before the highway was opened and vehicles began to move.

“By the time we started for Rock Springs, the highway was slushy, but bare enough of ice that we could travel fast. We clipped along at 65 to 70 mph. By the time we got to Little America, west of Rock Springs, the Explorer was caked in ice (all the slush had frozen on the vehicle). We filled with gas and ate lunch in the restaurant, then headed for home. We left the Interstate a few miles west of Little America, taking the highway to Kemmerer, Cokeville, Montpelier, Soda Springs, Pocatello and Idaho Falls. We had Dave and Geniece home by 8:40 and we were home by 9:00. Remmington was happy to see us. He ran about the house as hard as he could, wanted to wrestle and play hide/seek with me. We were happy to be home. Our experience was not all pleasant, but I wouldn’t trade it. It helped us appreciate a little more what the Saints went through that terrible late Fall in 1856 when they were caught in a blinding snowstorm on the Wyoming plains.”

Daniel, Elizabeth, And Children

Between our trips to Montana and Wyoming, Gloria spent eleven days in Mapleton, Utah with Elizabeth and the children. During most of this time, Daniel was in Ireland. What happened during those days would change our lives drastically.

About the first week in August, Gloria and I had visited with Daniel, Liz and the children. We were disturbed as we visited with Daniel. Our perception was, and Liz confirmed it, that he was rapidly apostatizing from the Church. Gloria wrote in our journal: “We visited until 11 p.m. with them on Thursday evening, and then Liz called in the late afternoon of the 9th to tell us he had gone to Salt Lake to a meeting of excommunicated Mormons. He confessed to her this was the second such meeting he had attended. On Thursday, he kept harping about how divisive the Church is toward families, and yet he chooses to spend all of Saturday afternoon and evening with apostates.

“Somehow, Daniel has let Satan take control of his mind. There doesn’t seem to be any way to get past the lies which he believes about the Church. He told Alyn he would not attempt to influence the children, and yet he is doing just that in some subtle ways and some not so subtle. He has told Liz she is not to talk to her father nor to the Bishop. We told her that is Satan’s ploy, and she should immediately talk with her father and the Bishop.”

About a month later when Liz told Gloria that Daniel had invited her to go with him to Ireland for a computer conference, we were delighted, hoping this time together for them might help their relationship. Liz asked Gloria if she

would come to Mapleton and tend the children while she and Daniel were gone. Gloria was happy to help. But this is when everything came crashing down upon us. I wrote about the experience in our journal on September 21, 1997:

“The story I shall write today is not a happy one. Gloria left, as scheduled, for Mapleton to tend Dan and Liz’s children while they went to Ireland for a computer conference. But about 7:00 p.m. (Friday 19) when Dan and Liz should have been winging their way to Ireland, they returned to the house. Their plane had been grounded due to mechanical difficulties, so their flight was rescheduled for the next morning. Daniel shaved, showered and went to his office for some touch-up work on his presentation at the conference. When Liz called his office about 10:00 p.m. Dan did not answer his phone. So about 2:00 a.m. Liz and Gloria drove to Word Perfect Campus and learned from a security guard that Dan had left shortly before 11:00 headed for the freeway on his motorcycle. They returned home and spent the rest of the night talking about Daniel’s apostasy and speculating where he might be. Liz suspects, based on a dream she had recently, that he is involved in extra-marital activities. Gloria and I do not dispute this assumption. We suspect he has committed a serious sin, and may still be committing it, as a cause of his apostasy. We know from information provided by the Church that about 98 percent of church apostates begin their apostasy by committing a sexual sin, then instead of feeling sorry for the deed, confessing, and repenting of it, they go after the Church, trying to debase it, bringing it down to their level, I suppose, in a desperate, but futile attempt to justify their actions. Liz is devastated by Dan’s apostate activities and his unfaithfulness to her. At any rate, about 5:30 a.m. he came home. Liz by this time was in her bed. She said he smelled of cigarette smoke. She suddenly became sick at her stomach and excused herself to go to the bathroom. When she returned to the bedroom, Dan was asleep. About 7:00 a.m. she awoke him so he could make the airport on time. She told him, truthfully, that she couldn’t go with him because she was ill. So Dan flew to Ireland alone. He did call her from the airport.

“Since Dan’s departure, Liz has been at home with Gloria. She has spent yesterday and today sobbing. She won’t eat and Gloria says she looks horrible. In fact, Gloria was so concerned about her this morning she called Liz’s mother, Evelyn Harris, in Shelley. Evelyn left home at 9:00 a.m. and Gloria expects her in Mapleton about 1:00 p.m. In the meantime, while Gloria has taken care of the other children, little Loni, with a broken finger on one side of her body and a broken arm on the other, has attempted to console her sobbing mother by caressing her to sleep. Gloria will stay all week as planned. Evelyn will calm and console Liz while Gloria takes care of the house and children.

“What must these beautiful, talented children think? Their father has turned his back on much he has taught them which is fundamental to their value systems. Besides that, he has deserted and devastated their mother. A family which was once happy and full of potential for good in the world, now faces an uncertain and bleak future without their husband and father. At times, I get so agitated thinking about the situation my impulse is to beat the living hell out of Daniel, and, believe me, I could find a way to do that. But then, I realize this is not the spirit of the Gospel and the way of the Priesthood. So I have to reboot my thinking and get on the right path. Gloria and I love Liz and the children. And we love Daniel. We want to help all of them, but we don’t know how. We’re doing what we can, given our limited vision, but we’d like to do more. I advised Liz to go to the Bishop and inform him of her situation. At this time, I think she and the children need the support of the Church, and Daniel certainly needs to be excommunicated, if that is warranted. But she is reluctant until she is more sure of herself — she wants a hard and foolproof case to present before she ‘goes public.’ Her father, an attorney, supports her in this decision. He thinks she should bide her time, gathering documentation to use against Daniel in court to get the best possible legal advantage. Well, I agree that in the legal world this is the way to go, but I’m not sure I support it.

“I ache for all of them. My inclination is to apologize, but I don’t know what Gloria and I could have done differently to insure this would not happen. We gave both Dan and Steve a good home to grow up in. The home was free from confrontation except when we disciplined the boys. But we hardly had to discipline Daniel. He was a model child to raise. We never abused him. We loved both boys and demonstrated that in every way we knew how. We did not speak against the Church and its leaders. I served as bishop while the boys grew to young manhood, and was not always around when I may have been needed. But the example Gloria and I set for them was positive. Honestly, I do not know what more we could have done. And I do not know how all this is going to come out. I only know that we must be patient and rely on God’s help through prayer and fasting.

“Sept. 22, (A): I talked with Liz and Evelyn this morning. I told them I wanted to confront Daniel with my feeling that he is having an extramarital affair. They begged me not to and I consented to honor their request. They intend to hire a detective to track Daniel until sufficient ‘hard’ evidence is obtained that in court he will not have a leg to stand on. Liz fears that she and the children will end up with nothing. In fact, Liz’s greatest fear is that Daniel will end up with the children. Frankly, I don’t see how that could possibly happen.

“I told Liz and Evelyn that they don’t know how difficult my not confronting Daniel with my feelings will be for me. In fact, I don’t like their approach to the whole problem. Hiring a detective, I think, is using a clandestine method to fight a clandestine operation. I know that is done all the time in the world. But I don’t agree with it as a method of operation and I want nothing to do with it. I think the whole Harris family thinks that the marriage between Daniel and Liz is over. There is nothing to be salvaged. Their only object now is to win in court. They are thinking only in legal terms and taking a legal approach to solving the problem. My assumption, on the other hand, is that the marriage is not necessarily over; it can be saved, but to do that, an entirely different approach is needed. That approach, I think, is one God might take. It is one the Church would take. It would try to save a soul and a marriage rather than destroy both. Hard evidence and winning legal battles are not important considerations. Fasting, praying, talking, coaxing with love and long-suffering constitute the right approach. If Daniel could be convinced that he has sinned and his best alternative is to confess and repent, wouldn’t that be better for everyone than to destroy a family and possibly a soul even though a legal victory is achieved? But I’m taking myself out of the situation as much as possible. Solving the problem is in the hands of the Harrises.

“Sept. 23 (A): Last night about 11:00 o’clock, Gloria called from Mapleton to inform me that Liz, Evelyn and Gloria had gone to the Bishop to report Daniel. She said they had an excellent interview. Liz was calm, rational and gave a thorough and accurate account of Daniel’s apostasy. The Bishop gave Liz a beautiful blessing. They all knelt in prayer and he blessed all of them including their families in the prayer. He said he would meet with the stake president that evening and report to him what Liz has said. He cautioned Liz more than once that she should be forgiving and willing to help Daniel mend his ways — he seemed to be as concerned about Daniel’s eternal welfare as Liz’s temporal welfare. I was glad to hear this. I think this marks the Bishop as a good one. Liz has decided not to hire a detective. She feels she has enough solid information already that she doesn’t need to do that.

“So how does Liz intend to proceed? She will confront Daniel with all this information when he returns. She will tell him she wants a divorce and the children, but she still loves him and will not interfere in his business as long as he continues to support the family. As soon as the house is paid for and she and the children feel sufficiently stable, financially, she will be done with him.

“I can hardly believe this has happened. I would never have supposed this of Daniel. I can think of little else during the day and awake at night with it on my mind.

“I’m pleased Liz went to the Bishop and forgot the detective. I feel if we leave the matter in God’s hands, and let ourselves be guided by Him, and not try to manage matters by ourselves, all will turn out for the benefit of Liz and the children. I’m not sure about Daniel. He may be a lost cause, though I hate to give up on him. As a matter of fact, we cannot give up on him; we love him too much to do that.

“Sept 29 (A): I left for Mapleton on the motorcycle at 10:30 Thursday morning (Sept 25). Just as I was preparing to leave for Mapleton, Alva Harris called, wanting me to stop at Jared’s office (his attorney-son) in Blackfoot and pick up a letter of instructions for Liz. I did and continued on my way. I arrived in Mapleton about 4:00 p.m. to find Gloria, Tiana and Anisa mowing lawn and watering flowers. To see Gloria and the children was good.

“Daniel was scheduled to arrive in Salt Lake at 7:20 Friday evening. Liz was busy accumulating all the evidence she would need to nail him to the wall. Following her father’s advice, she decided to propose separation to Daniel, at least until the house is paid for and she and the children are financially stable.

“Thursday evening, Gloria and I took the kids to dinner at the Chuck Wagon. We all ate well and enjoyed each others’ company. We surely love Daniel’s children. I cannot understand how he could fail his children as he has done.

“Friday morning, I took Aaron and Tiana to school. Before they left the car, I told them I wanted them to remember two things: (1) Grandma and I loved them very much, and (2) the days immediately ahead would be rough, but if they could endure those, the situation would improve. I feel so sorry for Aaron. Gloria put his situation in true perspective when she remarked that the girls have each other and their mother for support. Aaron has no one. He must feel very alone. I told Gloria I wish he were mine. I would make life so different for him.

“Friday passed and as evening came on, I retired to my motel room in Provo. The kids were all over to Wanda and Andy’s (Liz’s sister and brother-in-law). Liz and Gloria were at home. About midnight, Gloria called me on the phone to say that Daniel had arrived, and after visiting briefly with her and Liz, Liz had suggested she and Daniel talk with each other in the car. They talked for several hours. At 3:00, Gloria called to say that Daniel had left and Liz was in the house. As she unloaded on Daniel, he confessed. In fact, with tears in his eyes he later confessed to us.

Gloria wrote in our journal on November 5, 1997: “ Daniel and Liz are still quarreling about money. Liz says he refuses to give her alimony, that he will not give the children any money for college, and on and on. She doesn’t want to wait for a court date since that would stretch the situation into April or May, and she

wants to be divorced immediately. Her hurry to get the divorce finalized results from dreams/impressions she has had about a man who is waiting to marry her (but he will wait only three months). She told me today she knows she will be taken care of financially. She finally came around to the point that she would sign the stipulation with Daniel for no alimony, just to get out of the situation and get on with her life (with the man waiting for her); that she would just go on faith. Daniel tells us he is going to give her alimony; we've encouraged him always to be responsible for his children."

Today (February 3, 2001), Daniel has provided for Liz and the children very well. She drives a Ford Expedition paid for by Daniel. She lives in a three-story house with two bathrooms and five bedrooms paid for by Daniel. Daniel gives her \$3500 per month, and his insurance pays the children's medical bills. In addition, he has given Liz thousands of dollars in bonuses and stock options. Finally, he showers expensive gifts and large sums of money on his children at Christmas time and on their birthdays. Daniel loves his children and provides for them very well. He would like them to spend more time with him, but Liz is reluctant to let that happen, fearing he will influence them against the Church. I can understand her reluctance, but I cannot understand her unwillingness to forgive Daniel and be his friend. If she would do this, both would enjoy a happier life.

Liz lives alone with her children. She has not married as she expected. Her feelings toward Daniel are bitter. She and he cannot have a civil conversation with each other. She antagonizes him and he responds in a like manner.

Liz tends to treat Gloria and me with cold reserve; in fact her relationship with us is "icy." We do not know, but perhaps this is because when we went into the mission field we indicated she was not to trouble us with details of the divorce and its "fallout." We felt we could not be effective missionaries if we were focusing on Daniel, Liz and their divorce. We're sure she was offended because of this request.

We have visited with Liz three times in the last four years. Each time, she has demeaned Daniel during our conversation. We have felt very uneasy in these situations. Gloria has faithfully sent the children gifts of money for birthdays, as well as Christmas gifts, yet she has never received from the children, or from Liz, thank you notes or telephone calls. With the exception of Aaron (the oldest), the children have never communicated with us in any way unless we have initiated the communication. Yet, when we mingle with them, they seem glad to hug and kiss us — they seem genuinely happy that we are together. Gloria and I have concluded, therefore, that Liz discourages their communicating with us. This conclusion is reinforced by a letter we received shortly after entering the mission field. It was written by Tiana (the oldest girl) and in it she expressed

how much she missed us, then she wrote that we were never to reveal to anyone that she had written the letter. It was a lovely, but pathetic letter. When Gloria and I read it, we cried. I have not been able to get it out of mind. We love our grandchildren and hope that in some future time, they and we will co-mingle freely and openly in love unfeigned.

Daniel lives in Springville, about two miles from where Liz and the children live in Mapleton.

Gloria and I love Daniel. We cannot condone what he has done, but he is still a decent, generous person. His leaving the Church is especially hard for us to bear. But we are willing to let him exercise his right to choose without imposing conditions upon that right. May God help all of us to be more Christian toward each other.

On Sunday, October 23, 1997, Gloria and I met at Geniece and David's with my other brothers, sisters and spouses (Portia and Ron were not there) for dinner. After a great dinner and pleasant visiting, we gathered in the family room and I told them about Daniel. Tears were shed and expressions of love for Daniel were plentiful. I especially remember Bob, as the meeting broke up. He came to me, offered his hand, expressed his love and pronounced his blessing. But his true feelings, I read in his eyes and face. I felt strongly that he expressed not sympathy, but true empathy, and had nothing but charity in his heart for Gloria and me that evening.

To The SMTC And Mission Field

We received our mission call on October 8. A half-grown kitten, that someone had dropped off, found its way into our garage and from there into the house (for a few minutes, I had left the door open between the boiler room and garage). Gloria and I did not want to euthanize the little animal; it was cold and hungry, so we took it to the Idaho Falls Animal Control Unit. I paid \$15 to leave it there. Hopefully, someone came along who wanted it as a pet. Before we left the house for Idaho Falls, Gloria took our mail with us which was delivered as we backed out of the driveway. In the mail was a large white envelope which we did not open till we were on our way home from the animal control unit. Gloria read the letter, addressed to us, and we were ecstatic to learn we had been called to serve in the Arizona Tucson Mission. We were called to spend "considerable time in the mission office," but were expected to "share the gospel with non-members" as well.

Gloria wrote in our journal: "I have said all along that I did not want to go back into an office — I had just gotten out of a 42-year stint in various offices. However, I also told the Lord I would do what was required of me, so I'm going to serve to the best of my abilities and count myself blessed to have been deemed

worthy to receive a call to serve. Alyn has been a bit apprehensive about what he will be expected to do as I serve as Mission Receptionist, if that is what my assignment will be.”

As a matter of fact, Gloria was more than “Mission Receptionist.” She was secretary to President Douglas McKinlay. She tracked the health of missionaries and got medical assistance for them when that was needed. She made all arrangements for incoming and departing missionaries, answered all telephone calls to the mission office, and wrote most of President McKinlay’s letters. I told Gloria that President McKinlay turned operation of the mission over to her while he managed the missionaries. Actually, there was more truth in that than was meant in the statement. I became the vehicle administrator (“Car Czar” to the missionaries). I also managed commissary and pagers (paggers were used instead of telephones throughout the Mission). We were both blessed in and by our assignments more than we can express.

To be going to Tucson was more than we had hoped for. We met 60 miles southwest of Tucson 46 years before in a little Indian community called Sells. (I wrote about that experience in an earlier chapter within this history.) Now, here we were going back to where our life together had its beginning. We were closing the circle. Besides, we were returning to desert country we both loved.

Days which followed the reception of our call, passed speedily and were filled with enchanting expectation and euphoria. Gloria communicated with Sister Beverly Johnsen in the Arizona Tucson Mission office. Through her we were able to arrange for an apartment in Rio Vista which cost \$725 per month with Remmie. Our mission would require \$1500 per month, though it was advertised at \$1000. I communicated with President Douglas McKinlay by mail and told him about my western dress, including boots. I assured him if my dress was not acceptable, I would buy other clothes and dress in orthodox missionary fashion. He indicated a willingness to wait and see. I never heard another word from him about my conservative western dress. The missionaries loved it.

Shortly after we received our mission assignment, President McKinlay called and talked with Gloria. She wrote in our journal about the conversation: “He told me we were an answer to his prayers. I’m not sure exactly what he was praying for. . . . But he said he wants to have investigator firesides at the mission home, and asked that Alyn develop a list of possible topics on Church History, and particularly western Church History. Alyn has filled a box with books for that subject, and seems thrilled with the prospect of doing something other than watching out for the mission fleet.”

As a matter of fact, during the eighteen months Gloria and I served in the Arizona Tucson Mission, we developed and presented six lectures over a period of six months (one lecture per month) three different times. In other words, we

presented each lecture three times during the time we served. These were presented in the Relief Society Room and chapel of the Tucson Sunrise Ward. They were presented to investigators and missionaries who accompanied the investigators. Those who heard the lectures varied in number from 30 to 60 people. About one-third of those present at any given meeting were investigators. The lectures presented were *The Great Apostasy*, *The Reformation*, *The Restoration*, *Joseph Smith*, *The Book of Mormon*, and *The Church*. These lectures were especially popular with missionaries. Many who were not able to attend asked for copies. Gloria always accommodated their requests. Before we left, copies circulated throughout the Mission. We have no idea how many investigators were baptized as a result of the lectures we gave, but we know that at least four were, because they bore testimony to that fact. So, we spent “considerable time in the mission office,” but we also “shared the gospel with non-members” as our call indicated we should.

We scheduled our farewell testimonial with Bishop Porter for Sunday November 9. Gloria wrote about it in our journal: “The testimonial was wonderful. . . . It was all about missionary work. We were allowed to select the hymns to be sung in Sacrament Meeting: ‘The Time Is Far Spent,’ ‘Gently Raise the Sacred Strain,’ and ‘Called to Serve.’ Keala, Chad and Tiara first read scriptures selected by Alyn referring to missionary work. Aaron, Tiana and Loni then played a string medley of favorite primary songs. I spoke on our day being the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times, and Joseph Smith being the prophet of this dispensation. Alyn and his brothers followed by singing, ‘See, The Mighty Angel Flying.’ Alyn spoke on early missionary work and missionary work today. Tiana played a violin solo, ‘Did You Think to Pray.’ Bishop Porter gave brief remarks. . . . Prayers were pronounced by Ron Messer, a dear friend and the Ward Mission Leader, and by Sister Karlsson, one of the full-time sister missionaries from Sweden.

“Responses about the program, but especially about Daniel’s children, were overwhelming. Many tears were shed, and we had a number of people ask for copies of our talks.”

Even Daniel seemed to enjoy the service. When we sang “Called to Serve,” he stood with the rest of us and sang the song with gusto and didn’t miss a word. Steve said Daniel told him that he feels better about the Church when he’s with the Andruses than he does around others. I know we certainly enjoyed having Daniel and his children with us over the weekend. Gloria and I had good conversations with him. We felt that we had visited with our “old” Daniel. And that was very good, indeed.

After church services, we met in our home where President Young set Gloria and me apart. I asked Daniel to give a family prayer, which he did, very well.

Then while President Young set me apart, Gloria later wrote: “I was sitting on the piano bench holding Ty (Steve’s little boy), and Daniel was standing near us. Soon after the prayer started, I reached over and took his hand and gave it a gentle squeeze; he didn’t let go, but held my hand until the prayer was over. We both needed that.”

Following our setting apart, we all ate together. Gloria had baked a ham and Texas cake on Saturday and “with help from Ricks College, Marilyn Hansen and Claudia Nye, we had a lovely and an adequate lunch.”

By 2:00 o’clock, everyone had left the house and gone home. We were alone to contemplate our pleasant weekend experiences and express thanks to Heavenly Father for our blessings. This day truly was one of the high points in our lives.

We were scheduled to enter the SMTC on Wednesday, November 12. We left Rennie at home to be cared for by Gaye Riding. We never worried about him during the nine days we were separated. We knew all was well at home.

Gloria and I wrote in our journal about the SMTC experience. On November 14, and again on November 18, she wrote: “We’ve been at the SMTC for three days now. The hours of sitting are difficult to take; however, we are given frequent breaks to stretch and walk a bit. The presentations, most of which are given by retired BYU professors, have all been wonderful, and the people are so delightful. Our group has only 6 couples and 2 single sisters. . . . I’m so grateful we’re in a small group. . . . We began our office training today (Friday). It has been a very long day. Mission software produced by the Church is called MMS (Mission Management Software). We played around on the computers this morning, entering information on fictitious missionaries. That was a lot more fun than the accounting we attempted to learn this afternoon. The evening session was delightful. We were learning some advanced features of Word Perfect. Even Alyn is getting excited. All three sessions have been taught by BYU students who are returned missionaries, three young men and three young ladies. Each group has acted amazed that we are so advanced and they are able to move along and actually teach us things they usually do not have time to teach with other, larger groups.

“Yes, we must stay here until Thursday, November 20. This will put us into Tucson one day later than we had planned on, so we called the mission home and asked Brother Johnsen to relay that message to President McKinlay.

“Our P-Day was Saturday, the 15th. We slept in, then read in bed for a while. We had told one of the District Leaders we’d take the Hispanic sisters to the temple with us for the 1:00 p.m. session. They finally relayed to Alyn that they would like to go up early to do two sessions, so he took them up about 10:30. We fasted until the evening meal, which we like to do when we go to the temple.

(In the temple) we saw Elder Tom Thornton from our home ward. He and his twin, Tim, are going to the Philippines, but different missions. Also, in the temple a young man came up and reminded us that he had attended Ricks, and that he was going to marry Cyndee Seymore just after Christmas. (Cyndee is Patsy and Veldon's daughter, and Gloria's cousin).

"On Sunday, we had Sacrament Service here in the conference room. After that the men stayed here for Priesthood Meeting, and the sisters went up to the MTC to have Relief Society with the young sister missionaries. . . . I had been hoping I would see Alyn T. (Emmie's son and our grandson, going to Panama), but I didn't expect to see him standing outside the auditorium where Relief Society was held. . . . He came running up saying, 'Grandma! Grandma!' I was delighted. We made arrangements to meet later that evening as we came back to the auditorium for the Sunday Fireside. As we entered, the choir was practicing, but he stood and waved anyway, so we met him afterwards for a few minutes. He looks so handsome. . . .

"More office training on Monday. . . . Also, on Monday, Elder Brown (from Denver) and Alyn gave blessings to Sisters Fajardo and Najero. Sister Fajardo told me after we came out of the temple on Saturday that she had a 'revelation' that Alyn and Brother Brown were to give her a priesthood blessing for her health. . . .

"Before I go further, I want to mention those couples and sisters who are in our group. . . . The two single sisters are Hispanic and have both been called to the McAllen Texas Mission. They are Sisters Rosa Marguerita Fajardo, and Olive Najero. One is from Tennessee and the other from Chicago. The couples are Cloyd and Gineal Stott (Choteau, Montana), Paul and Billy Jean McCullom (Corvallis, Oregon), Louis and Ruth Latimer (Bountiful, Utah), Sam and Sybelle Blackham (Provo, Utah), and Elder/Sister Taylor (Globe, Arizona). Elder Latimer has previously served as a Mission President in Uruguay. They are on their way to the Chile Area Office where he will serve as executive secretary. Blackhams will serve in the Argentina Resistance Mission Office. We, of course, will be in the Arizona Tucson Mission Office. The remainder of the group are on Leadership Proselyting missions; Stotts to Tennessee Nashville, McCulloms to Nevada Las Vegas (their second time to that mission), Taylors to Ghana Accra (their first mission was to Guiana in South America).

"The office training for us three couples was presented by young returned elders and sisters. The morning duo consisted of Sister Orton (a Ricks graduate and former student in one of Alyn's Church History classes) and Elder Jensen. (Incidentally, Sister Orton's brother is serving in Arizona Tucson; we're taking a small parcel from her to give to him.) The afternoon presentations were given by Elders Shull and Olsen; the evening sessions were led by Sisters Krieger and

Baker. They did an excellent job in introducing us to the Church software called MMS, and to those features in Word Perfect which aid in missionary work — labels, merging, letters, tables, and so forth. Alyn received specialized, intensive training in handling the mission vehicles.”

On Sunday, November 23, I wrote in our journal: “For me, our SMTC experience was definitely positive. We were there eight days and each day was long and tiring. I never thought I could endure so many meetings in a day’s time. But each day was spiritually charged and informative, and I went to bed each night on a spiritual high. Actually, my spiritual high began with our farewell in the Rexburg Fifteenth Ward on November 9. I thought it was the best missionary farewell I had ever been in. And I have been in many. We were proud of our grandchildren who read scriptures relating to missionary work and who played a medley of church songs, using the piano, violin and cello. The compliments I received on the musical renditions were that Aaron has a ‘light touch on the piano,’ Tiana was superb with the violin, and Loni was beautiful as she played the cello. Daniel sat on the front row facing us and I thought his face reflected love and pride in his children. Throughout nearly the whole service Ty sat either on my lap or on Gloria’s, which, I thought, set an example before the ward of the relationship that grandparents always desire to have with grandchildren. The tenor of the whole service was of missionary work. Someone mentioned after the meeting that to participate in such a service was refreshing because in it the Lord was worshiped rather than the departing missionary. . .

“I used to think that missionaries writing home about the MTC said it was a great experience not because it was, but because they felt obligated to say that. But now, having been there myself, I can add my testimony to theirs that there is a special spirit at the MTC. And I think that is so because the Spirit of the Lord can manifest itself only when the attitude of the recipient is positive and right, and I never met a couple at the SMTC who did not have an attitude which was both positive and right.

“But the high point for me at the SMTC was when we met with the young elders and sisters at the main MTC on two different occasions. The first time was on Sunday evening at a Transfer Meeting. Transfer meetings are held for those missionaries who will be leaving before the next Sunday. At these meetings the front rows are reserved for the senior couples and sisters. Behind are all the young elders and sisters who, at that meeting, numbered around 500. When Sister Williams, wife of President Williams (president of the MTC) advised the missionaries not to let homesickness interfere with their work, because they would have parents in their mission fields, and those would be the missionary couples. She then asked the senior couples to stand and turn around. We did. I waved to the missionaries, and they all waved back. I’m sure that did not have

the same effect upon the others that it had upon me, but for me it was a moving experience. “A fireside followed at which we were able to see Alyn T. The big auditorium was filled with 2,000 missionaries, with another 1,000 listening in auxiliary rooms with big screen televisions. Again I was inspired as I turned around and saw that army of missionaries behind us.

“Then on Tuesday evening at the Devotional, we were again privileged to attend the MTC with the same 3,000 missionaries as we listened to Elder Lynn Robbins, a Seventy among the General Authorities. At this time we heard a missionary choir sing “Joseph Smith’s First Prayer” (Alyn T. sang in that choir). And once more as I turned and saw that army of missionaries behind us, I thought of Helaman’s 2,000 stripling warriors who were called into battle to help defeat the enemy, and though some were wounded, none was killed. And so today, in the battle between right and wrong, God calls forth His missionaries through President Hinckley, a modern Captain Moroni, to help defeat the forces of evil. Though in the fight, some may be wounded (some may die), yet at the battle’s end, none will lose his or her life to Satan for God will protect them from Satan’s sword and his devastating thrusts.

“Gloria and I were . . . thrilled to see and visit with our ‘grandson’ Alyn Toalepai, Emmie’s son. Alyn is a handsome young man, friendly, and he calls us ‘Grandma’ and ‘Grandpa.’ He was happy to see us there as missionaries at the MTC. I had the feeling that he was delighted we could be there to share the missionary experience with him.

“Another high for me while at the SMTC came when we were able to eat dinner with Daniel on Wednesday evening and visit with him. And then the next morning he came to our apartment with a guitar he wanted us to deliver to Steve. Before he left, we invited him to kneel in prayer with us. I thought our visit with him the night before and our praying together was the capstone of a great spiritual experience. We love Daniel. We think he is a good boy who has made some serious mistakes, but who will, in time, repent of those and be the good, strong person that he really is.”

The finale of pre-departure experiences came in Rexburg on Thursday and Friday evenings (November 20 and 21). On Thursday we ate dinner at Rich and Millie’s with my brothers, sisters, and their spouses. The dinner was good and the visit was pleasant. On Friday night we ate with Gloria’s brother, Randy, his wife Ellen, and their children. Again the dinner was good and the visit was pleasant. I don’t know how a couple could depart for the mission field with a better send-off than that which we had.

Our preparations to leave were just as we planned them to be. We were able to keep the schedule which we had developed for ourselves. We spent Friday cleaning the house, doing laundry, unplugging appliances, propping open

refrigerator and freezer doors, packing, and loading a four by eight-foot U-haul trailer.

We retired to bed on Friday night at 10:00 p.m., planning on a full night's sleep, but by 3:00 a.m. we were both awake and up. We dressed, finished loading the trailer, made up Rennie's bed in the rear of the Explorer and left our home at 6:00 a.m. (Saturday, November 22).

"Gloria wrote in our journal: "Our old house is so homey and loved. We hated to leave it. Alyn pronounced a special blessing on the house, that all would be well there in our absence."

We stopped at David and Geniece's to get a suit which Geniece had picked up from Bish's on Friday. Bish's had ordered me two sport coats rather than a suit. So Geniece promised to straighten out the matter for us and have Bish's send us the suit to our Arizona address. Saying goodbye to David and Geniece was difficult. We all cried. We knew we would miss our frequent and pleasant visits with each other.

That first day on the road, we drove to Beaver, Utah arriving there about 5:00 p.m. Rennie was a delightful passenger, silent and stressed, but no problem. In the motel room at Beaver, after we had gone to sleep, he came out of hiding, jumped on the bed and took his usual place between my legs. He ate and used the litter box during the night, in answer to personal prayers. God was with us. Interesting that we should use Rennie's health and habits as a standard of measurement for God's blessings.

We spent our second night in Wickenburg, about 40 miles north of Phoenix. We were tired, and we think Rennie was happy for the dubious freedom of a motel room. The temperature in Wickenburg at 7:00 p.m. was 53 degrees — not hard to take. The following day, Gloria wrote in our journal: "It is noon as we are driving to Tucson, and the temperature is 70 degrees. I can take this."

We arrived in Tucson about 1:00 p.m. We located a U-haul drop-off site and drove to the Rio Vista Apartments, 2000 E. River Road. Our apartment was E-15. We chose an upstairs apartment because it had a balcony and we thought this would be good for Rennie. Rennie seemed glad to be in his new home.

We unloaded the trailer, after which I returned it to the U-haul business we identified as we entered Tucson. We shopped briefly at Albertsons, then at 6:00 p.m. the Johnsens (the couple we were replacing) came over and visited. By the time we ate at 7:00, we were famished. We spent the rest of that evening clearing the living room floor of that which we had unloaded from the trailer. The apartment had two bedrooms and two bathrooms, a living room, kitchen, walk-in closet and small deck. The deck was separated from the living room by sliding glass doors. We were pleased with our apartment. It would be Rennie's prison for eighteen months. But he seemed to accommodate himself to it right away.

He particularly loved to spend his time on the deck watching all that went on below and listening to the music and other sounds that came from St. Philip's Square adjacent to us.

Before the Johnsens left, we made arrangements with them for me to leave with Elder Johnsen at 6:45 the next morning on a mission transfer from Tucson to Lordsburg, New Mexico. Gloria would walk with Sister Johnsen from the apartment complex to the mission office at 7:30. We went to bed at 9:00 and set the clock for 5:00 a.m. Our retirement was over!

Chipping Away at Baboquivari

On our way to Tucson, Gloria keyed into the laptop computer what I dictated, along with her own ideas and perceptions. We caught up our journal, and developed a tentative outline for the investigator firesides President McKinlay had asked us to present. But the most memorable entry into the computer shortly after entering the mission field was an essay I dictated to Gloria entitled *Chipping Away at Baboquivari*.

Baboquivari is a mountain peak in southwestern Arizona with which I had become acquainted while on my first mission to the Papago Indians many years before. I now used the peak as a symbol of my intention to do without question or hesitation whatever the Lord wanted me to do on this mission with Gloria.

Since its composition, *Chipping Away at Baboquivari* has served as a reminder and reference point for Gloria and me in our church assignments and service. It is included in this chapter of my history, because my history certainly would not be complete without it.

“CHIPPING AWAY AT BABOQUIVARI

Alyn B. Andrus

Arizona Tucson Mission 1997-1999

“BABOQUIVARI

“There is a remarkably distinctive monolith fifty miles southwest of Tucson, Arizona known as Baboquivari (bab ah key vah ree). It distinguishes a mountain range known by the same name. That name is an Indian word meaning ‘mountain’ which is ‘narrow in the middle.’ This peak rises above the desert floor 7,730 feet, sufficiently that it can be seen for miles, and has been a landmark in that region for centuries. One may see its name associated with a high school, with businesses, and displayed boldly on T-shirts. Southern Arizona natives (anyone born and raised there, including Indians) know about Baboquivari. Anyone in and around Tucson who doesn't know what one is talking about when Baboquivari is mentioned, is certainly a newcomer to that

part of Arizona. Baboquivari is to southwestern Arizona what the Teton Peaks are to eastern Idaho and western Wyoming.

“BABOQUIVARI AND ELDER ANDRUS

“My first experience with Baboquivari was 47 years ago when, as a nineteen-year-old proselyting missionary for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, I was transferred to Sells, Arizona, ten miles west of Baboquivari. I loved the peak. I loved its name. It acquired added endearment for me as my life took root in Sells. Many know by now that I met Gloria in Sells, a fifteen-year-old suntanned Arizona girl who later became my wife. When we first met, she did not divert my attention from missionary work. In fact, I thought little of her. The first time I paid any serious attention to her was just before she and her family moved from Sells. That story must start with my companion, an Elder from Florida, known locally as the ‘Florida Flash.’

“For two days during the summer of 1951, my companion’s family — his parents and two teenage sisters — visited with us in Sells. (Rules were more lax then than now.) The two girls spoke, as their brother did, a distinctive southern accent. They were as white as freshly-fallen Idaho snow. And they were very feminine.

“During their visit, my companion’s family treated us to a picnic, and invited the Goodmans. So, Gloria was there. And I was fascinated with the contrast between her and the Florida females. She was tan as the Indians among whom she lived. They looked pallid. She was active, outgoing, full of life. They seemed lethargic, timid and tepid. She could whistle between her teeth. They couldn’t even whistle. (I think that is what really drew my attention to Gloria. I, too, could whistle between my teeth, but used my first and fourth fingers to hold my tongue back to do it. She did it without fingers.) The Florida females wore dresses and shoes. Gloria wore Levis and moccasins, or went barefoot.

“Now, what does all this have to do with Baboquivari? Well, the picnic was held near Baboquivari. There was the Peak I loved so much, in full view. And there was the girl I would eventually love even more than the Peak.

“Now here I am back in the mission field as an ‘elder,’ but this time, Gloria is my companion — no Florida Flash, no Florida females, just Gloria. And I am delighted to be here with her. She and I had talked for years about serving a mission together after retirement. So when we received our call to serve in the Arizona Tucson Mission, we were incredulous and ecstatic. We would serve in the mission office, not in view of Baboquivari, but close enough we could drive to Sells where, in view of the Peak, we could nourish our roots. And we have done that.

“As we drove from Rexburg to Tucson last November, I thought a lot about what kind of missionary I wanted to be. As a young “elder,” I was no “cracker jack,” but was dedicated to study, steady in proselyting, and accepted assignments without complaint. And I never gave the mission president problems. This second time out, as at first, I had no desire to make a splash. That is not my nature. I just wanted to do well, whatever God wanted Gloria and me to do. As I thought about that, a resolve developed that I would do, without reservation, whatever God’s representative, President Douglas McKinlay, asked me to do. I talked with Gloria about my resolve, and to illustrate the strength of my commitment, I said: ‘If President McKinlay asks me to move Baboquivari Peak, I will go to the hardware store, buy a hammer and chisel, drive to the Peak and go to work.’ Well, since then, that statement has given us direction in our missionary labors. It has defined the power of our commitment. It is the rule against which we measure missionary success.

“The Savior taught His disciples that if they had sufficient faith they could say ‘unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you’ (*Matthew 17:20*). Now, as a young elder, I thought Christ meant the mountain would be moved immediately and intact from one place to another. And if God’s purpose might be served by such a move, I’m certain it would be possible. But I think I now understand more clearly what Christ was really talking about. I could chip away at Baboquivari every day for ten hours each day, piling my chips in a spot removed from the mountain, until death claimed my weary and worn out body, and the mountain would still be there. In fact, one would hardly see where I had spent my days in labor. And the pile of chips would hardly be noticeable. Nevertheless, I could stand before my JUDGE and declare I had exercised, during my lifetime, sufficient faith to move Baboquivari from one place to another. You see, though my mountain of chips might be small, they once were a part of Baboquivari. In that sense, they represent Baboquivari. So, in terms of the chips, I had moved Baboquivari. Through my faith, I moved chip by chip, not the whole mountain, but at least some of the mountain, to another place and, in so doing, made a little mountain of my own. But what is eternally significant in this endeavor is this: My faith (call it commitment if you care) enabled me to do it. That is the kind of faith Gloria and I wanted to develop while serving this mission.

“So each day we accept our mission assignments wholeheartedly and with as much vigor as our age and health will permit. We accept assignments without complaint, and we hammer and chisel away at problems with which we are confronted, some of which seem as enormous as Baboquivari. But we never cease trying. That is exactly what Brigham Young and the Saints did when they left beloved Nauvoo behind, with its temple completed and dedicated to God’s

work, and moved across the plains to colonize barren valleys of the intermountain west. Symbolically, they moved mountains by their faith. (They certainly moved the ‘mountain’ of the Lord’s house, His temple, from Illinois to the Great Basin.) God’s people, under His prophets, have always done that. Before Brigham Young and the Saints, there were Lehi and family. Before Lehi there were Moses and Israel. And before Moses, there were Abraham and entourage. God’s people have always chipped away at Baboquivari, and, chip by chip, they have moved symbolic mountains. But more importantly, they have demonstrated their faith in God, and have set a standard in their endeavor which demands all that can be given, if matched by those who follow. If that is what God wants, that is what we must give, as His disciples. May we do it, again and again, until He says ‘Well done, thou good and faithful servant’ (*Matthew 25:21*).”

Part Four: My Married Years at Ricks College (1968-1997)

Chapter 13

Conclusion

Why Did I Write This History?

When I started writing this history, I wondered how I would feel when I began to write the concluding chapter. That point in time always seemed so distant. In fact, at times I wondered if I would ever get there at all. But here I am, and I wonder now how I am going to write what at present are rather unorganized, but personally meaningful and important thoughts that I sincerely want to share with others. Perhaps I should start by responding to the first statement in this paragraph.

To be writing the concluding chapter in this history is a bittersweet experience. I am sincere when I say that I've enjoyed remembering my life's experiences and transmitting those remembrances into writing. For the most part, I have enjoyed re-living my life. Generally, my memories are positive, I have no regrets. If I could go back and re-live my life, knowing what I know now, I would not change much that I did. Generally, I would make the same decisions and do what I did. Of course, I would try to eliminate the negatives — unwise statements, foolish behavior, un-Christ-like deeds. But allowing for all the negatives, when viewing my life through this history, it has been a positive experience, filled with pleasant memories, blessed by good associations with family, friends and colleagues. Why should I be happy to end such an experience? The feeling is like watching an interesting movie. One does not want to see it end. Yet one knows that the end must come, just as one's story must end. On the other hand, no longer will I need to decide what to include in this history and what to leave out — one cannot include every good experience in one's life story, nor can one leave out all of the bad and unwanted experiences. One must strive for balance between the two. Neither will I now have to search for material to document life's happenings, nor to struggle over how to write what I feel and want to say. Sometimes, to write what one feels is impossible. In that sense, no history is easy to write. Nor is it entirely accurate. No history, certainly no personal history, is objective. To write such a history is humanly impossible. Even when one tries to be sincere and honest in what is written, personal bias manifests itself. But that does not eliminate the value of history,

personal or otherwise. So this thought leads me quite naturally into the topic under which I presently write: “Why Did I Write This History?”

When I taught at Ricks College, for many years a sign was visible next to my office doorway which read:

“Man without learning and remembrance of things past falls into a beastlye sottishness and his life is noe better to be accounted of than to be buried alive.”

This was written by Sir William Dugdale, a scholar in Elizabethan England. When I first read that statement, I liked it. I liked it well enough that when I retired from Ricks College, I took the sign with me and framed it. Today it rests in a conspicuous place along with other visual treasures in the entrance way to our home.

Now, “sottishness” refers to the stupor of mind associated with drunkenness. So when Dugdale used the words “beastlye sottishness,” he undoubtedly meant the limited capacity of beasts to teach and learn. Beasts teach their young how to survive, but nothing more. Each generation returns to zero, so to speak, and begins again as the cycle of life repeats itself. So, beasts survive generation after generation, but the quality of their life never improves. They cannot improve their environment. Rather, they are acted upon by that environment.

Man, on the other hand, can teach and learn more than mere survival skills. Why? Certainly there are multiple answers to this question, but at least one of them would have to be: Man keeps written records. What might our world be like without written records? Prehistoric societies, and aboriginal societies, ancient and current, would provide an answer to this question. In these societies, backward by modern standards, records and vital information were and are memorized by relatively few “scholars,” and passed on by word of mouth. Such a society is only about a rung above the world of beasts in terms of improving quality of life. But this is not the case with historic societies.

As God’s representative on Earth, Adam was commanded to keep a “book of remembrance” in which were recorded God’s commandments and teachings to His Earth-bound children. Enoch talked about this book when he said: “For a book of remembrance we have written among us; according to the pattern given by the finger of God; and it was given in our own language.” (*Moses 6:46*) God, apparently, wants his children to keep records in their “own language.” Passages are plethora in the scriptures alluding to and describing records, divine and profane. But the overriding message in these passages is that to please God, written records must be preserved, passed on and added to. No generation of His is exempt from these requirements. How important written records are

among God's people can be discerned from reading *I Nephi 5:10-19*. The *Book of Mormon* is God's word to the world. It contains the fullness of His Gospel, and Joseph Smith said that "a man would get nearer to God by abiding by its precepts than by any other book." (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, p. 194)

On another occasion, Joseph told members of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles that he had "learned a fact by experience," which gave him "deep sorrow." He said, "If I now had in my possession every decision which had been had upon important items of doctrine and duties since the commencement of this work (the restoration), I would not part with them for any sum of money; but we have neglected to take minutes of such things, thinking, perhaps, that they would never benefit us afterwards. . . . But this has been neglected, and now we cannot bear record to the Church and to the world, of the great and glorious manifestations which have been made to us with that degree of power and authority we otherwise could, if we now had these things to publish abroad." (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, p. 72)

Joseph's words "but we have neglected to take minutes of such things, thinking, perhaps, that they would never benefit us afterwards" reminds me of questions by personal friends as to why I would persist in writing my history. Why do you do it? Who will read it? What good will it do? These questions remind me of another statement by Joseph. He told his brethren: "An item (written down) may appear at the time of little or no worth, but should it be published and one of you lay hands on it after, you will find it of infinite worth, not only to your brethren, but it will be a feast to your own souls." (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, p. 73)

Sadly, most people I talk with see little of importance in the lives they have lived. They think their lives would not be at all interesting to others. But I do not believe that. Now I shall answer the questions presented in the preceding paragraph.

Why have I written my history? I have written it because I think what I have experienced in life is sufficiently important that others might benefit by what I have written in my "own language." Besides, I have not written it only for others to read. I have written it for myself. I plan to read and re-read it before I die. Parts of it, I may read many times. It will refresh my memory regarding experiences that need to be remembered. But more than this, writing my history has enabled me to stand apart from myself, in a sense, and see me a little differently than I have seen myself without the history. I have concentrated nearly 70 years of life into less than a thousand pages of narrative. That concentration, as I said, gives me a different view of myself than I get when attempting to remember my life without the written story.

Next question: Who will read my history besides myself? I don't know. Gloria will. And perhaps brothers, sisters, sons, and grandchildren might read it. If they do, they should come to know me better. But more importantly, they cannot read my history without reading my testimony of God, His Gospel and Church. To me, this is what makes my history valuable. My testimony, more than anything else, answers the third question: What good will it do? Maybe it won't do any good at all. But it won't do any harm either. And I will be able to say that I tried, and others who have access to it will not be able to say that they could not know my testimony.

We are told in *Moses 5:8* that we shall do all that we do "in the name of the Son." If one lives one's life remembering this commandment, then one's life becomes a powerful testimony of Jesus the Christ and His atonement. Even with all the mistakes one makes, and the sins one commits, if a sincere attempt to live by God's commandment is made, then the totality of one's life is, nevertheless, a testimony of God. This is why I wrote my history.

An Evaluation of Myself

Scattered throughout this history are many of my sins and the mistakes I committed. I've tried to include all that I felt should be made a part of this history. I've not attempted to avoid mentioning any experience that would detract from my reputation as a good person, or that by its absence would enhance this history. Like Joseph Smith, I can say that I "frequently fell into many foolish errors, and displayed the weakness of youth, and the foibles of human nature; which, I am sorry to say, led me into divers temptations, offensive in the sight of God. In making this confession, no one need suppose me guilty of any great or malignant sins. A disposition to commit such was never in my nature." (*Joseph Smith History* 1:28) And in my maturity, much more than Joseph, I have continued to sin and make mistakes, but have also learned to repent quickly and apologize sincerely.

In this concluding chapter, I thought a recounting of my sins, mistakes and weaknesses, along with an analysis of my personality, character, and relationship with Gloria might be appropriate in an attempt to present me as I am. I will do this through a self-analysis written by me in 1994, a professional analysis of my handwriting, and a tribute to me recently written by Gloria.

I must precede my self-analysis by describing the circumstances which produced it. In the summer of 1994, Daniel and Liz's children were visiting with their grandparents in Shelley, Evelyn and Alva Harris. Gloria called Liz to ask if Tiana (his oldest daughter) might come to our house during that day (Saturday) and play with her cousin, Tiara, Steve and Eleena's daughter. Liz was not at home, so she called Daniel, who gave his permission, so Gloria called

Evelyn to arrange the visit. But Evelyn would not let Tiana come without Liz's permission. She told Gloria to call Liz. Gloria did and Liz seemed reluctant to give permission. During the conversation, Gloria became very frustrated. She was bothered that Liz would let Tiana spend time with Evelyn and Alva in Shelley, but seemed reluctant to allow her time alone with us in Rexburg. Gloria became so frustrated, she began to cry then suddenly terminated the conversation.

Sometime after Gloria and Liz's first conversation, Liz called to see why we had not met Evelyn in Idaho Falls to pick up Tiana. During this conversation, Gloria again became emotionally upset. This time, she began to hyperventilate and for the second time abruptly terminated the conversation. I was concerned. I thought she might be having a heart attack, but felt strongly that I should walk her about. I kept her moving about the house till she ceased sobbing and began to breathe normally, then we went for a long walk outside. When we returned, I went directly to the phone and called Liz and said that she was not to call any more until she was ready to offer Gloria an apology. I felt Liz had caused Gloria's problem, and subsequent phone calls would only make matters worse. Later we learned from Daniel that he had advised Liz not to call the second time — just to let matters rest. But she could not do that. So, she heard my reprimand.

Following this black Saturday, a plethora of e-mail messages developed between Daniel and us. During this stressful period, Liz never communicated with me, though she and Gloria exchanged infrequent e-mail messages which were ineffective in bettering their relationship. As messages multiplied between Daniel and us, our relationship with him began to deteriorate. More and more, he seemed to take Liz's side and oppose us. I had no problem with that, believing he should stand by his wife, but I continued to feel that Liz was wrong in the matter. I felt that her reluctance to let the children be alone with us was wrong. I felt she didn't trust us. (In fact, I remember telling Gloria that her children, though they carried the Andrus name would never be Andruses. Rather, they would be Harrises.) I felt Liz was as convinced that she was right as I felt that she was wrong.

As time passed and I thought about Liz and the situation, I became convinced she would never apologize or even indicate a desire to heal the breach. Then one night in December, Evelyn talked with me over the telephone for about an hour. I don't recall all that was said, but I remember she referred to me as a "brute" and a "gutter fighter." After that conversation, I realized that if the breach were to be healed, I would have to initiate action. The more I thought in these terms, the more I realized that as a priesthood bearer, I had been wrong in the whole matter. The priesthood is not to stir the pot, but to defuse the

explosives. I knew I had to apologize, even though my feelings toward Liz, as the cause of the problem, had not diminished. Consequently, I wrote apologies to Liz and Daniel, and to Evelyn and Alva. To Liz and Daniel, I wrote: "I'm sorry. Please forgive me. I know I'm violating Daniel's request (not to have any more to do with us) by writing this, but I just can't let my last e-mail message to you stand as the final testimony against me in our relationship. . . .

"Liz, last night as I thought about what has happened between us . . . I was suddenly struck by the thought that I must accept full and total responsibility for the breach in our relationship. That breach was not caused by what you said, but by what I said and by what I continued to say after the initial rupture. I have thought and taught for a long time the idea that as free agents we are not acted upon, but do the acting. We may not be in control of our environment, but we, and only we, can control our attitudes. I have told Gloria many times that mankind would have fewer problems in the world if each of us would stop searching for scapegoats and accept full responsibility for our problems. I do believe this, but incredibly I forgot it, and have not lived by it so far as you and Daniel are concerned. I don't know why exactly, but I suppose I let my hothead take control and once I got into the hothead mode, couldn't get out. I was blind to the principle that should have guided me at this critical time. I could not see the forest for the trees. I was judging you by my standard, not by the standard of charity. I'm sorry, Liz. I'm sorry for the emotional turmoil I caused you. I'm sorry for the emotional turmoil and terrible conflict I put Daniel through. I'm sorry for the tension all of this turmoil and conflict must have brought into your home, and for how that must have been sensed by your children. I'm sorry for the effect it had upon them. I'm sorry for any adverse emotional effects it must have had upon your mother, father, sisters, brothers and perhaps other relatives. And this reminds me of another principle I've thought and taught. What we say and do affects not only our lives, but countless other lives as well. As we interact with each other, very little is strictly personal in terms of its effects. And finally, Liz, please forgive me for anything I might have said or done that caused you hurt or injury from the time I first became acquainted with you. And, Daniel, I ask the same of you. I really do love both of you very much, so much that I deeply regret having said or done anything that may have hurt you. Once again, I ask you to forgive me. I only wish I could eliminate the nail holes as well as the nails. I will be willing to do whatever you ask to make things right between us.

"God bless you and your children. And may He bless me in my resolve never to allow this to happen again. Love, Alyn."

To Liz's parents, Evelyn and Alva, I wrote: "I wanted you to have a copy of a letter I am sending to Elizabeth and Daniel. I also wanted to thank you, Evelyn, for helping me to break out of my hothead mode, so I could see more

clearly what I had to do to improve my relationship with Liz. Alva, Evelyn read to me the letter you wrote and were going to send me. I just want you to know that I respect you for defending your daughter. You did what I would expect a loving father to do. I do not condemn you. I congratulate you.

“If I have not told you before, I will tell you now. I love Liz. I think she is a good girl. I think she is a good mother. I’ve always thought this. I like all your children. I think you have a close and a good family. I’ve always thought this was one reason why Daniel was attracted to Liz — he not only loved Liz; he loved your family. I thank you for accepting him as you have. May God bless you. Sincerely, Alyn Andrus.”

Following my letters of apology, my relationship with Liz and the Harrises improved. Daniel’s infidelity and apostasy occurred sometime after the difficulty I have just described. Our relationship with Liz and the Harrises during discovery of Daniel’s infidelity was close and supportive. Also, my conflict with Liz and subsequent letters of apology to her and her parents caused me to evaluate my life in terms of the brutality of which Evelyn accused me, and in terms of hotheadedness alluded to in my letters of apology. My conclusions were written in a four-page document entitled “A Self Evaluation,” dated December 28, 1994. What I wrote in that document follows:

“The difficulty Gloria and I have experienced with Liz and Daniel over the past six months has caused me to think much and deeply about myself. During the last few years, I believe I have made considerable progress in being kinder to animals, more patient, more sensitive to the needs and feelings of others, more gentle in dealing with others, more tolerant of others’ views, more in control of my tongue and temper, but firm in defending what I believe to be right. Liz and Daniel, on the other hand, view me differently. They think I’m an arrogant, pompous, pious poop, self-righteous, adversely judgmental, hotheaded and brutal in dealing with others, especially with them. So what am I? And what have I been? I certainly don’t think I’m the same man today that I was 30 years ago. I think I’m better today than I was then, judged by the criteria stated above. Although, from time to time, I revert to an earlier time in my behavioral responses to stimuli. And this reversion to a less desirable behavioral response provides the basis for Liz and Daniel’s judgment of me. Actually, I suppose I’m a different person to different people. I am what others choose to see me as, based on whatever experiences I’ve had with them.

“I sense that many people — especially students, but even adults, bigger and more imposing than I — feel intimidated around me. This has been confirmed from time to time as Gloria has reported that I intimidate some of her associates and others she knows. I have wondered why they should feel intimidated since I don’t consciously try to intimidate anyone. Then the other day, as I listened to

a taped interview with Aunt Beulah, I was struck by how I sounded as I asked her questions and commented on statements she made. My voice is certainly not soft and gentle. As a matter of fact, to me it sounds harsh, definite and uncompromising. Moreover, in the interview, as I would complete a thought, I would tend to talk rapidly so that the whole impression, I thought, was of one who tends to be impatient, who is authoritative and bound to have his way. And this seems to square with a thought that has helped guide me through life. *There is little one cannot accomplish if one sets one's mind to it, works hard enough, and long enough.* Also, my personality profile, as measured by a couple of tests I've taken, seems to strengthen such an impression. The predominant aspect of my personality is 'choleric,' which means I'm aggressive and persistent in pursuing what I want, and that I become impatient and hotheaded when something gets in my way. I must have subconsciously sensed all of this, because over the years, especially since I was made a bishop in the Church, I've tried hard to change enough that I might not only be worthy of my calling, but genuinely respected and even liked by others, especially those I served. And, as I said at the beginning of this evaluation, I feel I've made progress. But occasionally, I've slipped back into my old choleric self. Each time I've slipped, I've gotten down on myself and have felt temporarily discouraged. A redeeming factor during these low points in my life is that I've learned, especially in my later years, to apologize and ask those I've offended to forgive me. I've had to do this frequently, but my apologies have been sincere, and this has helped me have a generally positive feeling about myself.

"As I've tested this evaluation of myself against the years during which I've matured, I've found it to pass the test of time. For example, I've never liked fighting or violence, yet ironically, I enjoyed playing football because I could hit an opponent as hard as possible and not only get away with it, but enjoy it. (Perhaps, I enjoyed controlled violence — that is exactly what football is.) During my brief football career, I was known for my hard hitting blocks and tackles.

"Another example involves my treatment of animals when I was younger. Occasionally, when a cow I was milking would kick, I would vent my feelings by beating her on the legs or back with clubs of wood. Even in the mission field, my companion and I, in an attempt to discourage a dog that befriended us, shot it with ammonia from a water gun. The dog lost one of its eyes as a result. We called the dog "Blockhead," and, through his persistence, eventually we allowed him to stay with us, but ever since then I've grieved over how we treated that lonely, devoted animal. I would never do today what I did to that dog in the mission field.

“Even after marriage, to protect our pet cats, I took a stick to a neighborhood cat, intending to make life so miserable for the terrified animal that he would not come around the house again. I thought I loved animals, and I did, but apparently I loved only those that belonged to me.

“While I abused animals from time to time during my younger years, I’ve never abused people (except on the football field). I’ve never struck Gloria. I booted Steve in the pants once when he was ten years old, and threw Daniel on the floor and spanked him on the bottom when he was 14 years old (I think I hurt my hand more than I hurt Daniel).

“Not only have I never abused loved ones (including pets), but have demonstrated a willingness to do whatever must be done at the moment to protect anyone I love, even our cats. Not many years ago, I heard a commotion outside in the middle of the night. I ran out in my pajamas and saw two large dogs chasing our cat, Shiz, around the house. As Shiz shot past me, I braced myself to fight off the dogs. I had nothing but my bare hands and feet with which to do that, but was ready to pay the price. Fortunately, the dogs backed off.

“When I reprimanded Liz severely last July, initially it was only to protect Gloria. Both Liz and Daniel regarded that reprimand as brutal, and perhaps it was. I know my rebuttals in an argument can be not only brutal, but eloquently hurtful. If I turned my tongue loose, it would be my most bitter enemy. It would do me more damage than I would ever be able to repair. My impulse in a political campaign is to cut loose and sling verbal garbage right back at all the other garbage slingers. And there is no garbage slinger against whom I could not do very well. Fortunately, most of the time, I restrain myself reasonably well. But occasionally, my resolve breaks down and I cut loose. Then follows a period of remorse, apology and resolve to do better.

“Over the years, while I haven’t struck Gloria physically, I’ve abused her with my tongue. Apologies at first were difficult, but with practice over time (and I’ve had a lot of practice during our married life), I’ve been able to apologize more readily and more completely, that is, with fewer reservations and less justification. Today, in my older age, the need for me to apologize to Gloria is considerably less, almost non-existent — generated for the most part only by comments spoken in naivete.

“Likewise, while my nature is not to fight or hurt physically, I’ve abused others with my tongue. A few years ago during a political campaign, I responded to an ad by Dick Davis who was running for re-election to the Idaho House of Representatives. The ad disgusted me and I attacked Dick with great vigor and cynicism through a letter to the editor. My attack was sufficiently personal and damaging that one of my colleagues at Ricks College reprimanded

me through his own letter to the editor. I accepted the reprimand, wrote a letter of apology to Dick Davis, and vowed that subsequent political responses would be much more subdued. They have been.

“Also, while I served as bishop of the Rexburg 15th Ward, my Aunt Wilma Quayle accused me of driving the back roads of Parker so she would not see me and expect me to visit her. I was furious. But instead of going to her in the privacy of her home or writing her a letter, denying her accusation, I marched into the store where she worked, and in the back of the store, where we were partially, but not wholly hidden by racks of clothing, I reprimanded her severely. She was deeply offended, and though I apologized to her soon after, she avoided me for about three years, till the hurt began to fade.

“I have offended my brother, Rich, a couple of times in recent years. Neither time was the offense deliberate nor was it intended to hurt, and the apology each time was sincere and was accepted as such. In fact, Rich has always been ready to forgive me and to apologize himself for any part he may have exercised in the difficulty. But each time a resolve has led to a sincere attempt to be better, to guard my tongue and discipline my feelings. And I think I’m making progress. But I doubt I’ll ever speak and behave in a way that will naturally attract people to me and result in close, loving relationships.

“I’ll have to be satisfied knowing that I mean no one permanent harm or discomfort. And maybe sometime in the future I can talk and behave in such a way that no one will take offense at what I say. My object now is to lift, not put down. How well I succeed will depend on how well I can control my tongue and discipline my behavior.

“I certainly don’t expect to offend Liz and Daniel again. I shall be very careful what I say and do around them from this point on. I only hope the damage I’ve done can be repaired sufficiently to allow for an amicable future relationship. Whether this can happen, and, if so, when it will happen, I’m not certain. I suspect they will need a long time to warm up to us — months, maybe years. I only hope the children are not grown up and gone from home before that happens. If there is any feeling for us at all, I can’t imagine that our coming together would require an extended period of time. If an extended period of time is required, then I assume past bonds between them and us were not as strong as I supposed.

“I have no regrets in the way we raised Daniel. If we had to go back and raise him again, knowing what we know now, I’m not sure we’d change. I don’t know what we could do differently that would be better. Perhaps the fact that he is adopted has interfered with the development of strong filial bonds. I’m sure he’s wondered about his genetic parents from time to time. What were they like? What would life have been like with them? Why did his mother let him

go? Were we moral as well as legal in taking him from his mother? Should he feel guilty if he gives his love and devotion unreservedly to us? Do we even deserve his unreserved love and devotion? How will his adoption affect his eternal relationships? These questions, and others I can't even think of because I've never been adopted, I'm sure Daniel has contemplated. For me, I know this: I'm sincerely trying very hard to live the way I think God wants me to live. And so far as I am concerned at this moment, I shall continue to try to live this way until the very end of my life. May God help me do it. Alyn B. Andrus."

What I Am According to Graphology

As I continue this analysis of myself, I thought perhaps a graphology report might be interesting to read, and may add something of value to the analysis. Graphology is the science of analyzing personality and character through handwriting.

In 1992, Gloria and I decided to experiment by having our handwriting analyzed then comparing the reports against what we thought of ourselves. The report based on my handwriting follows: "Dear Mr. Andrus, Thank you for responding to the Handwriting Analysis offer. This computer-printed graphological analysis has been prepared by a team trained and supervised by graphologist Carlos Pedregal. Here is the result of your analysis, which is confidential, of course. The following paragraphs describe the dominant characteristics of your personality as reflected by your handwriting.

"You are well-bred, an uncommon feature in our day and age. Good manners rather than sheer force enable you to attain your goals. Your unswerving correctness in all circumstances makes you an exceptional colleague, companion or friend, and is the key to a professional and social success very few people achieve.

"From your handwriting, it is clear that you are a well-balanced person. When a solution to a problem has to be found or an impartial opinion is needed, you are the one who finds the best solution, who points out the extremes, who is capable of analyzing the good and the bad in each case. You are very sensitive. Your wisdom enables you to make the right choice more often than not.

"You are an energetic individual. Thriving on activity, you persevere in whatever you undertake until you have completed the task at hand. You can always be relied upon. Your strength gives others heart. Your liveliness rubs off on those around you, invigorating them.

"One of the most remarkable features of your personality is your sense of justice. You are very aware of the importance of true justice. You believe in the equality of man and you possess a sense of respect for all persons, regardless of their status. You have a profoundly humane feeling for life and you make no

decision without studying the consequences it might have on others. Your beliefs are strong, and you do everything in your power to act according to your convictions.

“You have been deeply hurt, and the consequence has been an extremely strong emotional skepticism. The subsequent decision you made about romance was designed to prevent you from easily giving your heart once again. Your attitude is timorous, or, worse still, indifferent. You have suffered a great deal, but that is not sufficient reason to eliminate love from your life.

“You need to feel that you are at the center of attention. You have a tendency to impose your opinions on others in order to make your point of view prevail. Your perceptions of yourself lead you to be romantic. You have a capacity for creativity, and you tend to want to make events conform to your notions.

“You are a perfect example of the person who is sexually well-balanced. In love you have achieved the most difficult, a happy medium between heart and spirit. Those who have had emotional relationships with you will not forget you easily. Your refinement in love and your respect for the opposite sex make you a very exceptional being.

“You are an active and efficient person. Your handwriting displays a great vitality and a good capacity for work. If one entrusts you with any kind of task, you will carry it through successfully.

“In spite of all we have said up to now, you have an interior force that is always impelling you to move forward. Your gaze is fixed more on the future than on the past. You want to reach your goals and you will undoubtedly get to where you are going.

“The above are the very fundamental characteristics of your personality according to your handwriting. An analysis of the combination of these characteristics was carried out in order to determine the presence of specific tendencies of behavior. In your case, it did not reveal any particularly exaggerated tendency.

“I hope you have found this analysis interesting and that it will be profitable to you.

“We are all aware of how difficult it is to get to know ourselves. Before you make a definitive judgment on the results of this analysis, let your family or close friends read it. The opinion we have of ourselves frequently does not correspond to reality. We are generally either too self-indulgent or too critical of ourselves. And very often, even clear contradictions are inherent in us. Thanking you for your confidence, I am sincerely yours, Carlos Pedregal.”

Except for the paragraph which begins with the statement, “You have been deeply hurt, and the consequence has been an extremely strong emotional

skepticism,” the analysis is remarkably close to how I feel about myself. Moreover, it is supported by how Gloria feels about me. I do not understand the paragraph indicated, although I must admit to having always been rather careful about developing close and emotional ties with others until I feel they are sincere about being my friends and that I can trust them. In particular, I am careful to avoid relationships which may result in harsh, unforgiving attitudes. I am very sensitive to reprimands and will work hard to avoid situations in which I may be reprimanded, unless I am promoting or defending what I sincerely believe to be right. In that case, I do not care from whom the reprimand comes or how severe it might be.

Gloria’s Tribute to Me

As indicated, Gloria’s tribute to me (written recently) vindicates the graphological analysis. The following is that tribute:

“My Tribute to A Great Husband

“Alyn and I met when he was 19 and I was almost 15; he was a missionary in the Southwest Indian Mission, laboring in Sells, Arizona (about 60 miles southwest of Tucson). Dad was doing water conservation work for the Papago Nation there. Dale, Kent, and I were boarding with friends while attending Round Valley High School. As soon as the school ended in May 1951, we joined the family in Sells and met the missionaries.

“Alyn’s companion was Elder Gary Dickey from Jacksonville, Florida. We kids called him the ‘Florida Flash.’ The contrast between the two elders was impressive to a young girl. I told Mother that summer that if I couldn’t marry Elder Andrus, I wanted to find someone just like him. Several years later when I finally told Mom Alyn and I were going to be married, her first comment was, ‘Oh, don’t marry Elder Andrus; he’s too good for you.’ How’s that for a positive endorsement from one’s own mother?

“When I first met Alyn, I was touched with his goodness and devotion to his Heavenly Father. There were six children in our family at that time, and because of the varied ages, there were comic books laying around the front room of our mobile home. When the elders came to visit, Elder Dickey would read comics while Alyn read his scriptures. While I was serving as a Relief Society Advisor in the Ricks College Third Stake during the early 1990's, I told the young sisters many times that they should marry a man who loved the Lord more than he loved them. I’m not sure they understood, but that has been important to me. I thank my Heavenly Father each day for the way in which Alyn magnifies his priesthood.

“Alyn always spoke complimentary of his family members. He respected his father, and loved and honored his mother. As he was the oldest child in a family of nine children, he has consistently tried to foster warm, loving relationships between the siblings. Even though the younger children may quarrel among themselves, none of them finds fault with Alyn. In fact, each of them tells him what a wonderful example he is to them.

“During our early married years, as we were trying to decide what to do about a family, Alyn was a bit resistant. Coming from a large family, there was not a lot of dessert left at the end of the day. Frankly, Alyn didn’t want to give up his cookies and pie by having to share with a bunch of children. However, once the children began to arrive — Emmie, Daniel, Steve, Diana — he was the strong one in those relationships.

“He exhibited the same reluctance when Steve brought a young kitten home, firmly announcing that we would have no animals in our house. In true Democratic fashion, we voted on the issue, and the vote was 3 to 1 in favor of keeping her. He gave in; two days later, Catta was his cat. Having a series of cats (Catta, Shiz, Schwartz, Remington Steele, Blackberry, Laddie) in our home has helped develop Alyn’s tender, sensitive nature. He now proclaims how sorrowful he is about the times he struck family milk cows with a broken tree limb, and about shooting a stray dog, Blockhead, in the eyes with a squirt of ammonia water, while a missionary in New Mexico.

“I’ve always admired Alyn’s strong will — when he made up his mind to do something, he did it. Just one example: While attending graduate school at Idaho State University in Pocatello, he developed back problems. After several visits to a chiropractor, he determined he was wasting money and would devise his own exercise program to strengthen back muscles. Faithfully and conscientiously, he has exercised for the past 37 years (this was written on February 7, 2001). In doing this, he has served as a role model for many people in their own exercise programs.

“That same steadfastness and tenacity have served him well in his Ricks College leadership positions and in his Church positions. At Ricks, he served as Chairman of the History Department for about 12 years. The usual length of service for a Department Chairman was 5 years. All History faculty members refused to serve when asked to do so; they insisted that Alyn continue as their leader until his retirement. As Registrar at Ricks during this time, I can honestly say that few departments had the collegial rapport enjoyed by the History Department. Alyn’s organizational skills were renowned. Richard Stallings, of the History Faculty, occasionally teased Alyn that even the dust molecules on his office window sills were lined up in order. As Registrar, I knew his grades would be in on time and would be accurate. He also prepared and submitted pertinent

class scheduling material for those ever-present Class Schedules on time and with hardly ever an error in double scheduling a class room, or over scheduling an instructor. From my perspective as Registrar, Alyn was a joy to work with.

“He also endeavored to be overly fair with members of the History Department; he let the other five instructors pretty much set their own teaching schedules. He, then, took all the left-over, undesirable time slots. In all his years of teaching at Ricks, he usually had an 8:00 a.m. class, a 12 noon class, and a 4:00 p.m. class — times other instructors avoided.

“As Bishop, too, Alyn was well known for his organizational skills. He kept meetings to a minimum, and these within a reasonable time period. His family and those of his counselors appreciated this. Sacrament meetings were well planned and well executed. Alyn and his counselors, in both Ucon Second Ward and Rexburg Fifteenth Ward, were well liked and respected. The Priests, in both wards with whom he associated closely, to this day greet him warmly, ‘Hi, Bishop.’ This pleases him.

“The one exception to Alyn’s penchant for orderliness comes when he attempts to balance his monthly bank statement. One month he was especially exasperated and finally declared, ‘I’m not spending any more time on this bank statement; as long as I’m within \$50, whether long or short, I’m okay.’

“Alyn expresses himself and his feelings much better than I; he also excels in penmanship. For all our married life, I have supplied greeting cards for family and friends, and he is not only the family scribe, but the author of very personal and meaningful comments in each card.

“For a decade during the mid-1980’s to the mid-1990’s, I worked on putting together two family history books on my maternal and paternal grandparents. I could not have done as well as I did if it had not been for Alyn’s knowledge. I could ask him, ‘What was happening in the Church, the nation, and the world in 1870 (or some other date)?’ The histories were enhanced by his willingness to share his information.

“While growing up, Alyn was disturbed by his father’s indebtedness; not that Dad Andrus could avoid debt during those years of the Great Economic Depression, trying to farm and raise nine children. But Alyn remembers how difficult it was to try to get the PCA (Production Credit Association) paid off each year, and he determined at an early age to avoid debt when possible. From the first day of our marriage, he has budgeted our money in order to keep us out of unnecessary debt. Because of this, we have been able to enjoy life without the worry over debt; we’ve been able to take trips, fill a mission, help others when financial need arises, and do many other things that our friends cannot do because they are so deeply in debt with a fancy house, and all the worldly trimmings. We have lived in simple, but well-built houses; our Rexburg home

cost \$17,000 in 1969. One day, my supervisor at Ricks, Jim Gee, said, ‘You and Alyn make a lot of money; why don’t you live in a better house?’ I was insulted; I’ve always thought our old house had a lot of character and charm. My response was that we had different priorities than other people. Not long after that, the pipes broke in Jim’s new house (built after The Flood), and he had to take a week off work to repair the damage. Of course, I had to retaliate just a little when he returned to work. Since we have never had a pipe freeze and break in this home, I remarked to Jim, ‘Now you know why I live in the house I do.’

“Alyn has always tried to be fair with me in sharing housework. Shortly after we were married and he was a student at BYU, he said to me, ‘As long as you are helping with our finances, I’ll help you with the housework. What do you dislike doing?’ I told him I hated to vacuum. He told me to forget vacuuming — he would do it from then on, and he has. One of our favorite family stories had its setting when he went into a cleaning supply store to buy himself a new vacuum. The one he selected was a heavy, heavy-duty industrial strength dry/water vac. The salesman’s admonition was that Alyn bring his wife (me) in to see it before he purchased it. Alyn very innocently responded with, ‘Why? It’s none of her business!’ I would have loved to see the look on the salesman’s face.

“I am familiar with some of my friends’ husbands who tend to be negligent in maintaining family vehicles — not keeping gas tanks full, allowing tires to get bald and dangerous, and so on. I have been so thankful over the years that Alyn is very particular about how his vehicles and machinery (lawn mowers, snow blowers, motorcycles) look and how they run. He has been extremely conscientious about those things, and I love him for it. I’ve never worried about running out of gas, having a flat tire, having a fan belt break, or having anything go wrong which Alyn could possibly anticipate and take care of in advance. This has saved us much frustration, and, undoubtedly, much money.

“As a dedicated follower of Jesus Christ, Alyn has been persistent in defending the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He has read extensively in the scriptures and other gospel doctrine books. His favorite church author is James E. Talmage; Alyn read *Jesus the Christ*, *The Articles of Faith*, and *The Great Apostasy*, as a young missionary, and still refers to these books frequently. I enjoy looking through his early copy of *Jesus the Christ* to see which words Alyn has looked up and defined in the margins of the pages. He was determined to be well-read and well-versed in church doctrine.

“I’m also gratified with Alyn’s devotion to the priesthood of God. He has never shirked his priesthood duties, but rather has sought to magnify his many callings within the priesthood. He was ordained a High Priest in 1965 by Elder

Delbert L. Stapley, at the time he was set apart as Bishop of the Ucon Second Ward (he was 34). His commitment to the gospel is legendary in this area. Like Joseph Smith, Alyn can truly say, ‘When the Lord commands, do it!’

“Alyn expresses his reluctance to give priesthood blessings — he feels he is not worthy of such power and authority. Nevertheless, his giving of priesthood blessings has been of great benefit to our family. I recall one such blessing given to me. I had been called as Stake Camp Director, and was to lead the 4th Year girls on their camp and hike. I hadn’t been in the woods for many years and was very nervous about the safety of the girls. This anxiety was heightened that particular summer because several weeks before we were to have our camp, a deranged man entered the sleeping quarters of a Girl Scout troop somewhere in the Midwest and killed several young girls. That was all I could think about. We were supposed to leave at 6:30 the following morning; at about 2:30, I was still awake and on the verge of a major panic attack. I finally roused Alyn from his sleep and asked for a priesthood blessing. He got out of bed and got dressed; he would not give a blessing while wearing his pajamas. He blessed me with peace and serenity and promised that all would be well with both me and the girls. As he talked, I could feel the tension draining from my body and a feeling of peace enveloping me like a warm blanket. I was able to get several hours of sleep before the alarm went off; the girls and I had a wonderful experience that year.

“Another example of Alyn responding to the influence of the Spirit was told in a Christmas party for the Registrar’s Office. The clerks who planned this particular party decided that rather than have games, each member of the office staff would tell about his or her favorite Christmas. (This instance has been related earlier in this history, but I feel it bears telling in this section also.) Becky Thornton is married to Tom. They had a total of nine children — four girls, twin boys, twin boys, and a girl. The last five children came so fast that at one time Becky had five babies under the age of three years. Later, Becky came to work in the Registrar’s Office to help the children go to college and on missions. But her best Christmas, as told by Becky at our party, took place when most of the children were still babies. One year, just a couple of days before Christmas, their furnace stopped working, and their house grew cold. A furnace repairman told them a new motor would be required, it would cost \$250, and it needed to be paid for at the time of installation — two days hence. Tom agreed, and then Tom and Becky began praying. They had no idea where they would ever get \$250, but had faith that the Lord did not want their little children freezing. Alyn was the bishop at that time, and ward members began to give money for the ‘Bishop’s Christmas Fund.’ On the day the furnace was to be installed, Alyn had an impression that Tom and Becky needed \$250. They were and still are

valiant church members — worthy in every way of receiving assistance. He wrote them out a check in that amount and took it to their home. All they could do was cry and thank him for the money; he did not know of the special circumstances until I related Becky's story to him.

“Alyn and I enjoy attending the temple weekly since our retirement; this is a learning experience for me. I am not one who sees symbols and connections easily, just not my personality. Thus, the time spent with Alyn in the Celestial Room as he points out the obvious symbols in certain objects in the films and in the dialogue of the endowment session, is a special time to me. Understanding the ‘hidden’ meanings of the endowment make me appreciate all the more this wonderful gospel. Without Alyn, endowment sessions would be rather humdrum. We accompanied our friend, Marilyn Hansen, as she received her personal endowment in August 1999. Her daughter, Cindy, was with us in the Celestial Room as we were discussing some of the symbolism. She was rather quiet there, but Marilyn told us later that Cindy called her (Marilyn) on her cell phone on Cindy's trip back to Salt Lake City. Cindy mentioned our discussion on some of the symbols, and asked her mother, ‘Am I such a shallow person that I've never even thought about what symbolisms might exist in the session?’ I'm afraid I, too, was that superficial before being taught by Alyn.

“Since our return from the Arizona Tucson Mission, Alyn and I have participated in a scripture study hour (or more) each morning. We have read the *Book of Mormon*, along with several commentaries, the *Brigham Young* and *Joseph F. Smith* manuals, and we are now reading the *Documentary History of the Church*, (which includes all revelations contained in the *Doctrine and Covenants*), and the *Pearl of Great Price*, with several commentaries. This is truly an enrichment experience for me, as I am better able to comprehend a higher level of gospel doctrine. Again, Alyn is my teacher and mentor.

“President Douglas McKinlay, of the Arizona Tucson Mission, referred to Alyn one day as ‘your crusty husband.’ I suppose there are times when Alyn can appear to others to be ‘crusty.’ He makes decisions quickly and can defend those decisions with zeal; he's not often off the mark by much. He's also been blessed with an inordinate amount of energy, so he may appear to run ‘roughshod’ over those not so blessed. However, over the years, I've learned to stay out of his way and give him full rein. I feel most fortunate that he chose to marry me. We have had a number of people with whom we have worked tell us we are ‘equally yoked.’ If we are, I feel complimented. I pray that I may be ‘yoked’ with Alyn throughout the eternities. — Gloria Andrus”

And there is no one with whom I would rather be “yoked” throughout the eternities than Gloria. She is more than wife and helpmate. She is my trusted friend. I have kept no secrets from her, and I feel strongly that she has kept

none from me. We are open and honest with each other. I am a better person because she has been my companion for nearly 46 years.

My Testimony One Last Time

I must now bring this history to a close. In doing so, I can think of no more appropriate way than to bear my testimony one last time.

I know there is a world of good spirits and one of evil spirits. I have experienced visitors from both worlds. The spirit world is real.

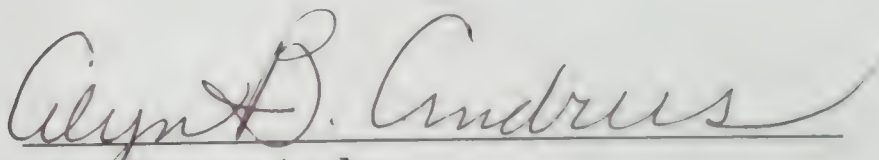
I know that God lives and we are prompted, taught and sustained by His Holy Spirit. I cannot deny this.

I know that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is all it claims to be. It is the Church of Jesus Christ. He is its cornerstone. He directs the Church through His prophets. Joseph Smith was God's prophet of this, the last dispensation of time — the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times. He was all he claimed to be and sealed his testimony with his blood. From his death to the present, the Church has been led by God's prophets. Today, Gordon B. Hinckley is a prophet of God. I have had nothing but strong, positive feelings about President Hinckley for years.

Gospel principles and ordinances, as taught and practiced by the Church, are divine. The priesthood which authorizes gospel ordinances is real. These ordinances and the priesthood which validates them are manifest in their highest form in God's holy temples. Without priesthood ordinances performed in God's temples, all would be lost, salvation and exaltation would be meaningless constructs.

I love the Lord. I thank Him for the Atonement. I love His church. It has given me all that I count worthwhile in this life. I am still learning the Gospel, and I like what I learn. I am in awe of the Priesthood. I have never felt truly worthy of it. When I contemplate it as God's power, I marvel that He allows His unworthy children to exercise it.

My prayer is that I might endure to the very end in trying to live what I know to be right. I can think of nothing I would rather hear at the end than these words: "Well done, thou faithful servant. Enter into my rest." May God help me. May God help us all. In His name, Amen.


Alyn Brown Andrus



*Above left: Alyn/Danny/Steve ready for hike up Altar Mountain
to Table Rock (about 1970)*

Above right: Alyn/Gloria on Table Rock (same day).

*Below left: Danny/Steve — Beaver Dick campground west of Rexburg,
along Henry's Fork of Snake River (about 1970)*

Below right: Alyn/Harry Sutherland building onto our Rexburg house (1975)





*Alyn and the Maverick
(between 1970-1975)*



*Gloria and the Pinto —
Rexburg (about 1977)*

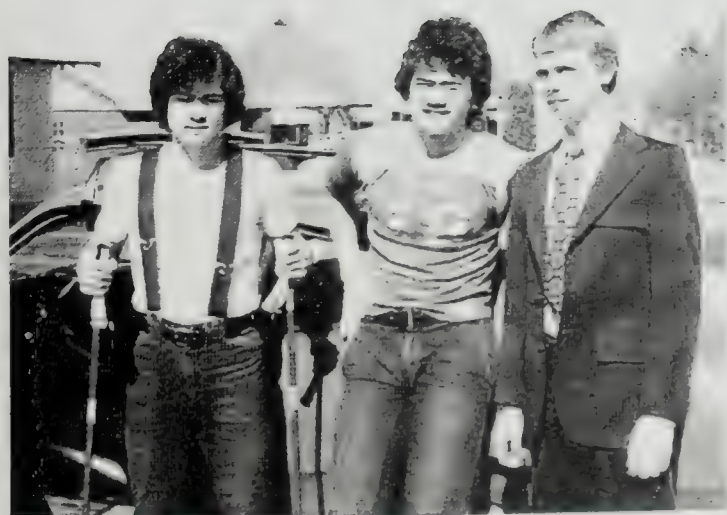
*Below: Gloria/Alyn and the
Grand Am — Erickson
Pontiac, Rexburg (1989)*





Above left: Steve in potato field, moving sprinkler pipe (about 1972)
Above right: Daniel/Steve washing off after moving pipe — in our backyard, Rexburg (about 1972)

Below left: Steve/Daniel/Tevis — Rexburg (1974)
Below right: Daniel and “Hot Shot” birthday cake — his 15th (1973)





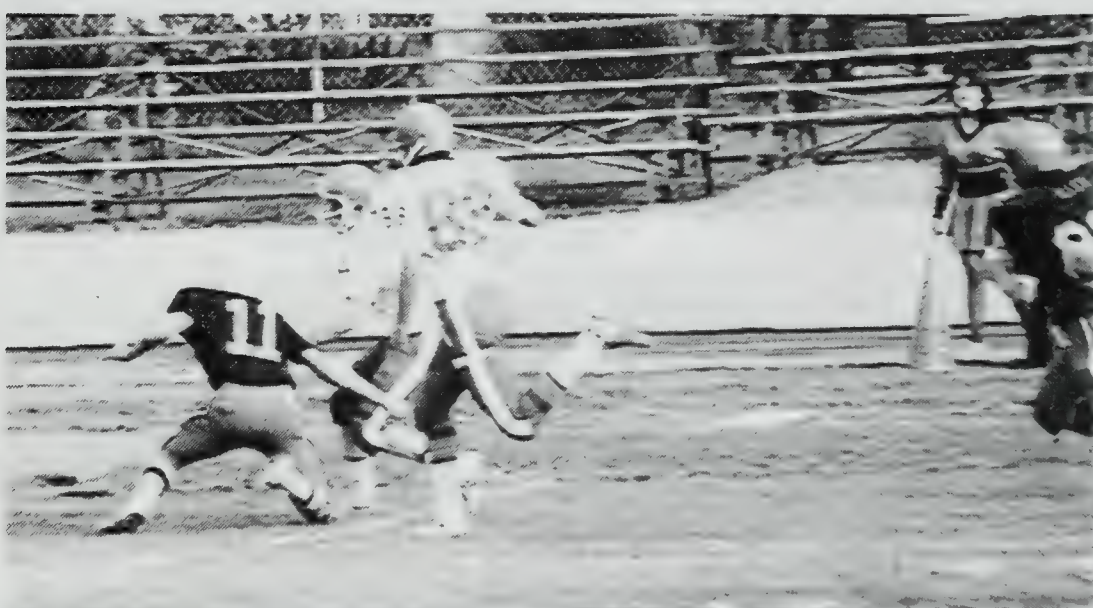
Steve, Tailback, Madison High School — Rexburg (1975-1977)



Steve in high school track meet, 440 relay — Blackfoot (1973)



Daniel, #54, Madison High School (1975)



Top: Daniel going out for a pass from Scott Hyde (1997)
Center: Daniel crossing goal line
Bottom: "Touchdown" — Daniel



Above: Alyn on his Honda 500 CX Custom — near Richfield, Utah (1982)

Below: Gloria on her Honda 500 Silverwing — near Richfield (same day)





Above: (l-r) Catta and Shiz — Rexburg (about 1980)

Below: (l-r) Remington and Laddie — Rexburg (about 1994)





Above: Daniel/Steve — after Steve returned from and before Daniel left for mission field — Rexburg (Spring 1978)

*Below left: Dianna “Peanuts” Narcisco, our Apache Princess
Rexburg (1976)*

Below right: Uncle Howard and Aunt Dot — Ucon (about 1975)





Above left: Steve's missionary photo — Rexburg (1976)
Above right: Daniel's missionary photo — Rexburg (1978)

Below left: Steve and Eleena (1981)
Below right: Daniel and Elizabeth (1981)





*Above: Our family: (l-r) Front: Fa'aleaga "Honey" Toalepai, holding Alyn T., Emmie, Eleena, Steve; Back: Gloria, Alyn, Daniel, Diana —
Rexburg (1981)*

Below: Alyn with brothers and sisters: (l-r) Front: Geniece, Robert, Portia, Alyn kneeling; Back: Jeanie, Rich, Kendall, Therel





Gloria with her mother, sisters and brothers: (l-r) First row: (inset) Rhonda, Mother Ruth

Second row: Rita, Gloria

Back row: Dale, Garry, Randy, Grant, Kent — June 1988



Above: Rexburg Fifteenth Ward Bishopric (1980)

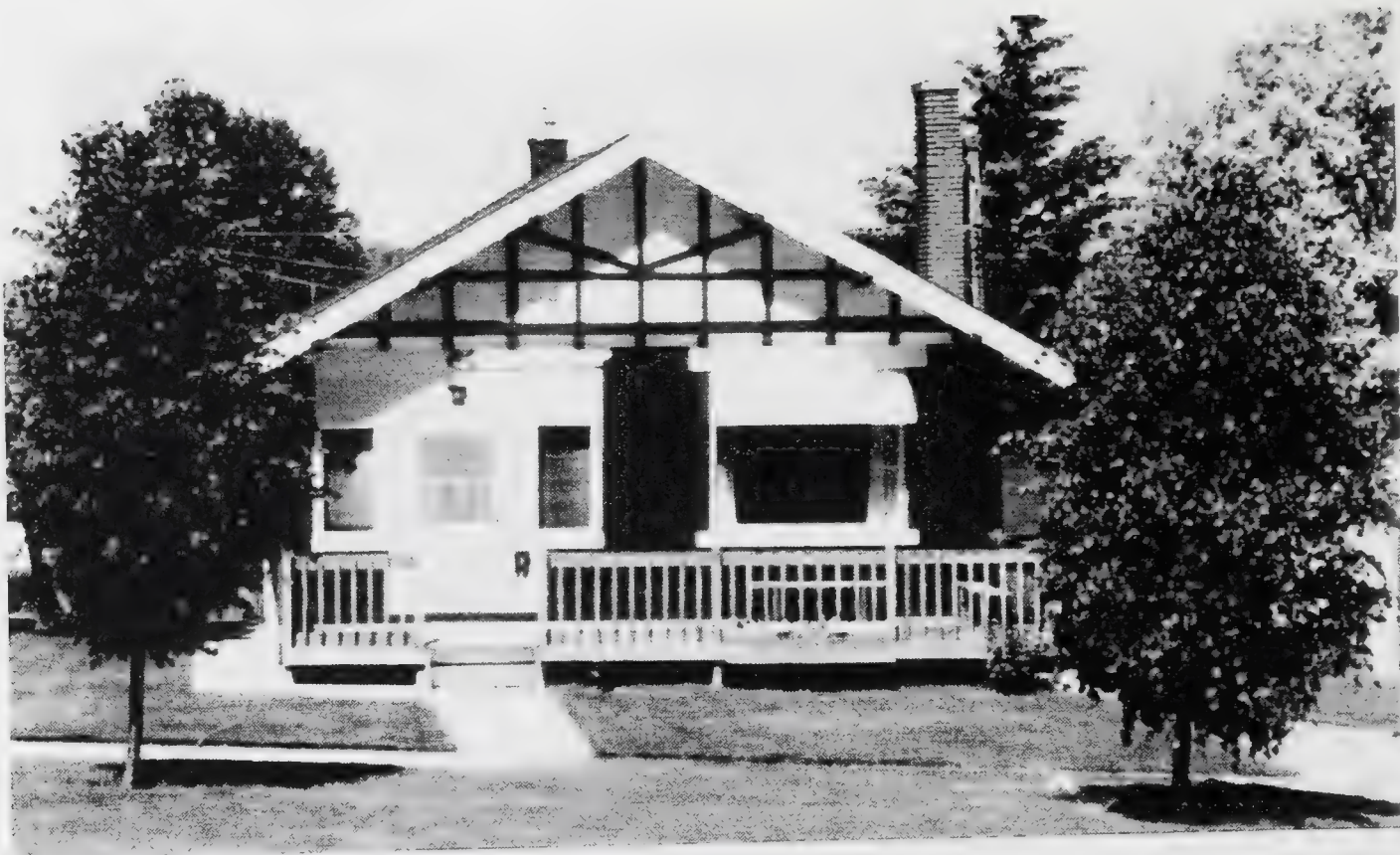
Ron Messer 1st Counselor, Rick Davis 2nd Counselor, Alyn Bishop

*Below: Rexburg Fifteenth Ward Bishops (1979-2000) in order of service:
(l-r) Alyn, Ronald Messer, Kenneth Brown, Kendell Nielsen, Charles Porter,
Thaine Robinson*





Ricks College Behavioral and Social Science Division (1997)
Gloria and Alyn in Front row center



Above: Our Rexburg home (1999)

Below: Ricks College campus aerial view, looking south (1997)



Appendix A:

Family History Information

PORTRAIT PEDIGREE

OF THE PROGENITORS OF

Alyn Brown Andrus

Samuel Reed
ANDRUS



Alyn Brown
ANDRUS



MYSELF

Nelba Phyllis
BRON



Robert
ANDRUS

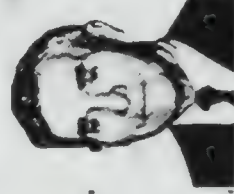


Lovelia Evelyn
BANDER



MY FATHER'S MOTHER

Charles William
BRON



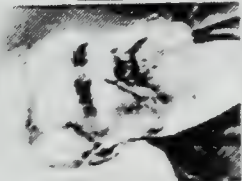
MY MOTHER'S MOTHER

Partha Lotitia
CRGILL



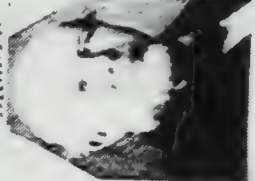
MY MOTHER'S MOTHER

MIL
ANDRUS



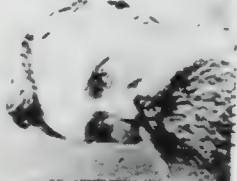
MY FATHER'S FATHER

Henry
BANDER



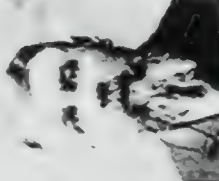
MY FATHER'S MOTHER

William
BRON



MY MOTHER'S FATHER

Joseph
CRGILL



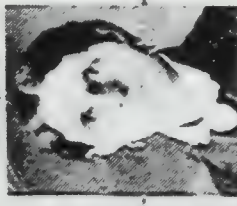
MY MOTHER'S MOTHER

Jane
EUGLAY



MY FATHER'S FATHER

Sarah FreeLove
HOWARD



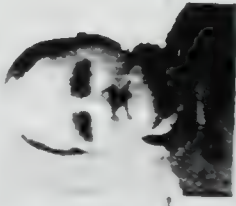
MY FATHER'S MOTHER

Anno (Annie)
SLITH



MY MOTHER'S FATHER

Phoebe
CRGILL

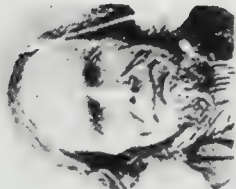


MY MOTHER'S MOTHER

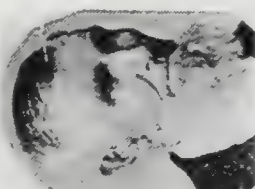
OTHER PROGENITORS



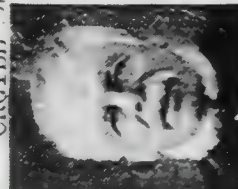
Abenezor
BRON



John Silver
SLITH



Joseph
CRGILL, Sr.



Elizabeth Low



Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 1

2 Samuel Reed Andrus

B: 8 Mar 1904
P: Willow Creek (Ucon), B, ID
M: 29 May 1929
P: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT
D: 16 Jul 1976
P: Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID

1 Alyn Brown Andrus

B: 15 Dec 1931
P: Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID
M: 8 Jun 1955
P: Mesa, Maricopa, AZ
D:
P:

Gloria Ruth Goodman

(Spouse of no. 1)

3 Melba Phyllis Brown

B: 4 Jan 1906
P: Parker, Fremont, ID
D: 9 May 1985
P: Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID

4 Robert Andrus

B: 12 Sep 1873
P: Draper, Salt Lake, UT
M: 6 Nov 1895
P: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT
D: 9 Jun 1936
P: Ucon, Bonneville, ID

5 Lovenia Evelyn Bawden

B: 19 Mar 1872
P: Mill Creek, Salt Lake, UT
D: 22 Apr 1956
P: Ucon, Bonneville, ID

6 Charles William Brown

B: 4 Nov 1874
P: Draper, Salt Lake, UT
M: 20 Dec 1900
P: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT
D: 18 May 1960
P: Parker, Fremont, ID

7 Martha Letitia Orgill

B: 9 Jun 1878
P: Draper, Salt Lake, UT
D: 12 Jun 1958
P: Parker, Fremont, ID

8 Milo Andrus

B: 6 Mar 1814
P: Wilmington, Essex, NY
M: 22 Nov 1855
P: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT

9 Jane Lancaster Munday

B: 4 Oct 1832
P: Coventry, W, England
D: 2 Oct 1900
P: WC, Bingham, ID, (now Ucon)

10 Henry Bawden

B: 3 Aug 1820
P: Easley Mills, NM, England
M: 18 Mar 1857
P: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT

11 Sarah Free love Howard

B: 30 Aug 1838
P: Bedford, England
D: 12 Dec 1927
P: Granger, Salt Lake, UT

12 Norman Brown

B: 16 Nov 1830
P: Summerhill Township, C, PA
M: 1 Dec 1858
P: Draper, Salt Lake, UT
D: 25 Mar 1921
P: Draper, Salt Lake, UT

13 Annie Smith

B: 6 Jan 1839
P: Worcester, England
D: 2 May 1921
P: Draper, Salt Lake, UT

14 Joseph Orgill

B: 30 Sep 1837
P: Hartshorn, D, England
M: Aug 1858
P: Castle Gresley, D, England
D: 27 Jan 1916
P: Draper, Salt Lake, UT

15 Phebe or Phoebe Croxall

B: 30 Nov 1837
P: Castle Gresley, D, England
D: 15 Aug 1893
P: Draper, Salt Lake, UT

16 Ruluf Andrus (or Andress)

B:
M:
D:

17 Azuba Smith

B:
D:

18 Thomas James Munday

B:
M:
D:

19 Harriet Lancaster

B:
D:

20 William Bawden

B:
M:
D:

21 Rebecca Watts

B:
D:

22 Samuel Lorenzo Howard

B:
M:
D:

23 Betsy Pack

B:
D: 9 May 1847

24 Ebenezer Brown

B: 6 Dec 1801
M: 20 Jul 1823
D: 26 Jan 1878

25 Ann Weaver

B: 5 Aug 1806
D: 24 Jun 1842

26 John Sivel Smith

B:
M:
D:

27 Jane Wadley

B:
D:

28 Joseph Orgill

B:
M:
D:

29 Elizabeth Lowe

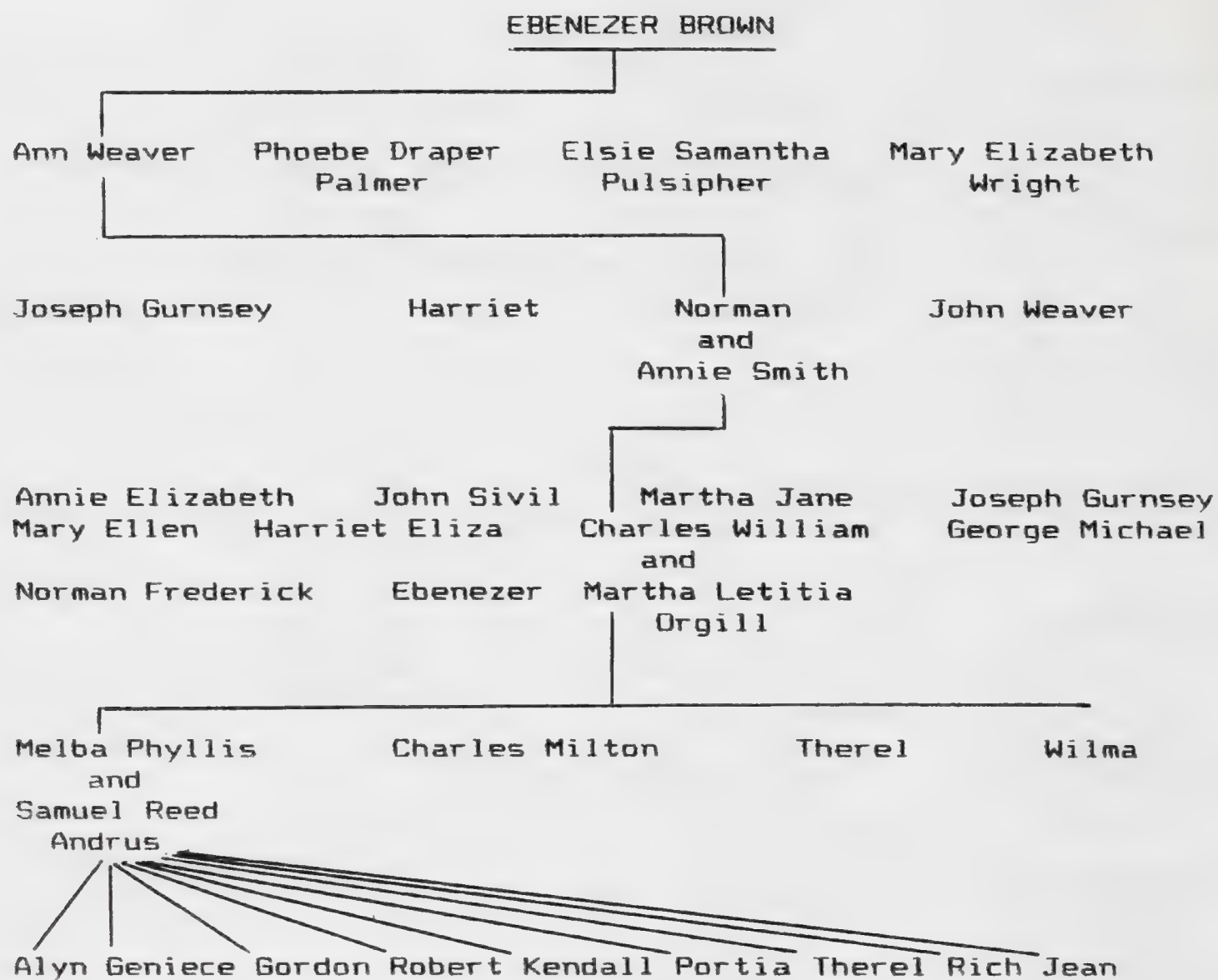
B:
D:

30 Samuel Croxall

B: 13 Jul 1730
M:
D:

31 Ann Bettridge

B:
D:



Family Group Record- 1

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Husband				
Alyn Brown Andrus-61				
Born	15 Dec 1931	Place	Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place		Baptized 3 Feb 1940
Died		Place		Endowed 18 Jan 1951
Buried		Place		Sealed to parents BIC
Married	8 Jun 1955	Place	Mesa, Maricopa, AZ	Sealed to spouse 8 Jun 1955
Husband's father Samuel Reed Andrus-1670				MRIN: 513
Husband's mother Melba Phyllis Brown-1671				
Wife				
Gloria Ruth Goodman-1				
Born	25 Jun 1936	Place	Plenty (Floy), Apache, AZ	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place		Baptized 1 Jul 1944
Died		Place		Endowed 2 Jun 1954
Buried		Place		Sealed to parents BIC
Wife's father Lloyd Everette Goodman-1530				MRIN: 2
Wife's mother Emma Ruth Rothlisberger-17				
Children List each child in order of birth.				
LDS ordinance dates				
Temple				
1	M Steve Pu'ela Danielson-89			
Born	22 Jun 1956	Place	Si'umu, Upolu, Western Samoa	Baptized 5 Sep 1964
Christened		Place		Endowed 5 Feb 1976
Died		Place		Sealed to parents
Buried		Place		
Spouse Eleena Keiko Ching-90				MRIN: 69
Married	25 Jul 1981	Place	Honolulu, Oahu, HI	Sealed to spouse 25 Jul 1981
HAWAI				
2	M Daniel Pu'eata Andrus-62			
Born	16 Dec 1958	Place	Moto'otua, Upolu, Western Samoa	Baptized 7 Jan 1967
Christened		Place		Endowed 9 May 1978
Died		Place		Sealed to parents 17 Jan 1962
Buried		Place		ID
Spouse Elizabeth Evelyn Harris-84				MRIN: 56
Married	30 Dec 1981 (Div)	Place	Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID	Sealed to spouse 30 Dec 1981
ID				

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Husband Samuel Reed Andrus-1670				
Born	8 Mar 1904	Place	Willow Creek (Ucon), Bonneville, ID	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place		Baptized 27 Apr 1912
Died	16 Jul 1976	Place	Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID	Endowed 4 Sep 1925
Buried	20 Jul 1976	Place	Ucon, Bonneville, ID	Sealed to parents BIC
Married	29 May 1929	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to spouse 29 May 1929
Husband's father Robert Andrus-1680				MRIN: 515
Husband's mother Lovenia Evelyn Bawden-1681				

Wife Melba Phyllis Brown-1671				
Born	4 Jan 1906	Place	Parker, Fremont, ID	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place		Baptized 1 Aug 1914
Died	9 May 1985	Place	Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID	Endowed 29 May 1929
Buried	12 May 1985	Place	Ucon, Bonneville, ID	Sealed to parents BIC
Wife's father Charles William Brown-1707				MRIN: 531
Wife's mother Martha Letitia Orgill-1708				

Children	List each child in order of birth.	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
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1	M	Alyn Brown Andrus-61		
	Born	15 Dec 1931	Place	Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID
	Christened		Place	
	Died		Place	
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse	Gloria Ruth Goodman-1		
	Married	8 Jun 1955	Place	Mesa, Maricopa, AZ
				Sealed to spouse 8 Jun 1955
				MRIN: 1

2	F	Geniece Andrus-1672		
	Born	17 Apr 1934	Place	Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID
	Christened		Place	
	Died		Place	
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse	David William Smith-1700		
	Married	17 Apr 1953	Place	Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID
				Sealed to spouse 17 Apr 1953
				MRIN: 524

3	M	Gordon Reed Andrus-1673		
	Born	4 Mar 1936	Place	Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID
	Christened		Place	
	Died	17 Aug 1946	Place	Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID
	Buried		Place	Ucon, Bonneville, ID
	Spouse			
	Married		Place	
				Sealed to spouse

4	M	Charles Robert Andrus-1674		
	Born	1 Sep 1937	Place	Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID
	Christened		Place	
	Died		Place	
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse			
	Married		Place	
				Sealed to spouse

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Husband Samuel Reed Andrus-1670				
Wife Melba Phyllis Brown-1671				
Children List each child in order of birth.			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
4	M	Charles Robert Andrus-1674		
		Spouse	Jean Caroline McBride-1701	MRIN: 525
		Married	1 Sep 1961	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID Sealed to spouse 1 Sep 1961 IFALL
5	M	Kendall Wayne Andrus-1675		
		Born	21 Nov 1939	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID Baptized 3 Jan 1948 LIVE
		Christened		Place Endowed 10 Aug 1960 IFALL
		Died		Place Sealed to parents BIC
		Buried		Place
		Spouse	Linda Rae Biornstad-1702	MRIN: 526
		Married	21 Sep 1962	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID Sealed to spouse 21 Sep 1962 IFALL
6	F	Portia Andrus-1676		
		Born	23 Mar 1941	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID Baptized 26 Mar 1949 LIVE
		Christened		Place Endowed 21 Nov 1964 IFALL
		Died		Place Sealed to parents BIC
		Buried		Place
		Spouse	Ronald Stanley Morgan-1703	MRIN: 527
		Married	21 Nov 1964	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID Sealed to spouse 21 Nov 1964 IFALL
7	F	Therel Andrus-1677		
		Born	3 Aug 1942	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID Baptized 5 Aug 1950 LIVE
		Christened		Place Endowed 21 Apr 1961 IFALL
		Died		Place Sealed to parents BIC
		Buried		Place
		Spouse	Alfred Merlin Frei-1704	MRIN: 528
		Married	21 Apr 1961	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID Sealed to spouse 21 Apr 1961 IFALL
8	M	Gaylon Rich Andrus-1678		
		Born	17 Aug 1944	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID Baptized 6 Sep 1952 LIVE
		Christened		Place Endowed 13 Aug 1964 IFALL
		Died		Place Sealed to parents BIC
		Buried		Place
		Spouse	Mildred Hart-1705	MRIN: 529
		Married	29 May 1967	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID Sealed to spouse 29 May 1967 IFALL
9	F	Mary Jean Andrus-1679		
		Born	3 Oct 1946	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID Baptized 6 Nov 1954 LIVE
		Christened		Place Endowed
		Died		Place Sealed to parents BIC
		Buried		Place
		Spouse	Bradley Kenneth Strom-1706	MRIN: 530
		Married	22 Nov 1969 (Div)	Place Ucon, Bonneville, ID Sealed to spouse

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Husband **Robert Andrus-1680**

Born	12 Sep 1873	Place	Draper, Salt Lake, UT	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Christened		Place		Baptized	2 Aug 1883
Died	9 Jun 1936	Place	Ucon, Bonneville, ID	Endowed	6 Nov 1895 SLAKE
Buried	12 Jun 1936	Place	Ucon, Bonneville, ID	Sealed to parents	BIC
Married	6 Nov 1895	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to spouse	6 Nov 1895 SLAKE
Husband's father	Ruluf Andrus (or Andress)-1769				MRIN: 559
Husband's mother	Azuba Smith-1770				

Wife **Lovenia Evelyn Bawden-1681**

Born	19 Mar 1872	Place	Mill Creek, Salt Lake, UT	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Christened		Place		Baptized	18 Apr 1880
Died	22 Apr 1956	Place	Ucon, Bonneville, ID	Endowed	6 Nov 1895 SLAKE
Buried	25 Apr 1956	Place	Ucon, Bonneville, ID	Sealed to parents	
Wife's father	Henry Bawden-1771				MRIN: 562
Wife's mother	Sarah Freeloove Howard-1772				

Children List each child in order of birth.

	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
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1 M **Robert Howard Andrus-1682**

Born	31 Jul 1896	Place	Millcreek, Salt Lake, UT	Baptized	31 Jul 1904
Christened		Place		Endowed	22 Dec 1920 SLAKE
Died		Place		Sealed to parents	BIC
Buried		Place			
Spouse	Elva Dixon-1692				MRIN: 516
Married	18 Dec 1924	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to spouse	18 Dec 1924 SLAKE

2 M **Grant Munday Andrus-1683**

Born	16 Apr 1898	Place	Willow Creek (Ucon), Bonneville, ID	Baptized	1906
Christened		Place		Endowed	28 Aug 1924 SLAKE
Died		Place		Sealed to parents	BIC
Buried		Place			
Spouse	May Walker-1693				MRIN: 517
Married	28 Aug 1924	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to spouse	28 Aug 1924 SLAKE

3 F **Lovenia Minnie Andrus-1684**

Born	16 Dec 1900	Place	Willow Creek (Ucon), Bonneville, ID	Baptized	5 Jun 1909
Christened		Place		Endowed	28 Apr 1926 SLAKE
Died		Place		Sealed to parents	BIC
Buried		Place			
Spouse	John Dee Phillips-1694				MRIN: 518
Married	28 Apr 1926	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to spouse	28 Apr 1926 SLAKE

4 M **Rex Quale Andrus-1685**

Born	16 Aug 1902	Place	Willow Creek (Ucon), Bonneville, ID	Baptized	
Christened		Place		Endowed	
Died	14 Mar 1903	Place	Willow Creek (Ucon), Bonneville, ID	Sealed to parents	BIC
Buried		Place			

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Husband Robert Andrus-1680				
Wife Lovenia Evelyn Bawden-1681				
Children List each child in order of birth.			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
4	M	Rex Quale Andrus-1685		
		Spouse		
		Married	Place	Sealed to spouse
5	M	Samuel Reed Andrus-1670		
		Born	Place	Baptized
		8 Mar 1904	Willow Creek (Ucon), Bonneville, ID	27 Apr 1912
		Christened	Place	Endowed
				4 Sep 1925 SLAKE
		Died	Place	Sealed to parents
		16 Jul 1976	Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID	BIC
		Buried	Place	
		20 Jul 1976	Ucon, Bonneville, ID	
		Spouse		
		Melba Phyllis Brown-1671 MRIN: 513		
		Married	Place	Sealed to spouse
		29 May 1929	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT	29 May 1929 SLAKE
6	F	Sarah Jane Andrus-1686		
		Born	Place	Baptized
		27 Aug 1906	Willow Creek (Ucon), Bonneville, ID	27 Aug 1914
		Christened	Place	Endowed
				27 Jul 1934 LOGAN
		Died	Place	Sealed to parents
				BIC
		Buried	Place	
		Spouse		
		Rulon Lee Simmons-1695 MRIN: 519		
		Married	Place	Sealed to spouse
		27 Jul 1934	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT	27 Jul 1934 SLAKE
7	F	Rula Ireland Andrus-1687		
		Born	Place	Baptized
		17 Mar 1908	Willow Creek (Ucon), Bonneville, ID	20 Apr 1916
		Christened	Place	Endowed
				15 Nov 1929 SLAKE
		Died	Place	Sealed to parents
		8 Jun 1929	Arimo, Bannock, ID	BIC
		Buried	Place	
			Ucon, Bonneville, ID	
		Spouse		
		Married	Place	Sealed to spouse
8	F	Beulah Leona Andrus-1688		
		Born	Place	Baptized
		25 Aug 1909	Willow Creek (Ucon), Bonneville, ID	25 Aug 1917
		Christened	Place	Endowed
				1 Jun 1939 SLAKE
		Died	Place	Sealed to parents
				BIC
		Buried	Place	
		Spouse		
		Edward Beutler-1696 MRIN: 520		
		Married	Place	Sealed to spouse
		12 Sep 1945	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT	12 Sep 1945 SLAKE
9	M	Thomas Edgar Andrus-1689		
		Born	Place	Baptized
		11 Jun 1912	Willow Creek (Ucon), Bonneville, ID	11 Jun 1921
		Christened	Place	Endowed
				3 Jul 1934 SLAKE
		Died	Place	Sealed to parents
				BIC
		Buried	Place	
		Spouse		
		Garda Doman-1697 MRIN: 521		
		Married	Place	Sealed to spouse
		20 Jul 1938	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT	20 Jul 1938 SLAKE

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Husband	Robert Andrus-1680
Wife	Lovenia Evelyn Bawden-1681
Children	List each child in order of birth.
	LDS ordinance dates
	Temple

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F	Vera Valeria Andrus-1690					
Born		14 Jul 1915	Place	Ucon, Bonneville, ID	Baptized	14 Jul 1923
Christened			Place		Endowed	8 Jun 1938 SLAKE
Died			Place		Sealed to parents	BIC
Buried			Place			
Spouse		Lynn S. Barker-1698				MRIN: 522
Married		8 Jun 1938	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to spouse	8 Jun 1938 SLAKE

11

F	Inez Luella Andrus-1691					
Born		18 Sep 1917	Place	Ucon, Bonneville, ID	Baptized	18 Sep 1925
Christened			Place		Endowed	20 Mar 1945
Died		19 Sep 1965	Place	Portland, Oregon	Sealed to parents	BIC
Buried			Place	Ucon, Bonneville, ID		
Spouse		H. Clair Tracy-1699				MRIN: 523
Married		20 Mar 1945	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to spouse	20 Mar 1945
						SLAKE

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Husband Milo Andrus-726				
Born	6 Mar 1814	Place	Wilmington, Essex, NY	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place		Baptized 12 Mar 1833
Died	19 Jun 1893	Place	Oxford, Franklin, ID	Endowed 24 Dec 1845
Buried	23 Jun 1893	Place	Holladay, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to parents
Married	22 Nov 1855	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to spouse 22 Nov 1855
Husband's father	Ruluf Andrus (or Andress)-1769			MRIN: 559
Husband's mother	Azuba Smith-1770			

Wife Jane Lancaster Munday-727				
Born	4 Oct 1832	Place	Coventry, Warwickshire, England	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place		Baptized 12 Dec 1843
Died	2 Oct 1900	Place	Willow Creek, Bingham, ID, (now Ucon)	Endowed 22 Nov 1855
Buried	4 Oct 1900	Place	Willow Creek, Bingham, ID, (now Ucon)	Sealed to parents
Wife's father	Thomas James Munday-1767			MRIN: 558
Wife's mother	Harriet Lancaster-1768			

Children	List each child in order of birth.	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
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1	M	Millard Andrus-728		
	Born	24 Sep 1856	Place	Big Cottonwood, Salt Lake, UT
	Christened		Place	
	Died	5 May 1936	Place	Draper, Salt Lake, UT
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse	Minerva Deseret Terry-1762		
	Married	6 Dec 1895	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT
				MRIN: 553
				Sealed to spouse

2	F	Josephine Andrus-729		
	Born	1 Aug 1858	Place	Big Cottonwood, Salt Lake, UT
	Christened		Place	
	Died	1 Aug 1919	Place	
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse	Geroge U. Thompson-1763		
	Married	13 Feb 1878	Place	Butterville, Salt Lake, UT
				MRIN: 554
				Sealed to spouse

3	F	Sarah Jane Andrus-730		
	Born	Aug 1861	Place	Big Cottonwood, Salt Lake, UT
	Christened		Place	
	Died	1863	Place	
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse			
	Married		Place	
				MRIN: 554
				Sealed to spouse

4	M	Sherman Andrus-731		
	Born	28 Oct 1866	Place	Big Cottonwood, Salt Lake, UT
	Christened		Place	
	Died	17 Aug 1886	Place	
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse			
	Married		Place	
				MRIN: 554
				Sealed to spouse

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Husband		Milo Andrus-726	
Wife		Jane Lancaster Munday-727	
Children List each child in order of birth.		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
4	M	Sherman Andrus-731	
		Spouse Lorinda Horr-1764 MRIN: 555	
		Married 22 May 1889	Place Sealed to spouse
5	M	Heber Andrus-732	
		Born 20 Sep 1868	Place Big Cottonwood, Salt Lake, UT
		Christened	Place
		Died 9 May 1914	Place Ucon, Bonneville, ID
		Buried	Place
		Spouse Ann Ireland Bawden-1765 MRIN: 556	
		Married 13 May 1891	Place Manti, Sanpete, UT
		Sealed to spouse 13 May 1891 MANTI	
6	M	Newton Andrus-733	
		Born 18 Aug 1871	Place Draper, Salt Lake, UT
		Christened	Place
		Died 19 Sep 1941	Place Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID
		Buried	Place
		Spouse Juliette Berrett-1766 MRIN: 557	
		Married 30 Oct 1895	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT
		Sealed to spouse	
7	M	Robert Andrus-714	
		Born 12 Sep 1873	Place Draper, Salt Lake, UT
		Christened	Place
		Died 9 Jun 1936	Place Ucon, Bonneville, ID
		Buried 12 Jun 1936	Place Ucon, Bonneville, ID
		Spouse Lovenia Evelyn Bawden-715 MRIN: 238	
		Married 6 Nov 1895	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT
		Sealed to spouse 6 Nov 1895 SLC	

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Husband Charles William Brown-1707				
Born	4 Nov 1874	Place	Draper, Salt Lake, UT	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place		Baptized
Died	18 May 1960	Place	Parker, Fremont, ID	Endowed 20 Dec 1900
Buried		Place	Parker, Fremont, ID	Sealed to parents
Married	20 Dec 1900	Place	Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to spouse 20 Dec 1900
Husband's father Norman Brown-1714				MRIN: 534
Husband's mother Annie Smith-1715				

Wife Martha Letitia Orgill-1708				
Born	9 Jun 1878	Place	Draper, Salt Lake, UT	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place		Baptized
Died	12 Jun 1958	Place	Parker, Fremont, ID	Endowed 20 Dec 1900
Buried		Place	Parker, Fremont, ID	Sealed to parents
Wife's father Joseph Orgill-1739				MRIN: 544
Wife's mother Phebe or Phoebe Croxall-1740				

Children	List each child in order of birth.	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
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1 F **Melba Phyllis Brown-1671**

Born	4 Jan 1906	Place	Parker, Fremont, ID	Baptized	1 Aug 1914	LIVE
Christened		Place		Endowed	29 May 1929	SLAKE
Died	9 May 1985	Place	Idaho Falls, Bonneville, ID	Sealed to parents	BIC	
Buried	12 May 1985	Place	Ucon, Bonneville, ID			
Spouse Unknown				MRIN: 514		
Married		Place		Sealed to spouse		

2 M **Charles Milton Brown-1709**

Born	23 Feb 1908	Place	Parker, Fremont, ID	Baptized		
Christened		Place		Endowed		
Died	14 Sep 1908	Place	Parker, Fremont, ID	Sealed to parents	BIC	
Buried		Place				
Spouse						
Married		Place		Sealed to spouse		

3 F **Therel Brown-1710**

Born	6 Aug 1914	Place	Parker, Fremont, ID	Baptized		
Christened		Place		Endowed		
Died		Place		Sealed to parents		
Buried		Place				
Spouse Rulon Secrist Ricks-1712				MRIN: 532		
Married	21 Oct 1936	Place		Sealed to spouse		

4 F **Wilma Brown-1711**

Born	10 Nov 1917	Place	Parker, Fremont, ID	Baptized		
Christened		Place		Endowed		
Died		Place		Sealed to parents		
Buried		Place				

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Husband		Charles William Brown-1707		
Wife		Martha Letitia Orgill-1708		
Children		List each child in order of birth.	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
4	F	Wilma Brown-1711		
	Spouse	Stanley Ray Quayle-1713		MRIN: 533
	Married	28 Apr 1937	Place	Sealed to spouse

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Husband Norman Brown-1714				
Born	16 Nov 1830	Place	Summerhill Township, Crawford Co., PA	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place		Baptized 14 Feb 1839
Died	25 Mar 1921	Place	Draper, Salt Lake, UT	Endowed 17 Feb 1858
Buried		Place		Sealed to parents
Married	1 Dec 1858	Place	Draper, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to spouse 20 Jun 1860
Husband's father Ebenezer Brown-1733				MRIN: 543
Husband's mother Ann Weaver-1734				

Wife Annie Smith-1715				
Born	6 Jan 1839	Place	Worcester, England	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place		Baptized
Died	2 May 1921	Place	Draper, Salt Lake, UT	Endowed 20 Jun 1860
Buried	5 May 1921	Place	Draper, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to parents
Wife's father John Sivel Smith-722				MRIN: 565
Wife's mother Jane Wadley-724				

Children	List each child in order of birth.	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
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1	F	Ann Elizabeth Brown-1716		
	Born	4 Sep 1859	Place	Draper, Salt Lake, UT
	Christened		Place	
	Died	Sep 1873	Place	
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse Josiah Parsholl Terry-1725			MRIN: 535
	Married		Place	
				Sealed to spouse

2	M	John Sivil Brown-1717		
	Born	2 Apr 1861	Place	Kaysville, Davis, UT
	Christened		Place	
	Died	4 Sep 1881	Place	
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse			
	Married		Place	
				Sealed to spouse

3	F	Martha Jane Brown-1718		
	Born	8 Dec 1863	Place	Kaysville, Davis, UT
	Christened		Place	
	Died	15 Feb 1955	Place	
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse Isaac John Dunyon-1726			MRIN: 536
	Married	Jun 1892	Place	
				Sealed to spouse

4	M	Joseph Gurnsey Brown-1719		
	Born	14 May 1866	Place	Draper, Salt Lake, UT
	Christened		Place	
	Died	29 Jul 1960	Place	
	Buried		Place	
				Sealed to parents

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Husband		Norman Brown-1714	
Wife		Annie Smith-1715	
Children List each child in order of birth.		LDS ordinance dates	Temple
4	M	Joseph Gurnsey Brown-1719	
	Spouse	Mary Ann Gooch-1727	
	Married	16 Dec 1896	Place
		Sealed to spouse	MRIN: 537
5	F	Mary Ellen (or Nellie) Brown-1720	
	Born	2 Oct 1869	Place Draper, Salt Lake, UT
	Christened	Place	Baptized 1 Sep 1878
	Died	9 Apr 1934	Place
	Buried	Place	Endowed
	Spouse	Arelus Fitzgerald-1728	
	Married	11 Apr 1898	Place
		Sealed to spouse	BIC
6	F	Harriet Eliza Brown-1721	
	Born	4 Apr 1872	Place Draper, Salt Lake, UT
	Christened	Place	Baptized 19 Jun 1881
	Died	11 Apr 1898	Place
	Buried	Place	Endowed
	Spouse	Hunter Terry-1729	
	Married	Place	Sealed to parents
		Sealed to spouse	BIC
7	M	Charles William Brown-1707	
	Born	4 Nov 1874	Place Draper, Salt Lake, UT
	Christened	Place	Baptized
	Died	18 May 1960	Place Parker, Fremont, ID
	Buried	Place Parker, Fremont, ID	Endowed 20 Dec 1900
	Spouse	Martha Letitia Orgill-1708	
	Married	20 Dec 1900	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT
		Sealed to spouse	SLAKE
8	M	George Michael Brown-1722	
	Born	8 May 1878	Place Draper, Salt Lake, UT
	Christened	Place	Baptized 25 Jul 1886
	Died	29 Aug 1962	Place
	Buried	Place	Endowed
	Spouse	Gertrude Clayton-1730	
	Married	22 Jun 1910	Place
		Sealed to spouse	BIC
9	M	Norman Fredrick Brown-1723	
	Born	22 Mar 1881	Place Draper, Salt Lake, UT
	Christened	Place	Baptized 6 Jul 1889
	Died	20 Apr 1954	Place
	Buried	Place	Endowed 21 May 1903
	Spouse	Mary Jane Kershaw-1731	
	Married	14 Nov 1901	Place
		Sealed to spouse	BIC
		Sealed to spouse	MRIN: 541

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Husband Norman Brown-1714							
Wife Annie Smith-1715							
Children List each child in order of birth.			LDS ordinance dates	Temple			
10	M	Ebenezer Brown-1724					
	Born	15 Jun 1884	Place	Draper, Salt Lake, UT	Baptized	29 Mar 1893	
	Christened		Place		Endowed		
	Died	28 Dec 1963	Place		Sealed to parents	BIC	
	Buried		Place				
	Spouse	Sarah E. Murphy-1732			MRIN: 542		
	Married	3 Sep 1915	Place		Sealed to spouse		

Family Group Record- 543

Page 1 of 2

Husband Ebenezer Brown-1733				
Born	6 Dec 1801	Place	Salisbury, Montgomery, NY	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place		Baptized 13 Jun 1835
Died	26 Jan 1878	Place	Draper, Salt Lake, UT	Endowed
Buried		Place		Sealed to parents
Married	20 Jul 1823	Place	Dryden, Thompkins, NY	Sealed to spouse
Husband's father William Brown-713				MRIN: 563
Husband's mother Hannah Sweet-717				

Wife Ann Weaver-1734				
Born	5 Aug 1806	Place	Saratoga, Saratoga, NY	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place		Baptized 13 Jun 1835
Died	24 Jun 1842	Place	Quincy, Adams, IL	Endowed
Buried		Place		Sealed to parents
Wife's father John Weaver-725				MRIN: 564
Wife's mother Catherine Reasoner-718				

Children	List each child in order of birth.	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
-----------------	------------------------------------	---------------------	--------

1	M	Joseph Gurnsey Brown-1735		
Born	8 Nov 1824	Place	Dryden, Thompkins, NY	Baptized
Christened		Place		Endowed
Died	17 Jan 1907	Place	Kanab, Kane, UT	Sealed to parents
Buried		Place		
Spouse				
Married		Place		Sealed to spouse

2	F	Harriet Brown-1736		
Born	6 Feb 1826	Place	Dryden, Thompkins, NY	Baptized
Christened		Place		Endowed
Died		Place		Sealed to parents
Buried		Place		
Spouse				
Married		Place		Sealed to spouse

3	M	Norman Brown-1714		
Born	16 Nov 1830	Place	Summerhill Township, Crawford Co., PA	Baptized 14 Feb 1839
Christened		Place		Endowed 17 Feb 1858
Died	25 Mar 1921	Place	Draper, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to parents
Buried		Place		
Spouse Annie Smith-1715				MRIN: 534
Married	1 Dec 1858	Place	Draper, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to spouse 20 Jun 1860

4	M	John Weaver Brown-1737		
Born		Place	Quincy, Adams, IL	Baptized
Christened		Place		Endowed
Died		Place		Sealed to parents
Buried		Place		

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Husband Ebenezer Brown-1733				
Wife Ann Weaver-1734				
Children List each child in order of birth.			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
4	M	John Weaver Brown-1737		
		Spouse		
		Married	Place	Sealed to spouse
5	F	Ann Brown-1738		
		Born	Place	Baptized
		1842	Quincy, Adams, IL	
		Christened	Place	Endowed
		Died	Place	Sealed to parents
		1842	Quincy, Adams, IL	
		Buried	Place	
		Spouse		
		Married	Place	Sealed to spouse

Family Group Record- 544

Page 1 of 3

Husband Joseph Orgill-1739				
Born	30 Sep 1837	Place	Hartshorn, Derbyshire, England	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place		Baptized 7 Mar 1847
Died	27 Jan 1916	Place	Draper, Salt Lake, UT	Endowed 20 Apr 1867
Buried		Place		Sealed to parents 26 Feb 1885
Married	Aug 1858	Place	Castle Gresley, Derbyshire, England	Sealed to spouse 20 Apr 1867
Husband's father Joseph Orgill-716				MRIN: 566
Husband's mother Elizabeth Lowe-714				

Wife Phebe or Phoebe Croxall-1740				
Born	30 Nov 1837	Place	Castle Gresley, Derbyshire, England	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place		Baptized 28 Nov 1850
Died	15 Aug 1893	Place	Draper, Salt Lake, UT	Endowed 20 Apr 1867
Buried		Place		Sealed to parents
Wife's father Samuel Croxall-719				MRIN: 567
Wife's mother Ann Bettridge-723				

Children	List each child in order of birth.	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
-----------------	------------------------------------	---------------------	--------

1	F	Sarah Ann Orgill-1741		
	Born	26 Feb 1850	Place	Church Gresley, Derbyshire, England
	Christened		Place	
	Died	16 Jun 1861	Place	
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse			
	Married		Place	
				Sealed to spouse

2	M	Joseph Croxall Orgill-1742		
	Born	4 Aug 1861	Place	Church Gresley, Derbyshire, England
	Christened		Place	
	Died	14 Jun 1939	Place	Bingham Canyon, Salt Lake, UT
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse	Martha Maria Shipley-1754		
	Married	17 Jun 1885	Place	Logan, Cache, UT
				Sealed to spouse 17 Jun 1885
				LOGAN

3	M	William Croxall Orgill-1743		
	Born	13 May 1863	Place	Church Gresley, Derbyshire, England
	Christened		Place	
	Died	23 Jan 1950	Place	Draper, Salt Lake, UT
	Buried		Place	
	Spouse	Mary Collins Crapo-1755		
	Married	9 Mar 1887	Place	Logan, Cache, UT
				Sealed to spouse 9 Mar 1887
				LOGAN

4	F	Mary Orgill-1744		
	Born	16 Dec 1864	Place	Church Gresley, Derbyshire, England
	Christened		Place	
	Died	29 Jul 1865	Place	
	Buried		Place	
				Sealed to parents 6 Dec 1893

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Family Group Record- 544

Husband Joseph Orgill-1739				
Wife Phebe or Phoebe Croxall-1740				
Children List each child in order of birth.			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
4	F	Mary Orgill-1744		
		Spouse		
		Married	Place	Sealed to spouse
5	F	Elizabeth Orgill-1745		
		Born	Place	Baptized
		13 Sep 1866	Draper, Salt Lake, UT	21 Sep 1876
		Christened	Place	Endowed
				11 Mar 1887
		Died	Place	Sealed to parents
		22 Jun 1954	Sandy, Salt Lake, UT	11 Mar 1887
		Buried	Place	LOGAN
		Spouse		
		Charles Collins Crapo-1756		
		Married	Place	Sealed to spouse
		11 Mar 1887	Logan, Cache, UT	11 Mar 1887
				LOGAN
6	F	Phoebe Orgill-1746		
		Born	Place	Baptized
		1 May 1868	Draper, Salt Lake, UT	
		Christened	Place	Endowed
		Died	Place	Sealed to parents
		9 Sep 1869		BIC
		Buried	Place	
		Spouse		
		Married	Place	Sealed to spouse
7	F	Eliza Orgill-1747		
		Born	Place	Baptized
		13 Nov 1870	Draper, Salt Lake, UT	
		Christened	Place	Endowed
				2 May 1894
		Died	Place	Sealed to parents
				BIC
		Buried	Place	
		Spouse		
		William Allen-1757		
		Married	Place	Sealed to spouse
		2 May 1894		
				MRIN: 548
8	F	Elica Orgill-1748		
		Born	Place	Baptized
		13 Nov 1870	Draper, Salt Lake, UT	20 Jun 1880
		Christened	Place	Endowed
				2 May 1894
		Died	Place	Sealed to parents
		8 Apr 1949		BIC
		Buried	Place	
		Spouse		
		William S. Allen-1758		
		Married	Place	Sealed to spouse
		2 May 1894	Logan, Cache, UT	2 May 1894
				LOGAN
9	F	Daughter Orgill-1749		
		Born	Place	Baptized
		13 Nov 1870	Draper, Salt Lake, UT	
		Christened	Place	Endowed
		Died	Place	Sealed to parents
		13 Nov 1870	Draper, Salt Lake, UT	
		Buried	Place	
		Spouse		
		Married	Place	Sealed to spouse

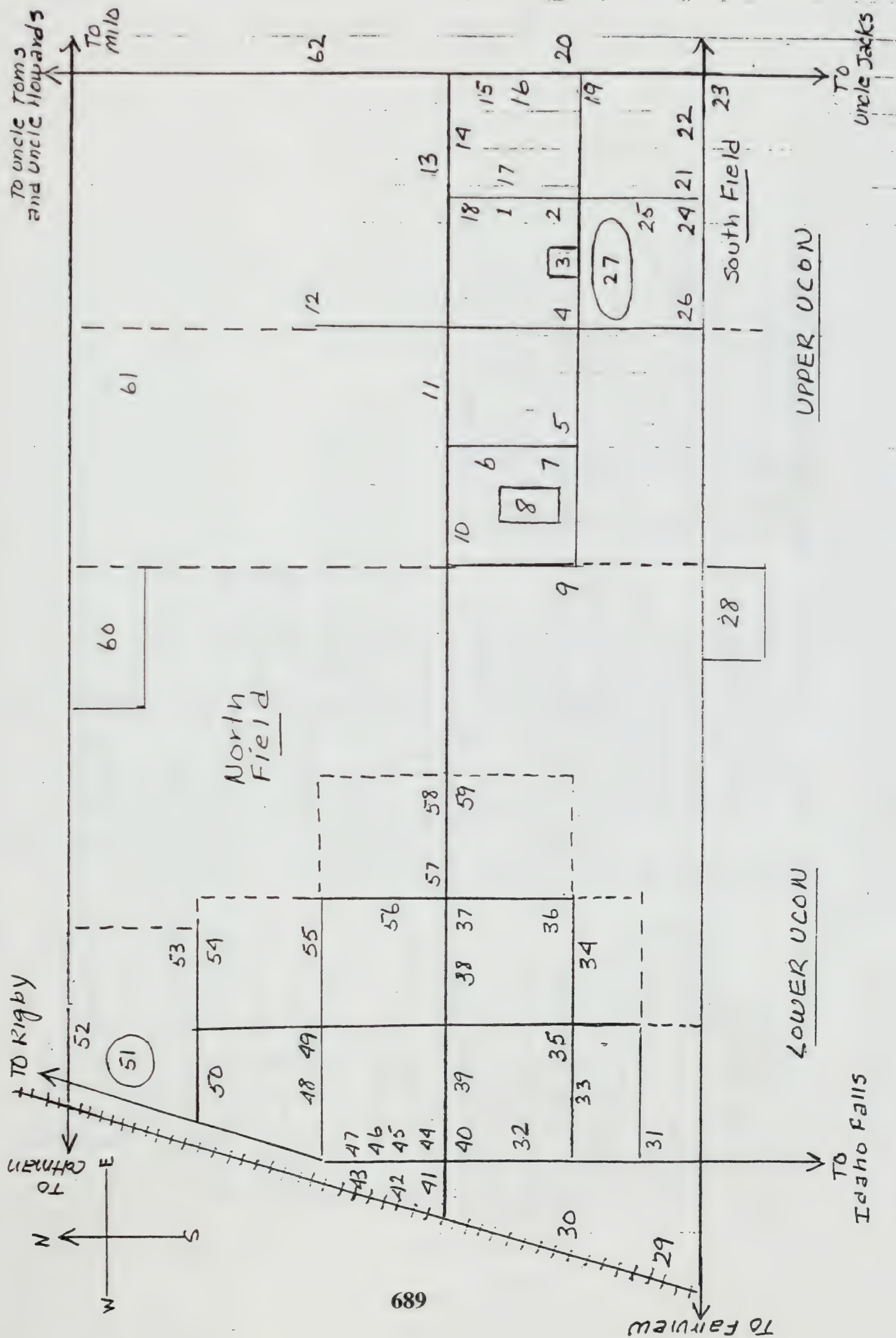
Family Group Record- 544

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Husband Joseph Orgill-1739				
Wife Phebe or Phoebe Croxall-1740				
Children List each child in order of birth.			LDS ordinance dates	Temple
10	F	Harriet Orgill-1750		
		Born 5 Sep 1872	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT	Baptized
		Christened	Place	Endowed 8 Jul 1891
		Died 25 Jun 1951	Place Sandy, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to parents BIC
		Buried	Place	
		Spouse Niels Oliver Broberg-1759		
		Married 8 Jul 1891	Place Logan, Cache, UT	Sealed to spouse 8 Jul 1891 MRIN: 550 LOGAN
11	F	Jane Orgill-1751		
		Born 5 May 1874	Place Draper, Salt Lake, UT	Baptized
		Christened	Place	Endowed
		Died 15 Oct 1874	Place	Sealed to parents BIC
		Buried	Place	
		Spouse		
		Married	Place	Sealed to spouse
12	F	Caroline Fletcher Orgill-1752		
		Born 13 Oct 1875	Place Draper, Salt Lake, UT	Baptized
		Christened	Place	Endowed 21 May 1931
		Died 17 Jun 1929	Place Midvale, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to parents BIC
		Buried	Place	
		Spouse Willis Thomas Vincent-1760		
		Married	Place	Sealed to spouse MRIN: 551
13	F	Martha Letitia Orgill-1708		
		Born 9 Jun 1878	Place Draper, Salt Lake, UT	Baptized
		Christened	Place	Endowed 20 Dec 1900 SLAKE
		Died 12 Jun 1958	Place Parker, Fremont, ID	Sealed to parents
		Buried	Place Parker, Fremont, ID	
		Spouse Charles William Brown-1707		
		Married 20 Dec 1900	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to spouse 20 Dec 1900 MRIN: 531 SLAKE
14	M	Andrew Orgill-1753		
		Born 15 Feb 1880	Place Draper, Salt Lake, UT	Baptized 8 Jul 1888
		Christened	Place	Endowed 25 Jun 1947
		Died 7 Nov 1952	Place Draper, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to parents BIC
		Buried	Place	
		Spouse Mary Richards Terry-1761		
		Married 20 May 1903	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to spouse 25 Jun 1947 MRIN: 552 SLAKE

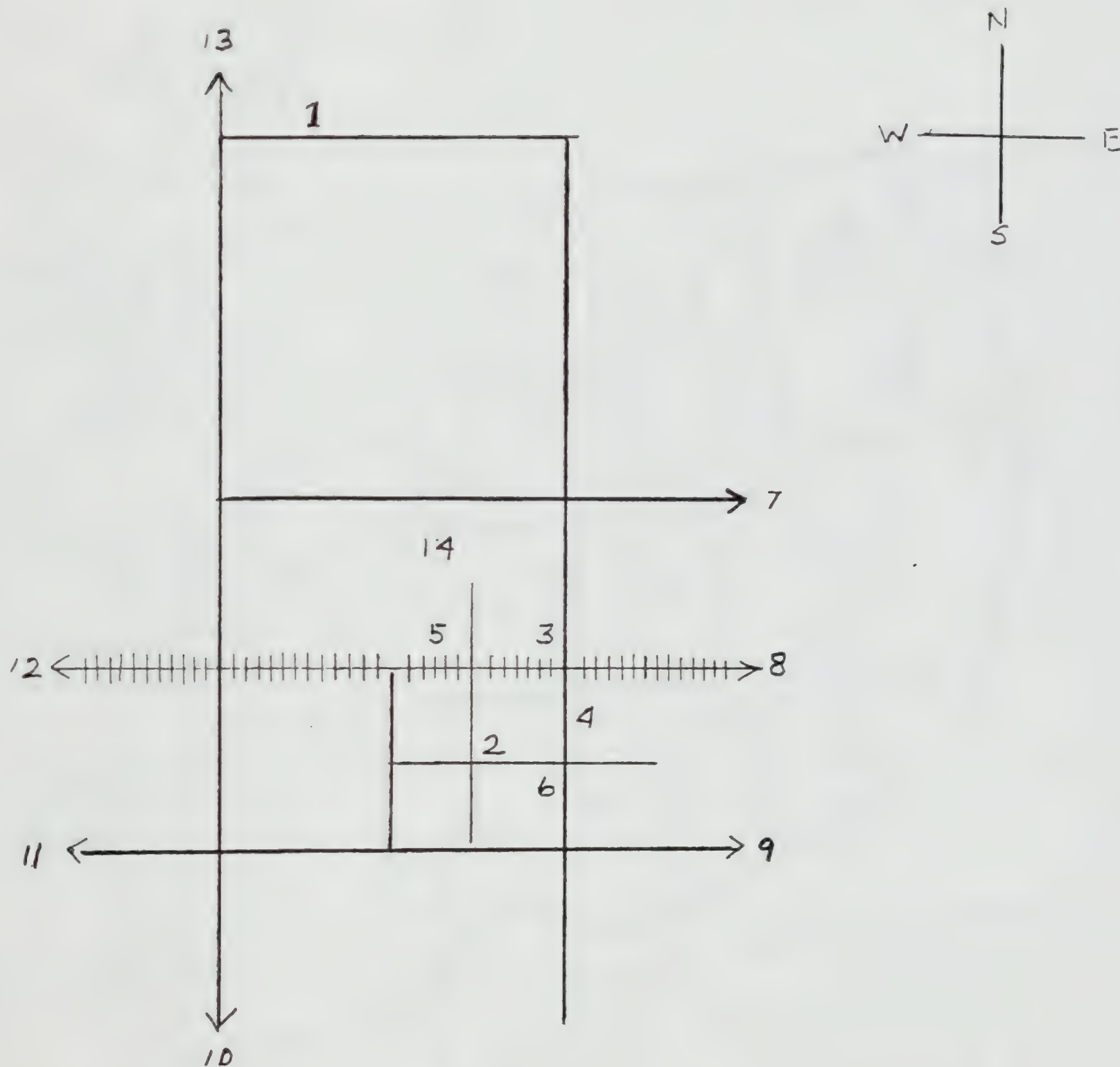
Appendix B:

Maps



- | | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 my Home | 25 Max Seivers | 51 Garbage Dump |
| 2 Ucon Church | 26 Sarah Simmons | 52 County Shed |
| 3 Pump House | 27 Track/Baseball | 53 Max Tracy |
| 4 Grandma Andrus | 28 Cemetery | 54 Elmer Smith |
| 5 Seminary Building | 29 Train Depot | 55 Lloyd Christiansen |
| 6 Ucon Elementary | 30 Miskin scraper | 56 Wilford Clayton |
| 7 Ucon High School | 31 Joe Ritchie | 57 "Alf" Cramer |
| 8 Football Field | 32 Woolf Apartments | 58 "Chic" Hill |
| 9 Heber Andrus | 33 Grandma Phillips | 59 Harold Tracy |
| 10 Todd Andrus | 34 Wilford Tracy | 60 Lambing Sheds |
| 11 Jim McDow | 35 Ferrell Casper | 61 "Eph" Woodland |
| 12 Bert Clegg | 36 Andrew Monson | 62 Spencer Jenkins |
| 13 Tutor Sievers | 37 Alma Jensen | |
| 14 Talmage Clayton | 38 Bert Sargent | |
| 15 Billy Bills | 39 Blacksmith Shop | |
| 16 Grandma Lott | 40 Service station | |
| 17 Bert Jones | 41 Hill's Garage | |
| 18 Percy Jones | 42 Sargent's potatoes | |
| 19 John Fretwell | 43 Midland Elevators | |
| 20 Old Simmons Home | 44 Cleve's Beer Joint | |
| 21 Byrum Hill | 45 Byrum's Groceries | |
| 22 Ted/Harold Keele | 46 Post Office | |
| 23 Merrill Andrus | 47 Cafe | |
| 24 Karl Devenport | 48 Walt Cramer | |
| (Previously Arthur) | 49 Sam Hill | |
| Miskin | 50 Keith Brown | |

PARKER AREA



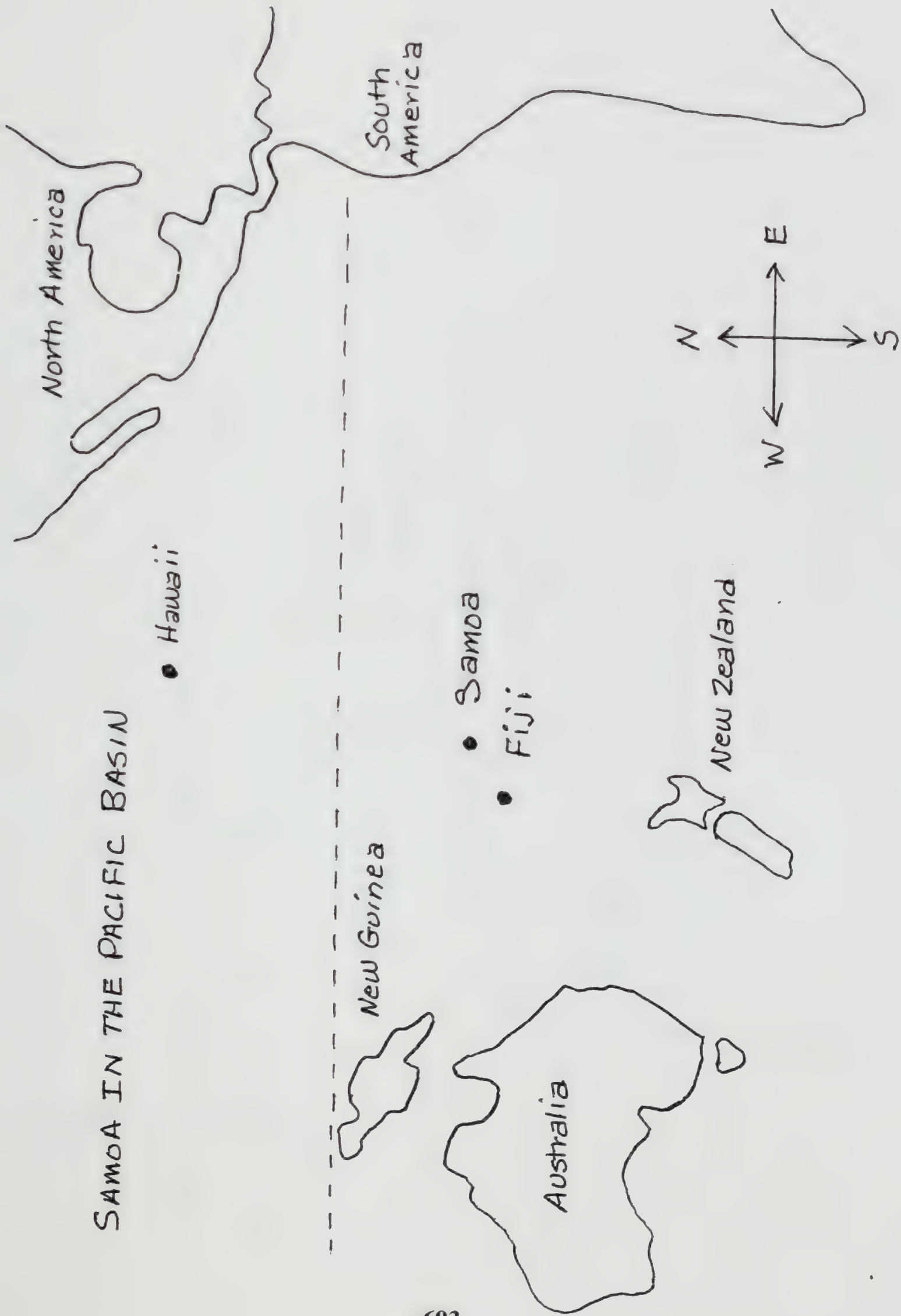
- 1 CW Brown Ranch
- 2 CW Brown Village Residence
- 3 school Building
- 4 Church Building
- 5 Potato Warehouse
- 6 Post office / store
- 7 To St. Anthony

- 8 To St. Anthony
- 9 To St. Anthony
- 10 To Rexburg
- 11 To Egin
- 12 To Egin / Idaho Falls
- 13 To Kilgore
- 14 Cemetery

WESTERN STATES



SAMOA IN THE PACIFIC BASIN



THE SAMOAN ISLANDS

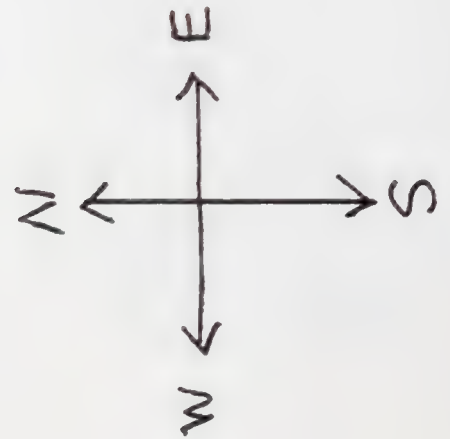
WESTERN SAMOA

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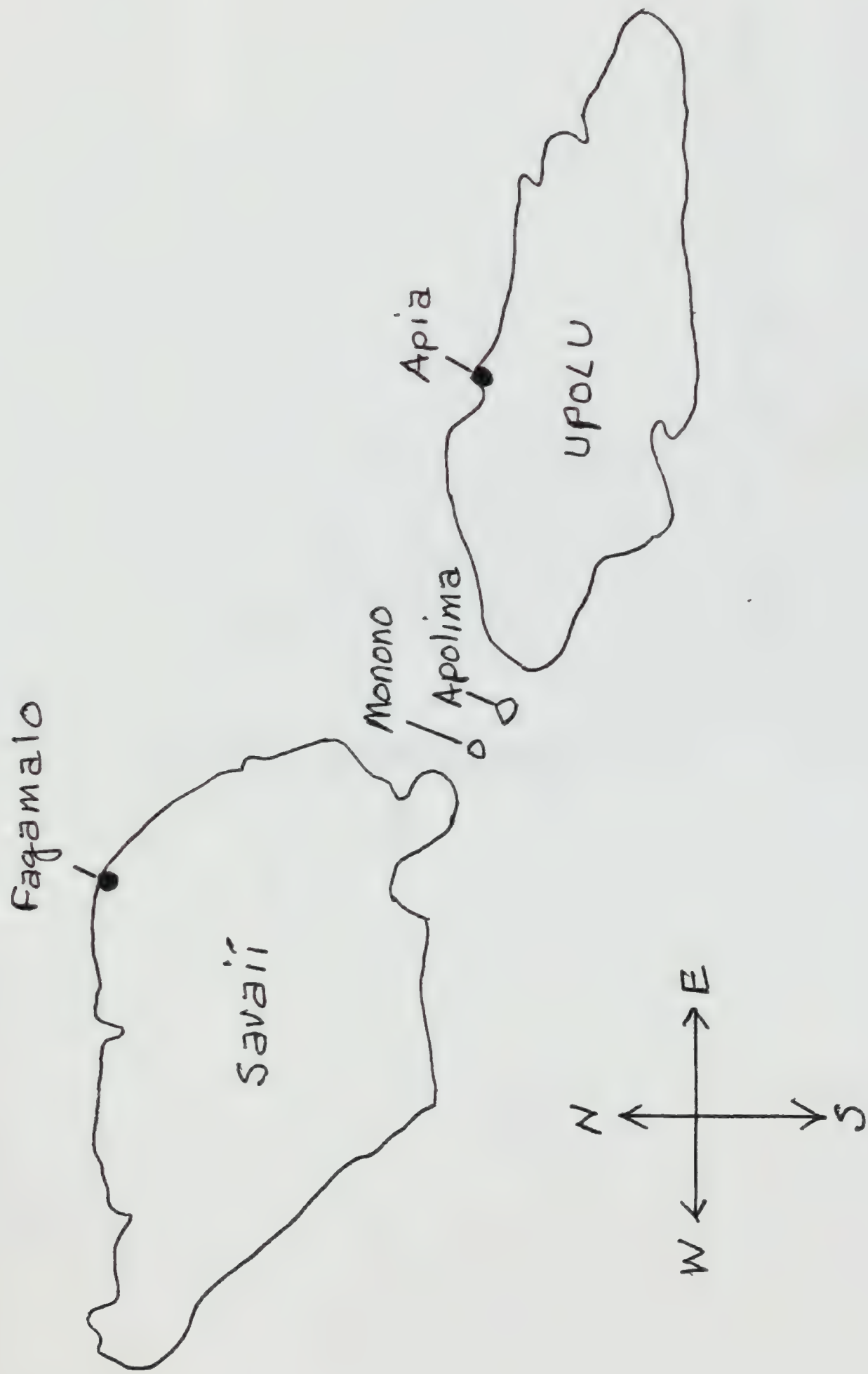


EASTERN SAMOA

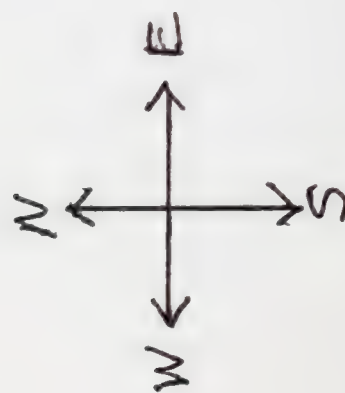
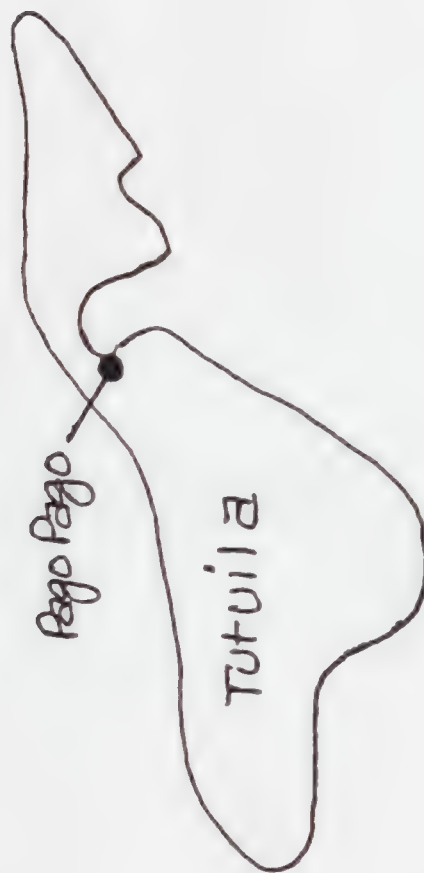
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WESTERN SAMOA

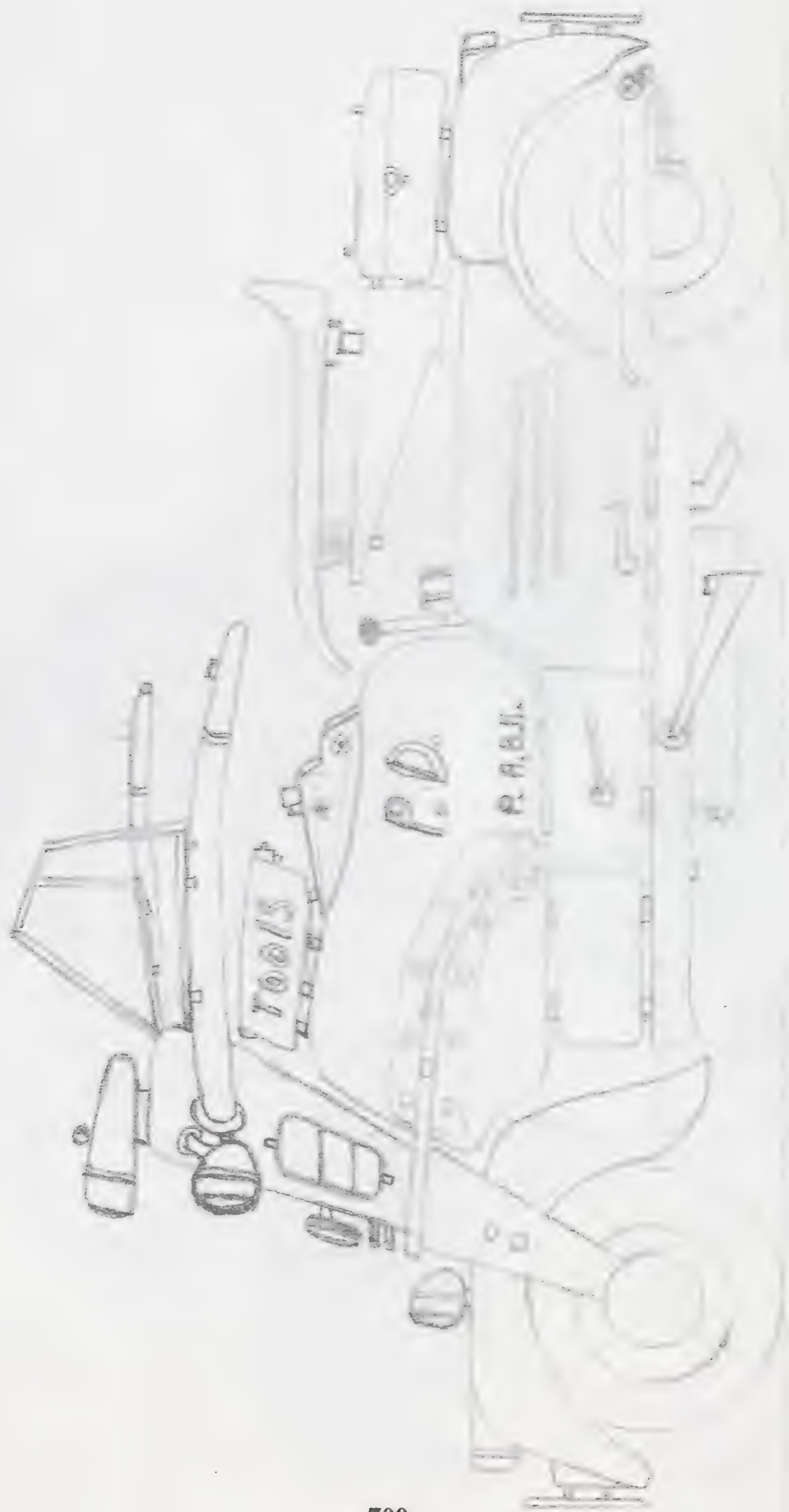


EASTERN (AMERICAN) SAMOA

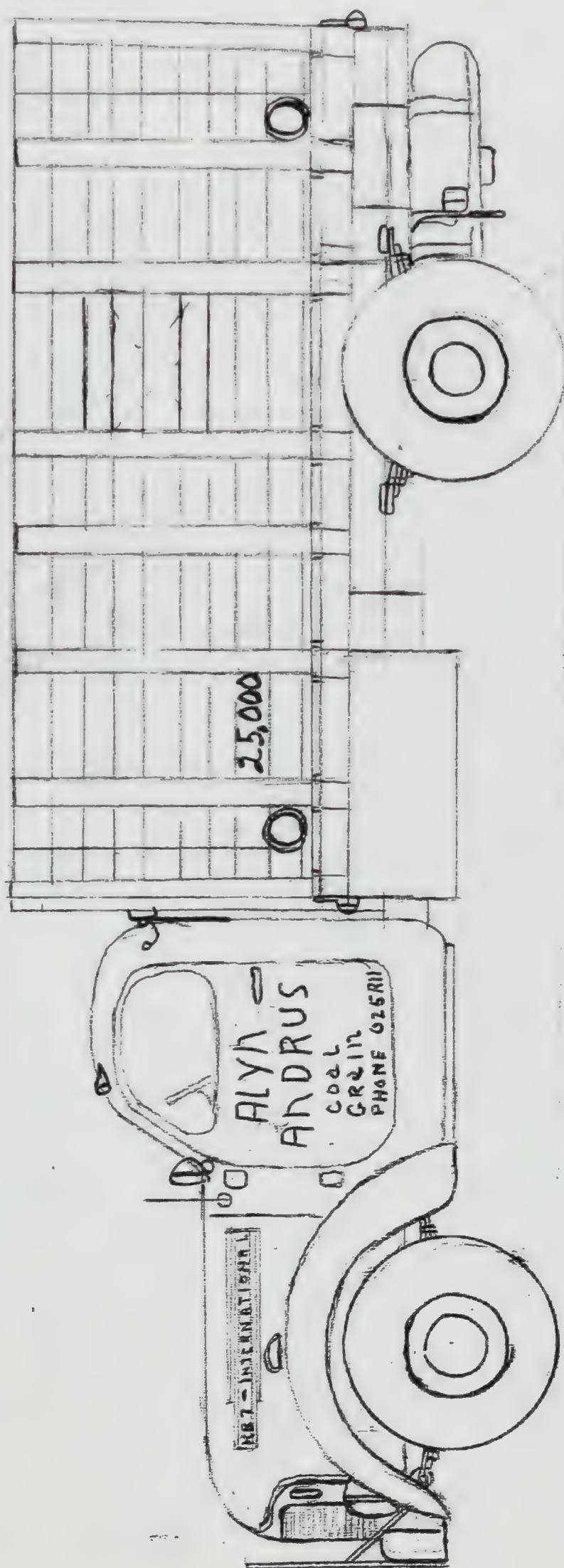


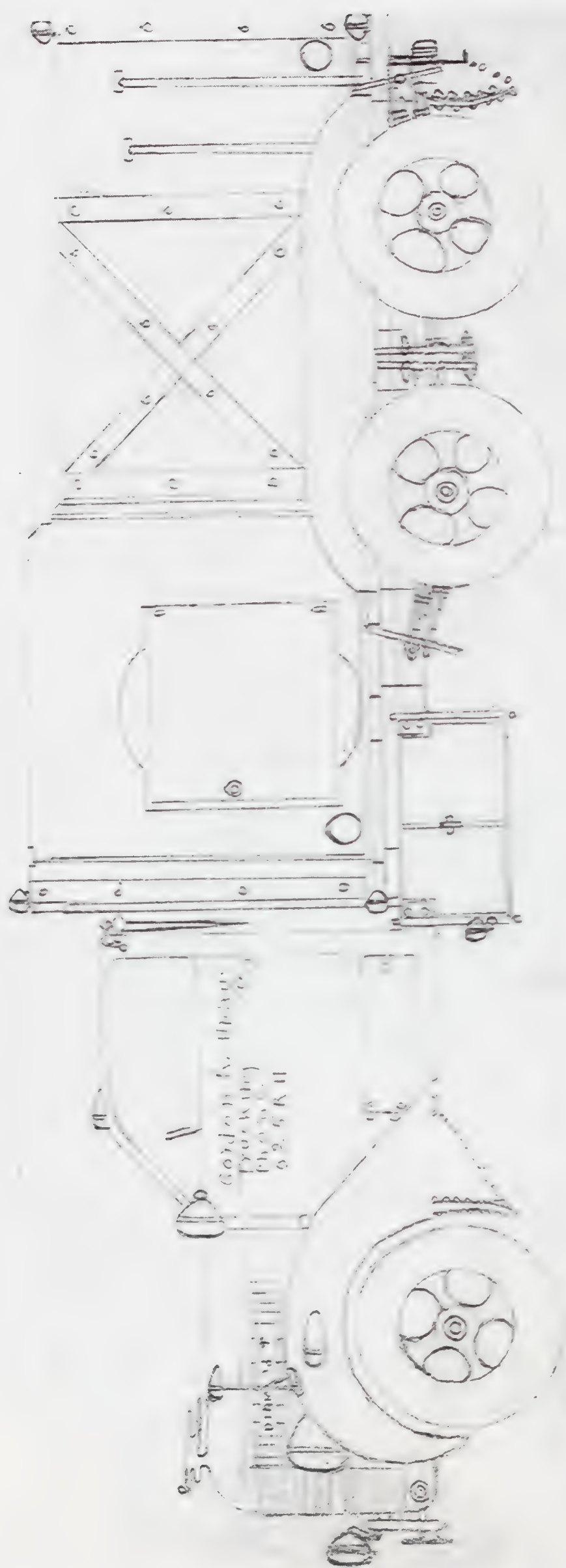
Appendix C:
Alyn's Drawings

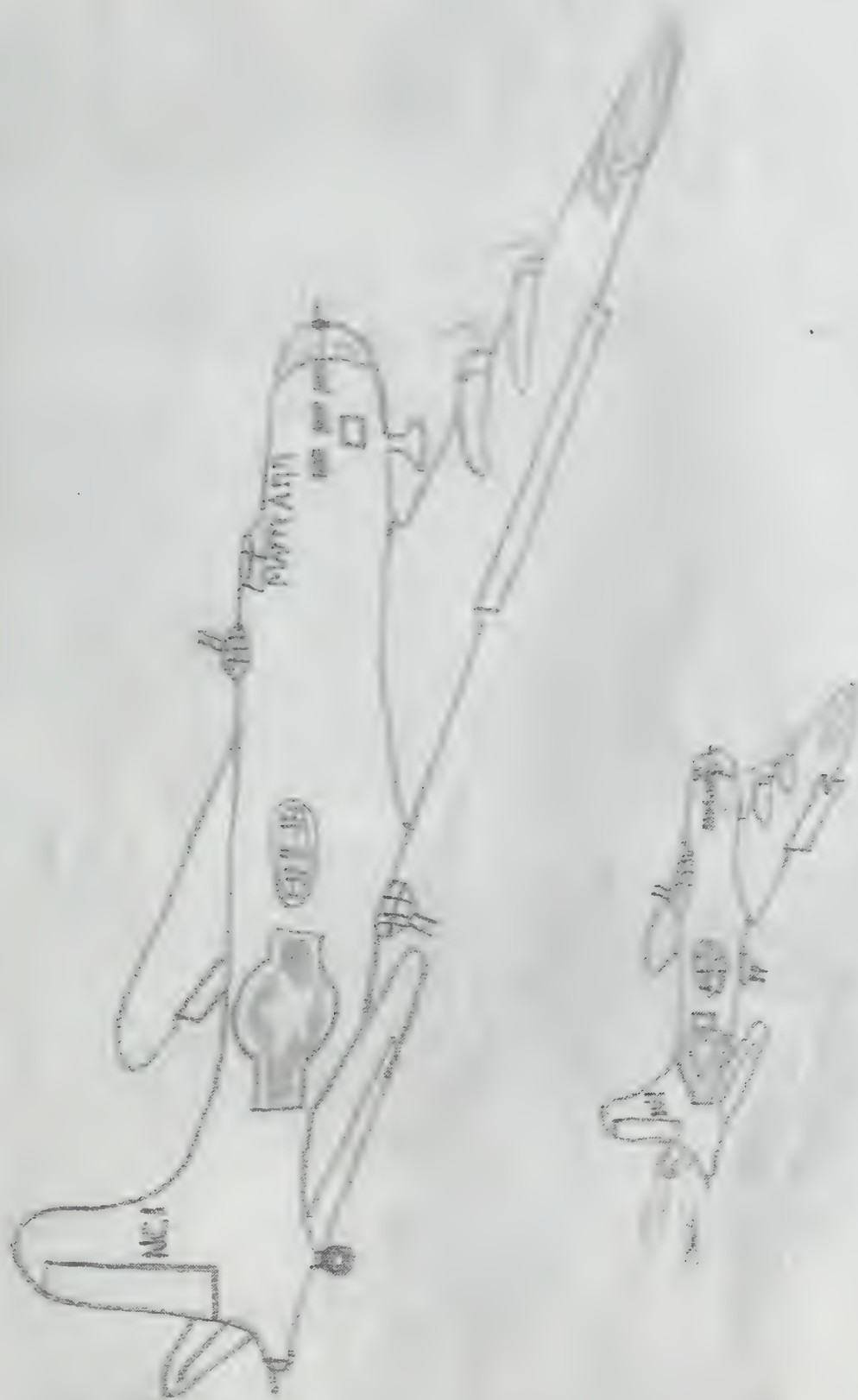




Alyn Andrus
18 years old
Dec. 15, 1949





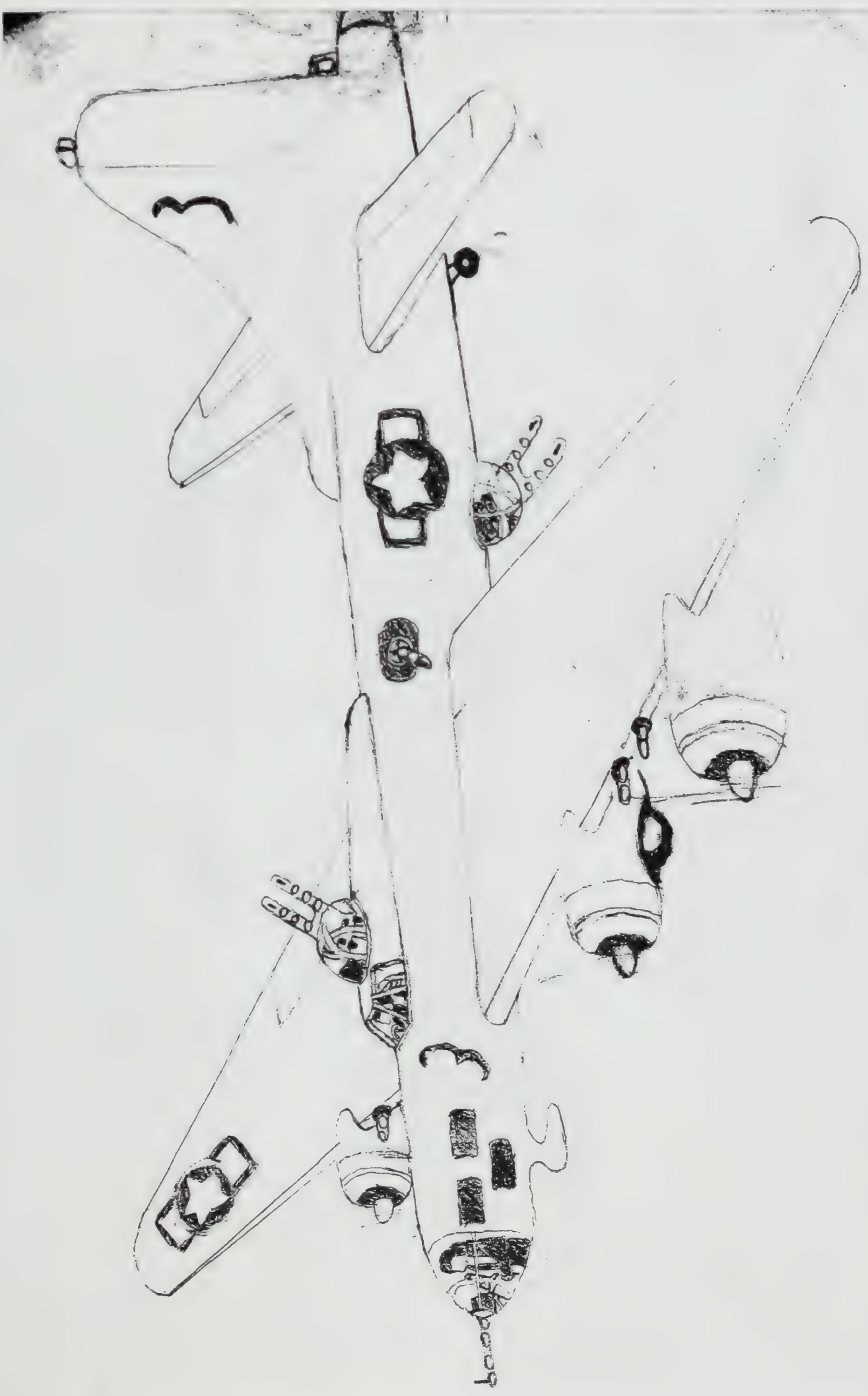


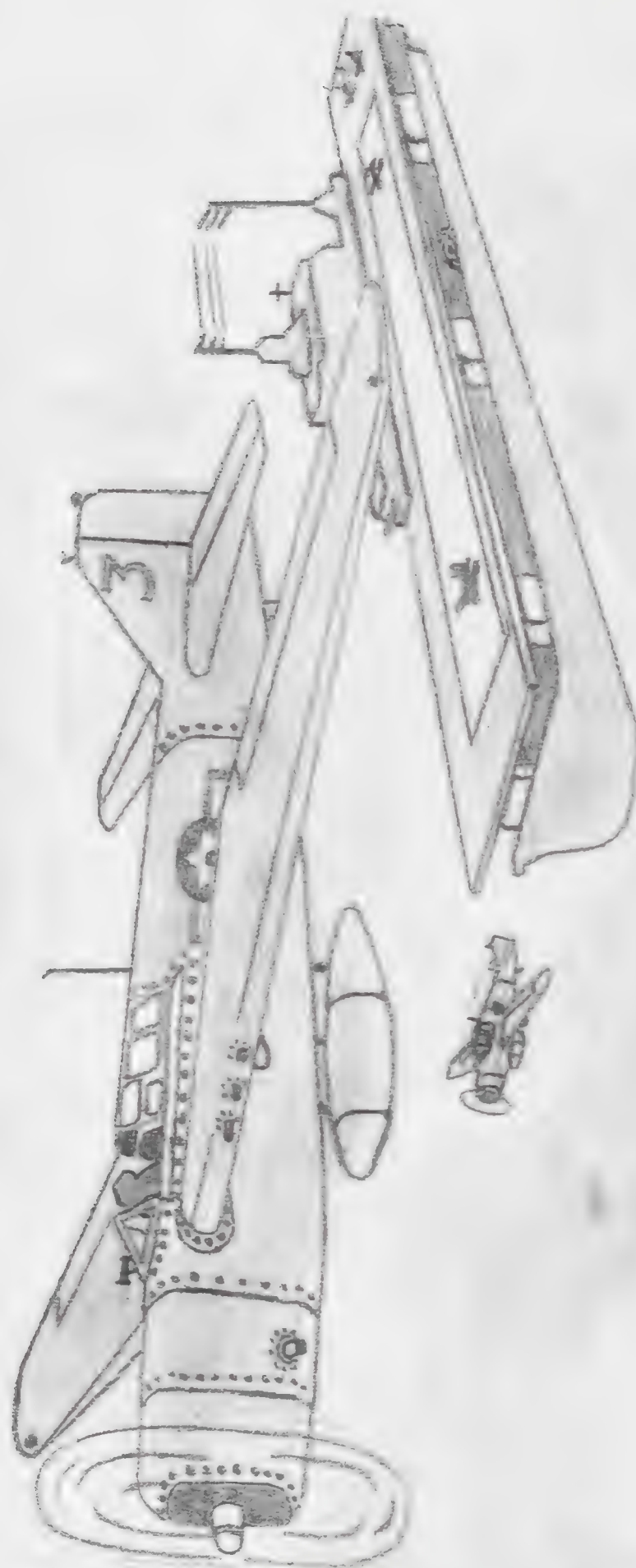
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BY H.H.



BY, COL.
ALYN ANDERSON





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- 2. Brigham Young University**
- 3. Idaho State University**

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- 2. Idaho Centennial Commission Youth Committee Notebook**
- 3. Idaho Centennial Commission Education Committee Notebook 1987-1991**

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